

Ella Fitzgerald

"Just Another Rhumba"

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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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