

Bing Crosby, South America, Take It Away

Up here in the land of the hot-dog stand
The atom bomb and the Good Humor Man
We think our South American neighbors are grand
We love 'em to beat the band

South America, baba-loo, ay-yi-yi, baba-loo
One favor you can do, ay-yi-yi, you can do
You beautiful lands below
Don't know what you began
To put it plainly, I'm tired of shakin'
To that Pan-American plan

Take back your Samba, ay!, your Rumba, ay!, your Conga, ay-yi-yi!
I can't keep movin', ay!, my chassis, ay!, any longer, ay-yi-yi!
Now maybe Latins, ay!, in their middles, ay!, are built stronger, ay-yi-yi!
But all this takin' to the quakin' and this makin' with the shakin' leaves me achin', ol!

First shake around and settle there
Then you shake around and settle here
Then you shake around and settle there
That's enough, that's enough
Take it back, my spine's outta-whack
There's a strange click-clack
In the back of my Sacroiliac

Take back your Conga, ay!, your Samba, ay!, your Rumba, ay-yi-yi!
Why can't you send us, ay!, a less strenu-, ay!, -ous number, ay-yi-yi!
I got more bumps now, ay!, than on a, ay!, cucumber, ay-yi-yi!
While all those Latin drums are cloppin', like a Jumpin' Jack I'm hoppin' without stoppin', ol!
South America, take it away

First you shake around and settle there (where?)
Then you shake around and settle here (oh, there)
And then you shake around and settle there (why Bing!)
That's enough, that's enough
Take it back, my spine's outta-whack
There's a strange click-clack
In the back of my Sacroiliac
Oh, my achin' back

Take back your Conga, ay!, your Samba, ay!, your Rumba, ay-yi-yi!
Bring back the old days, ay!, of dancing I remember, ay-yi-yi!
My hips are cracking, I am shrieking "Ay-Carumba!", ay-yi-yi!
I got a wriggle and a diddle and a jiggle like a fiddle in my middle, ol!
This fancy swishin' imposition wears out all of my transmission ammunition, ol!
Though I like neighborly relations all these crazy new gyrations try my patience, ol!
South America, take it away