

Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass "Mame"

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You coax the blues right out of the horn, Mame
You charm the husk right off of the corn, Mame

You've got the banjos strummin'
And plunkin' out a tune to beat the band
The whole plantation's hummin'
Since you brought Dixie back to Dixieland

You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame
You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame

You make the old magnolia tree
Blossom at the mention of your name
You've made us feel alive again
You've given us the drive again
You make the south revive again, Mame

You've brought the cake-walk back into style, Mame
You make the weepin' willow tree smile, Mame

Your skin is Dixie satin
There's rebel in your manner and your speech
You may be from Manhattan
But Georgia never had a sweeter peach

You make our black-eyed peas and our grits, Mame
Seem like the Sill of Fare at the Ritz, Mame

You came, you saw, you conquered
And absolutely nothing is the same
Your special fascination'll prove to be inspirational
We think you're just sensational, Mame

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