

Joe Dolce

"Shaddup Your Face"

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Hello, I'ma Guiseppi, I gotta something speciala for
you, Ready, uno, duo, tres, quatro
When I was a boy just abouta fiftha grade, Mama used
to say don'ta stay out alate
With the badda boys, always shoota pool, Guiseppi
goin-ta flunka school

Boy it make-a me sick, everyting I gotta do
I can'ta getta no kicks, always gotta follow rules
Boy it make-a me sick, just to make-a lousy bucks
Gotta a feela like a fool

And the mama used to say all the time, What'sa matter
you, hey, gotta no respect
Whatta you tink you do, why you looka so sad
Itsa not so bad, Itsa nice-a place, Ahh shaddupa you
face

That'sa my mama, can you remember, big accordion
solo
Ah-hah, play that thing, really nice, really nice

But soona come a day, gonna be-a bigga star
Thenna make a TV shows and the movies, Getta myself
a new car
But still I be myself, I don'ta wanta to change a ting,
Stilla dance anda sing
And think about the mama, she used to say

What'sa matter you, hey, gotta no respect
Whatta you tink you do, why you looka so sad
Itsa not so bad, Itsa nice-a place, Ahh shaddupa you
face

Mama she said it alla da time, What'sa matter you, hey,
gotta no respect
Whatta you think you do, why you looka so sad
Itsa not so bad, Itsa nice-a place, Ahh shaddupa you
face, Thatsa my mama

Hello everybody, outs-outta dere in a-radio and a-TV

land

Did you know I hadda bigga hitta song in Italy with-a
dis, Shaddupa you face

I singa dissa song, alla my fans applaude, they clappa
dere hands

That make-a me-a feel so good

You oughta learna dissa song, itsa realla simple

See, I sing, "What'sa matta you", You sing, "Hey", then

I singa the rest

And then at the end we can alla sing "Ah shaddupa you
face", OK let'sa try i

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