

SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE IT AWAY!

Words and Music by

HAROLD ROME

Rhumba Tempo

à la Calypso

VOICE

PIANO

Up here in the land of the

G9 hot dog stand, — G7 The at-om bomb and the Good Hu-mor man, C6 We think our South A-mer-i-can C C7

F6 neigh-bors are grand. We love them G7 to beat the band! C (Guitar tacet) ad lib. South A-

Cm6 mer-i-ca! Ba-ba-lou, Ba-ba-lou, ay yay, ba-ba-lou! One fa-vor you can do, ay yay, You can

colla voce

Rhumba Tempo

Fm6 G7 Cm6

do! You beau-ti-ful lands be-low — Don't know what you be-gan.

allegro a tempo

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D7 G

To put it plain-ly, I'm tired of shak-ing to that Pan-A-mer-i-can Plan!

CHORUS C

Take back your sam-ba Ay! your rhum-ba Ay! your con-ga Ay, yay, . yay! I can't keep

G7 Dm

shak-ing Ay! my rum-ble Ay! an-y long-er Ay, yay, yay! Now may-be Lat-ins Ay! in their

F+ Dm7 Dm6 G7

mid-dles Ay! are built strong-er, Ay, yay, yay! But all this mak-in' with the quak-in' and this

G7+ C C9

shak-in' of the ba-con leaves me ach-in'! Ho-lay!— First you shake it and you put it there!—

F6 C9 F6 C9

Then you shake it and you put it here! — Then you shake it and you put it there! —

F6 C9 F Fm6 C Am

That's e-nough, that's e-nough, take it back; My spine's out of whack! There's a great big crack in the

C+ Am7 D9 G7 C

back of my sa-cro - il-i-ac! Take back your con-ga Ay! your sam-ba Ay! your rhum-ba

G7

{rhum-ba Ay, yay, yay! Why can't you send us Ay! a less stren-u - Ay! -ous num-ber! Ay, yay
sam-ba Bring back the old days Ay! of danc-ing I re mam-ba!

Dm F+ Dm7 Dm6

yay! It's get-ting so now Ay! that e - ven Ay! in slum-ber Ay, yay, yay! I hear the
My hips are creak-ing Ay! and shriek-ing Ay! ca - ram-ba I've got a

G7 G7+ 1. C Gm7 A7

rock-ing of ma-ra-cas and the knock-ing of the knock-ers in my car-cass! Ho-lay! SOUTH A -
 wrig-gle and a did-dle and a jig-gle like a fid-dle in my

Dm G7 C 2. C6

MER-I-CA, TAKE IT A - WAY! Take back your mid-dle. Ho-lay!

C6 G7 G7+ C6

— This fan-cy swish-in' in po-si-tion wears out all of my trans-mis-sion am-mu-ni-tion! Ho-lay!

G7 G7+ C Gm7

— I know there's dan-ger real-ly, lurk-ing if my rear-end keeps on work-ing at this jerk-ing! Ho-lay!

A7 Dm G7 C

— SOUTH A - MER-I-CA, TAKE IT A - WAY!