Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm

Cab Calloway

(Jerome Jerome / Richard Byron / Walter Kent)Yasha was a prodigy, since he was a kid of three
He could play a rhapsody as good as they come
But as strange as it may be, Yasha hated melody
He had a yen for tympani, he longed to play a drum
When his Mother made him practice on the fiddle every day
He'd stop right in the middle and he'd say...Mama, I wanna make rhythm
Don't wanta make music
Just wanna go zoozi-zah-zah-zoozi
Ooh-cah-dee-doodle-oodle-aah-doo
Mama, I wanna get hotcha
I wanta make boombah
I wanna go gah-gah
Za-rah-kah, zat-zow, ooh-dee-lahI've got no desire to carry a Stradivarius, but
There's no limit of primitive tom-tom in my tum-tum
Mama, I wanna make rhythm
Don't wanta make music
Just wanna go wookee-ah-kay-a-kaya-kaya
Yag-a-yag-a-yag-a-yag
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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