

Calypso blues

Boris Vian

Wa-oo-oo, wa-oo-oo,
Wa-oo wa-oo wa-oo wa-ay
Wa-oo-oo, wa-oo-oo,
Wa-oo wa-oo wa-oo wa-ay

Sittin' by de ocean
Me heart, she feel so sad,
Sittin' by de ocean,
Me heart, she feel so sad...
Don't got de money
To take me back to Trinidad.

Fine calypso woman,
She cook me shrimp and rice,
Fine calypso woman,
She cook me shrimp and rice
Dese yankee hot dogs
Don't treat me stomach very nice.

In Trinidad, one dollar buy
Papaya juice, banana pie,
Six coconut, one female goat,
An' plenty fish to fill de boat.
One bushel bread, one barrel wine,
An' all de town, she come to dine.

But here is bad, one dollar buy
Cup of coffee, ham on rye.
Me throat she sick from necktie,
Me feet hurt from shoes.
Me pocket full of empty,
I got Calypso blues.

Dese yankee girl give me big scare,
Is black de root, is blonde de hair.
Her eyelash false, her face is paint,
And pads are where de girl she ain't

She jitterbug when she should waltz,
I even think her name is false.

But calypso girl is good a lot,
Is what you see, is what she got.

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