

Calypso Blues

Nat King Cole

Wa oo oo, wa oo oo
Wa oo, wa oo, wa oo, wa ay
Wa oo oo, wa oo oo
Wa oo, wa oo, wa oo, wa ay

Sittin' by de ocean, me heart, she feel so sad
Sittin' by de ocean, me heart, she feel so sad
Don't got de money
To take me back to Trinidad

Fine calypso woman, she cook me shrimp and rice
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Dese yankee hot dogs
Don't treat me stomach very nice

In Trinidad, one dollar buy
Papaya juice, banana pie
Six coconut, one female goat
An' plenty fish to fill de boat

One bushel bread, one barrel wine
An' all de town, she come to dine
But here is bad, one dollar buy
Cup of coffee, ham on rye

Me throat she sick from necktie
Me feet hurt from shoes
Me pocket full of empty
I got Calypso blues

Dese yankee girl give me big scare
Is black de root, is blonde de hair
Her eyelash false, her face is paint
And pads are where de girl she ain't

She jitterbug when she should waltz
I even think her name is false
But calypso girl is good a lot
Is what you see, is what she got

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