

# Al Bowlly, Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm

Yasha was a prodigy since he was a kid of three  
He could play a rhapsody as good as they come  
But as strange as it may be Yasha hated melody  
He had a yen for tympani, he longed to play a drum  
When his mother made him practice on the fiddle  
Everyday, he'd stop right in the middle  
And he'd say  
Mama, I wanna make rhythm  
Don't wanta make music  
Just wanna go zoozi, zah, zah, zoozi  
Ooh, cah, dee, doodle, oodle, aah, doo  
Mama, I wanna get hotcha  
I wanta make boombah  
I wanna go gah, gah  
Za, rah, kah, zat, zow, ooh, dee, lah  
I've got no desire to carry a Stradivarius  
But there's no limit  
Of primitive tom-tom in my tum-tum  
Mama, I wanna make rhythm  
Don't wanta make music  
Just wanna go wookee ah kay akaya kaya  
Yag a yag a yag a yag