

Louis Jordan & His Tympany Five

"Mop! Mop!"

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Mop, mop, a thousand years ago
Mop, mop, a guy named Jungle Joe
Was a drummer man in a Zulu band
That made swing history

Mop, mop, one day the king said
Gate, why Gate, you old reprobate
I commission you, find a riff that's new
Or your wig belongs to me

Joe's knees started knockin'
So scared, he was stiff
'Til he noticed the tribe was rockin'
As his knees beat out this mellow riff

Mop, mop, from the tropic's heat
Mop, mop, came this jungle beat
Though old Joe is gone, his jive lives on
And it still is making history

Joe's knees started knockin'
So scared, he was stiff
'Til he noticed the tribe was rockin'
As his knees beat out this mellow riff

Mop, mop, from the Tropic's heat
Mop, mop, came this jungle beat
Though old Joe is gone, his jive lives on
And it still is making history

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