Italiannette

Annette Funicello

A lovely senorina from old Italy
came to our shores and raised a family.
She learned from her mother that cooking was an art.
And when you came to dinner, this is how her meal would startShe brought us...Antipasta, minestrone, linguine marinara.
Pastacholi, gorgonzole, squigini, bakalava.
Ravioli, pizza roll, it really was a treat.
Then she'd say "Manja, manja - Eat, my children, eat!"Hey!Mama, Mama Rosa,
We love the way you look!
Ma-ma-ma Mama, Mama Rosa,
and we love the way you cook!
Ma-ma-ma-ma Mama, Mama Rosa,
We love your macaroni.
But Mama Mama Rosa,
Where's the spumoni?Manja, manja, manja, manja!
But she brought...Chicken cacciatore, and a dish of scallopini.
Seven kinds of sauces on a plate of spagatini.
Half a dozen courses of her home made sazich.
Then she said "Manja manja - Eat, my children, eat."Hey!Mama, Mama Rosa,
We love the way you look!
Oh Mama, Mama Mama Rosa,
And we love the way you cook!
Ma-ma-ma-ma Mama, Mama Rosa,
We love your macaroni,
But Mama, Mama Rosa,
Where's the spumoni?Manja, manja, manja, manja!
But she brought...Pears and peaches, pomegranates, a slice of provolone.
Fresh spinoki, artichokes, rigata with pinole.
Candy maraschino, with some chocolatino sweet.
Then she said "Manja, manja - Eat, my children, eat."Hey!Mama, Mama Rosa,
Bring us our spumoni!
Mama, Mama Rosa,
We've had our macaroni!Mama, Mama Rosa,
We've eaten till it hurts!
Mama, Mama Rosa,
Now bring us our desert!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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