

# Just Another Rhumba (1959 Stereo Version)

Ella Fitzgerald

It happened to me  
On a trip to the west indies  
Oh, I'm all at sea  
Since that trip to the west indies I'm jittery  
I'm twittery  
I guess I'm done for  
I guess I'm through  
And it's something about which there's nothing anyone can do  
It isn't love  
It isn't money trouble  
It's a very funny trouble: It's just another rhumba  
But it certainly has my numb-bah  
So much so, that I can't eat or slum-bah  
Can you imagine anything dumb-bah? Why did I have to plan a  
Vacation in havana?  
Why did I take that trip  
That made me lose my grip?  
Oh! that piece of music laid me low  
There it goes again: Just another rhumba  
Which I heard only last septum-bah  
I'm a wreck, why did I have to succumb-bah  
Can you imagine anything dumb-bah?  
Why did I have to succumb-bah  
To that rhumba? Ahah, I'm the cucaracha, who just went blah  
And gave up swinging ha-cha, ahah  
Ahah, at first it was devine-ah  
But it turned out a cuban frankenstein-ah Ahah, it's got me by the throat-ah!  
Oh, what's the antidote-ah?  
Ahah, it brought me woe and strife-ah  
Oh, where's a gun or knife-ah?  
It's the rhumba that blighted my life  
There it goes again: Just another rhumba  
But it certainly has my numb-bah  
So much so, that I can't eat or slum-bah  
Can you imagine anything dumb-bah?  
Why did I have to succumb-bah  
To that rhumba? (instrumental break) There it goes again: Just another rhumba  
But it certainly has my numb-bah  
So much so, that I can't eat or slum-bah  
Can you imagine anything dumb-bah?

Why did I have to succumb-bah  
To that rhumba?

Songwriters

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