

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