

I'm Going Bananas

Madonna

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
See, I'm going bananas

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