

Ahab the Arab

Ray Stevens

Let me tell you 'bout Ahab the Arab
The Sheik of the burning sand
He had emeralds and rubies just dripping off a him
And a ring on every finger of his handsHe wore a big ol' turban wrapped around his head
And a scimitar by his side
And every evening about midnight
He'd jump on his camel named Clyde and rideSilently through the night to the Sultan's tent
Where he would secretly meet up with Fatima of the Seven Veils
Swingingest grade A number one U.S. choice dancer
In the Sultan's whole harem'Cause heh, him and her had a thing going
You know and they'd been carrying on for some time now
Behind the Sultan's back and you could hear him talk to his camel
As he rode out across the dunes
His voice would cut through the still night desert airAnd he'd say
[Foreign Content]
Which is Arabic for, "Stop, Clyde!"
Clyde would say
[Foreign Content]
Which is camel for, "What the heck did he say anyway?"
WellHe brought that camel to a screeching halt
At the rear of Fatima's tent, jumped off Clyde
Snuck around the corner and into the tent he went
There he saw Fatima laying on a Zebra skin rug
Wearing rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
And a bone in her nose ho, hoThere she was friends, lying there in all her radiant beauty
Eating on a raisin, grape, apricot, pomegranate
Bowl of chitterlings, two bananas, three Hershey bars
Sipping on a "R C" Co-Cola listening to her transistor
Watching the Grand Ole Opry on the tube
Reading the Mad magazine while she sung
"Does your chewing gum lose it's flavor?"And Ahab walked up to her and he said
[Foreign Content]
Which is Arabic for, "Let's twist again like we did last summer, baby" You know what I mean! Whew!
She looked up at him from off the rug
Give him one of the sly looks
She said, "Crazy crazy crazy cray"
'Round and around and around and around and around and aroundAnd that's the story 'bout Ahab the Arab
The Sheik of the burnin' sand
Ahab the Arab the swinging Sheik of the burnin' sand

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