

Just Another Rhumba

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?

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