

Perry Como, Dig You Later (A Hubba, Hubba, Hu

It's always fair weather,
when hep cats get together!
And every time they meet,
here's the way you'll hear them greet (greet!)
A hubba-hubba-hubba Hello Dad!

Well a hubba-hubba-hubba, I just got back!
Well a hubba-hubba-hubba, let's shoot some breeze!
Say, whatever happened to the Japanese?
Hmm a hubba-hubba-hubba, haven't you heard?
A hubba-hubba-hubba, slip me the word!

I got it from a guy who was in the kno'
It was mighty smoky over Tokyo!
A friend of mine in a B-29 dropped another load for luck,
As he flew away, he was heard to say:
"A hubba-hubba-hubba yuk yuk!"

Well I gotta go fishin'
That's ok, we'll give you our permission and we'll say,
A hubba-hubba-hubba, on your way!
And I will dig you later in the USA!
Ta dah dah dee dee dee ta dee dee, ta dah dah hi hi hi tee dee dee!

A hubba-hubba-hubba, I just got in!
A hubba-hubba-hubba, well give me some skin!
Well you're lookin' mighty purdy Miss Curly Locks!
I'm the grand old girly of the bobby socks!
Hmm yuttata yuttata yuttaton you talk big!
Well I'm the fresh tomatato you can't dig!
Let's have a heart to heart'a and you'll decide!
I'm a chick what's really on the solid side!

You knock me flat, you're the kind of a cat,
makes me wanta blow my top: "'till the end of time . . . " (Aaaaah!)

And if you feel that way, tell me what you say?

A hubba-hubba-hubba muk muk!

Well now you're really talkin', you're no square!
You can't be from Weehawken . . .
Hmm hmm Delaware!

You got a line of jive that's really zoo!
Well I'll dig you later, baby you're all root!

< instrumental break >

You're the kind of cat, wears a sharp cravat,
and you really know your stuff!

If you feel that way, tell me what you say?
A hubba-hubba-hubba ruff ruff!

A getta long a little mousy with the great big eyes,
well if you're lookin' for a spousey,
why you're just my size!

Mister how you love to blubber
with that knock out squawk,
Seems your lips are made of rubber
every time you talk!

Oh no, no, no, hubba-hubba!

Yes, yes, yes, hubba-hubba!

Bop, bop, bop, hubba-hubba!

A what you kno' (A what you kno')

A what you say (A what you say)

I say I'll dig you later baby in the USA!

Music by Jimmy McHugh

with lyrics by Harold Adamson. 1945