

# Nagasaki

## Fletcher Henderson

Fellows, if you're arn I will spin a yarn  
That was told to me by Able Seaman Jones  
Once he had the blues so he took a cruise

Far away from night-clubs and from saxophones  
He said, "Yo ho, I've made a certain port  
And when you talk about real He-Man sport"

Hot ginger and dynamite  
There's nothing but that at night back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

The way they can entertain  
Would hurry a hurricane back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

In Fujiama you get a mama  
Then your troubles increase  
In some pagoda, she orders soda  
Earth shake, milk shakes, ten cents a piece

They kissy and huggy nice  
Oh, by jingo, it's worth the price back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

Now when the day is warm  
You can keep in form  
With a bowl of rice beneath a parasol  
Every gentle man has to use a fan

And they only use suspenders in the fall  
That's where the girls don't think of rings and furs  
Gosh, it's the nicest place that ever weres

They give you a carriage free  
The horse is a Japanee back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy

And the women wicky wacky, woo

They sit you upon the floor  
No wonder your pants get sore back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

With sweet Kimoner, I pulled a boner  
I kept it up at high speed  
I got rheumatics and then psyatics  
Halatosisis, that's guaranteed

You just have to act your age  
Or wind up inside a cage back in Nagasaki  
Where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

With an ice-cream cone and a bottle of tea  
You can rest all day by the hickory tree  
But when night comes round, oh gosh, oh gee  
Mother, Mother, Mother, pin a rose on me

Those pretty mamas in pink pajamas  
They try to give you a kiss, those torrid teases  
In B.V.D.ses  
Heaven help a sailor on a night like this

Not too gentle and not too rough  
But you've got to tell them when you've had enough  
Back in Nagasaki where the fellers chew tobaccy  
And the women wicky wacky, woo

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