

Funky Nassau

Baha Men

Nassau's gone funky
Nassau's gone soul
We've got a doggone beat now
We gonna call our very own

Nassau rock and Nassau roll
Nassau's got a whole lotta soul

Huh
Feel alright

Mini skirts, maxi skirts
And afro-haired dudes
People doin' their own thing
They don't care 'bout me or you

Nassau's gone funky
Nassau's gone soul
And we've got a doggone beat now
We gonna take care of business too

Listen to ze drummer, lay down his beat
Listen to ze bass man, play zat same groovy beat
Attend the guitars is that soulsome tune
L'organ aussi, et les horns, oui, oui, hors

Funky Nassau, Nassau funky
Alors, puis-je jouer s'il vous plait

New York you know, has got a lot of soul, soul
And London Town is too doggone cold, too cold, hey
Nassau's got sunshine and this you all know, hey
But we all go funky, we got some soul, too, yeah

Yeah-yo, yeah-yo
Yeah-yo, yeah-yo

Trumpet, encore une fois

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Hit me