



JERRY: Tho' in your choice of goulash
I think you're being foolsh
Chacun -

CLARENCE: Chacun -

JERRY: Chacun a son gout --

CLARENCE: Loshi

JERRY: I like a beautiful song that stays in your ear
A tune that really lingers.

CLARENCE: Are you a musician?

JERRY: I play by ear

CLARENCE: You do? (laugh) I use my fingers. (Laugh)

JERRY: ~~How clever (laugh)~~
Chacun, chacun a son gout

CLARENCE: It will widen you

JERRY: Animals prove that it's true

CLARENCE: Do they confide in you?

JERRY: Why should a dog meow

CLARENCE: Why should a cat bow-wow

JERRY: Why should a donkey say "Moo" --

CLARENCE: True--
The chipmunk chips

JERRY: The lynx he slinks

CLARENCE: While the coo-coo goes coo-coo

JERRY: The little skunk just sits and thinks

CLARENCE: A most natural thing to do.

JERRY: Ooh! Chacun ^{Chacun Chacun} a son gout.

CLARENCE: I go for bop

JERRY: I'll take an opera by Verdi
And you would if you understood enough

CLARENCE: Me, I think Verdi's for the birdies
And I don't find Boris Good enough.

JERRY: Do you know Madame Butterfly?

CLARENCE: As well as any udder fly.

CLARENCE: There's the pitch and there's the call
 The ump says STRIKE -- it was a ball
 The fans is yellin', Kill 'im dead
 Do I stand up like a chowder head
 And say he calls 'em as he sees 'em
 Leave 'im do that which may please 'im?
 Boy, can you picture the Brooklyn stands
 Gently signing as they join hands, --

Oo lala
 How true, lala
 Chacun a son gout lala.
 (Tune of "Frere Jacques")
 Lalalala, lalalala

DANNY: Dormez-vous

CLARENCE: Dormez-who?

DANNY: Sonnez la matina

CLARENCE: I'd like a dry martini

DANNY: Who asked you

CLARENCE: Chacun a son gout.

DANNY: Well, I go for music a lot --

CLARENCE: Ubi, ubi, ebi -- aah

DANNY: If you think that's music, it's not.

CLARENCE: Ubi, ubi, ebi - eh?

DANNY: Ubi, ubi, abi -- acchi!

CLARENCE: Ubi, ubi, abi - aah

DANNY: Ubi, ubi, abi - ooh

CLARENCE: Ubi, ubi, ubi a son gout.

DANNY: I like a beautiful tune that stays in your ear
 Something that really lingers.

CLARENCE: I got a cousin who plays by ear -
 Me, I use my fingers.

DANNY: I think you'd like the opera, say by Verdi
 If you only understood enough.

CLARENCE: Me, I think Verdi's for the birdies
 And I don't find Boris Good enough.

DANNY: Do you know Madame Butterfly?

CLARENCE: As well as any udder fly.

DANNY: How about Tosca?

CLARENCE: Sam or Oscar Tosca?

DANNY: Rimsky Korsakoff?

CLARENCE: Rimsky Korsakoff? ---
Rimsky? Of course of cough (coughs)

DANNY: What's the matter -- did something stick?

CLARENCE: Yeah, the opera, it makes me sick.
Whether you sing it in French ---

DANNY: (French)

CLARENCE: Sing it in Italian ---

DANNY: (Italian)

CLARENCE: Sing it in German ---

DANNY: (German)

CLARENCE: That's German? --- I say it's for the vermin.

DANNY: Only vermin dressed in ermine.

CLARENCE: Chacun, chacun a son gout.

DANNY: You can suit yourself.

CLARENCE: What if you're gay and I'm blue?

DANNY: You can shoot yourself.

CLARENCE: That's a fine attitude

DANNY: Merely my latitude

CLARENCE: I hate your longitude too.

DANNY: It was just a jest.

CLARENCE: You went too far

DANNY: A little joke

CLARENCE: Some joke, ha ha!

DANNY: (Laughs) Well, chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Go on, laugh, laugh, I suppose it's a regular riot
Laugh, laugh - Heaven forbid you should have to try it
Laugh, laugh - Just wait 'til you are blue
Then I'll laugh, laugh last and he who - hee hee! is who, hee hees

DANNYL (Laughs) Chacun a son gout.