

I've been to Bombay
I've seen what a man can do
He climbs up a straight rope right up to the clear full-moon
And "boom", he is gone
Yeah, heaven is not that far
And limbs from a body are falling down on the ground
Gee! It must be hard to do
Yes, it is true, yes, it is true
I think the limbs belonged to an orang-outang, orang-outang,
orang-outang
I've been to Bombay
I've seen what a man can do
He climbs up a straight rope
A monkey is with him too
And "boom", he's gone to heaven
He's mighty daring mighty, right he must be some kind'a guru
He's out of orbit, out of orb...
It seems as if the rope was held by one of the Gods, one of the
Gods
So tight! Not like elephant's trunks: They wobbley-wob, wobbly-
wob,
wobbly-wob
I've been to Bombay
I've been to Bombay
In my youth
My wild youth
I've been to Bombay
I've been to Bombay
In my youth
Dadaeeao!
And "boom", he's gone to heaven
He's mighty daring, mighty, right he must be some kind'a guru
He's out of orbit, out of orbit
The crowd went hurly-burly
He never came down, never came down
He must have gone to heaven and out of orbit, out of orbit
No, I would never lie to you
Yes, it's true, yes, it is true