

# Zombie Jamboree

Harry Belafonte

It was a Zombie Jamboree  
Took place in a New York cemetery  
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Zombies from all parts of the Island  
Some of them was a great Calypsonians  
Although the season was Carnival  
We get together in bacchanal  
And they singing

Back to back, belly to belly  
I don't give a damn, I done dead already  
Oho back to back, belly to belly  
At the Zombie Jamboree

One female Zombie wouldn't behave  
See how she jumping out of the grave  
In one hand a quarter rum  
In the other hand she knocking Congo drum  
Believe singer start to make his rhyme  
The Zombies are racking their bones in thyme  
One bystander had this to say  
T was a pleasure to see the Zombies break away

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I goin' talk to Miss Brigit Bardot  
And tell her miss Bardot take it slow  
All the men think they're Casanova  
When they see that she's bare foot all over  
Even old men out into beaker  
Find their hearts getting weaker and weaker  
So I goin' to ask her for your sake and mine  
At least to wear her ear rings part at the time

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A lot of World leaders talkin' bout war  
And I'm afraid they're going too far  
So its up to us you and me  
To put an end to Catastrophe  
We must appeal to their goodness of heart  
And ask them to breech in and please do their part  
Cause if this Atomic war begin  
They won't even have a part to breech in

Back to back, belly to belly