

Madonna, Im' going bananas

Hola! Ese bato loco!

I'm going bananas,

And I feel like my poor little mind is being devoured by piranhas,

For I'm going bananas.

I'm non compos mentis,

And I feel like a tooth being drilled, a nerve being killed by a dentist,

For I'm non compos mentis.

Who knows?

Could be the tropic heat

Or something that I eat,

That makes me gonzo.

I do carry on so, for I'm going bananas,

Someone book me a room in the hot hacienda with all my mananas

For I'm going bananas.

I'm going meshugga

All day long there's a man in my brain incessantly playing "Booga wooga",

But I'm going meshugga.

There's bats in my belfry.

Won't you make sure this straitjacket's tight,

Otherwise I might get myself free.

Yes, there's bats in my belfry.

Who knows?

Could be the wine I drink

Or it's the way I think,

That makes me gonzo.

Oh, Doctor Alonzo says I'm going bananas,

Someone get me a bed in the "Casa de Loco" for all my mananas,

For I'm going bananas.

Yes, I'm going bananas.

Si, I'm going bananas