

Bel Canto, Bombay

I've been to Bombay
I've seen what a man can do
He climbs up a straight rope
Right up to the clear full-moon

And "boom", he is gone
Yeah, heaven is not that far
And limbs from a body are falling down on the ground

Gee! It must be hard to do
Yes, it is true, yes, it is true
I think the limbs belonged to an orang-outang,
Orang-outang, orang-outang

I've been to Bombay
I've seen what a man can do
He climbs up a straight rope
A monkey is with him too

And "boom", he's gone to heaven
He's mighty daring, mighty,
Right he must be some kind'a guru
He's out of orbit, out of orb...

It seems as if the rope was held by one of the Gods,
One of the Gods
So tight! Not like elephants' trunks
They wobbly-wob, wobbly-wob, wobbly-wob

I've been to Bombay
I've been to Bombay
In my youth
I've been to Bombay
I've been to Bombay
In my youth
YaYaeeaoouth!

And "boom", he's gone to heaven
He's mighty daring, mighty right
He must be some kind'a guru
He's out of orbit, out of orbit
The crowd went hurly-hurly
(No, I would never lie to you)
He never came downn, never came down
(Yes, it is true)
He must have gone to heaven
(yes, it is true)
And out of orbit, out of orbit