

Hello Mama

Ray Stevens

[Mama]

Hello?

[Osama]

Hello Mama, This is Osama.

I'm in a geisha house in Yokohama.

I swear I don't know nothing 'bout no tennis shoe bomb.

I'm a nervous wreck, W's breathin' down my neck.

[Mama]

Goodness me, mercy sakes.

Listen son, what on Earth are you thinking?

[Osama]

I don't know

[Mama]

Tell me something, have you been drinking?

[Osama]

No! I aint been drinking.

[Mama]

This aint no way to behave you're gonna send me to my grave!

[Osama]

Hold it Mama! You know I can't talk long at all,

W just might trace this call. Wait a minute. Uh Oh!

[W]

We will not tire. We will not fail.

However long it takes you know we will prevail.

[Mama]

Mercy Sakes

[Osama]

Mama I don't wanna go. To Guantanamo.

So Mama send me some dough. Another hundred million or so.

I think it's worse than dead broke. Down in Guantanamo.

[Mama]

Hello?

[Usama]

Hello Mama, This is "Usama"

I'm in a mud hut in the middle of Uganda.

Now here's the thing I changed my name to "Usama"

Yeah, 'cause W's nipping at my heels.

Now I know how Salman Rushdie feels.

[Mama]

Goodness me, mercy sakes.
Listen son I'm not trying to upset you.
[Usama]
I know
[Mama]
But honey if they do catch you.
[Usama]
Oh for goodness sakes bite your tongue!
[Mama]
You know it's every mother's prayer, you have on clean underwear.
[Usama]
Hold it Mamma! W just wont leave me alone, I think he might of tapped this phone.
Wait a minute. Uh Oh!
[General]
We will not tire, we will not fail.
Do not pass GO just go directly to Jail.
[Mama]
Goodness me!
[Osama]
Mama I don't wanna go. To Guantanamo.
So Mama send me some dough. Another hundred million or so.
I think it's worse than dead broke. Down in Guantanamo.
{repeat and fade}

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>