

# Hello Mama

Ray Stevens

[Mama]  
Hello?  
[Osama]  
Hello Mama, This is Osama.  
I'm in a geisha house in Yokohama.  
I swear I don't know nothing 'bout no tennis shoe bomb.  
I'm a nervous wreck, W's breathin' down my neck.  
[Mama]  
Goodness me, mercy sakes.  
Listen son, what on Earth are you thinking?  
[Osama]  
I don't know  
[Mama]  
Tell me something, have you been drinking?  
[Osama]  
No! I aint been drinking.  
[Mama]  
This aint no way to behave you're gonna send me to my  
grave!  
[Osama]  
Hold it Mama! You know I can't talk long at all,  
W just might trace this call. Wait a minute. Uh Oh!  
[W]  
We will not tire. We will not fail.  
However long it takes you know we will prevail.  
[Mama]  
Mercy Sakes  
[Osama]  
Mama I don't wanna go. To Guantanamo.  
So Mama send me some dough. Another hundred million or  
so.  
I think it's worse than dead broke. Down in Guantanamo.  
[Mama]  
Hello?  
[Usama]  
Hello Mama, This is "Usama"  
I'm in a mud hut in the middle of Uganda.  
Now here's the thing I changed my name to "Usama"  
Yeah, 'cause W's nipping at my heels.  
Now I know how Salman Rushdie feels.  
[Mama]  
Goodness me, mercy sakes.  
Listen son I'm not trying to upset you.  
[Usama]  
I know  
[Mama]  
But honey if they do catch you.  
[Usama]  
Oh for goodness sakes bite your tongue!  
[Mama]  
You know it's every mother's prayer, you have on clean  
underwear.  
[Usama]  
Hold it Mamma! W just wont leave me alone, I think he  
might of tapped this phone.  
Wait a minute. Uh Oh!  
[General]

We will not tire, we will not fail.

Do not pass GO just go directly to Jail.

[Mama]

Goodness me!

[Osama]

Mama I don't wanna go. To Guantanamo.

So Mama send me some dough. Another hundred million or so.

I think it's worse than dead broke. Down in Guantanamo.

{repeat and fade}