

Vic Mignogna "Italian Boys"

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[Talking]

Grandma: Okay, my lil Victor, I'm so glad you're here!
How's come you so skinny? Don't you like Grandma's
pasta fazole? Spaghetti? Meatballs? Come on Victor,
manja, you get big!

In 1967

It was told to me (Grandma: I want you to be a strong
boy when you get big!)
That I'm an honored member of the greatest nationality
(His Grandma said)

[Talking]

Grandma: Tu bei lineamenti Italiano, [probrother?]
gene. Lavoro lavare, portare nama nigase
I never learned the language
But translated she said

[Chorus]

Italian boys!
They've got the looks
They've got the smarts
Italian boys!
They know romance
They've got sensitive hearts
Italian boys!
And can they cook
Let me lay something on ya
Nobody makes any better lasagna
Eat some pizza
Make some noise
And be proud that you are one of the Italian boys

[Talking]

Grandma: Come on, open up, open up, Victor! Open
up, 'at a boy, Victor!

She would cook the pasta
I would stir the sauce (Grandma: You're gonna
remember Grandma Mignogna, what's Grandma tells
you)
Get the homemade dressing
Don't forget there's salad yet to toss

(His Grandma said)

[Talking]

Grandma: You know, Victor? Dandy mea Italia, ariva
qui dei cent'anni. Evacuazione tu a Americano
nonchÃ© bone bien!
I carry on the family name
So she makes sure I know

[Chorus]

Italian boys!
They love to sculpt
And painting's a cinch
Italian boys!
Let's not forget "Leonardo DaVinch"!
Italian boys!
We name our kids Dominic and Malfisa
My Grandma looks just like the Mona Lisa (Grandma
laughs)
I share the pride
And pride the joy
Of being what I am: an Italian boy

[Talking]

Grandma: Victor, Grandma loves you so much.
Someday, I want you to be a big man, I want you to
write a song just for me. (Vic chuckles) And then when
Grandma's dead and gone, you can play that song for
people who's comin after me, okay, Victor?
Vic: (laugh) Okay.
Grandma: (this is an Italian line... it ends with "cu bella
del mondo")
Vic: Okay, Grandma, Grandma, I gotta finish the song.
Grandma: That's right!

[Chorus]

Italian boys!
When we unite the whole family
Italian boys!
I got more cousins than the eye can see
Italian boys!
America, sing a thank you chorus
To Chris Columbus
He discovered it for us
We got the style
We got the poise
We've got to fill the world with more Italian boys

[Talking]

Grandma: And Victor, I'm glad you are half-Italian,
because you do have a little bit of Dego blood in you
and you are adorable! (Vic laughs) You a little boy now

but when you get big, Grandma still give you a big chunk of chocolate! (both laugh) You love that chunk of chocolate?

Vic: (laughing) Oh yes, yes.

Grandma: You know what your momma did one time?

Vic: No no, tell me, tell me.

Grandma: She went out with your dad and she left you over my house. It was a summertime, and this is a the truth... (trails off)

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