

# The Boomtown Rats, Mood Mambo

Somewhere up town late last night around 9 o'clock  
There was a black snake crawling up the  
Latin American stairs  
With his  
Slicked  
Black  
Cockroachair  
He was greasy lightning  
He was looking for someone else  
He said &quot;I know you, you know me, heyheylezzosee.....  
I'm in the Mood to Mambo...&quot;;  
Yeah Bongo Crazy man.  
Someone else pulled out a gun and said  
&quot;It's a little too late for that sort of thing...  
If you think that you're the white/black snake don't go messing with me...  
I'm not in the mood&quot;;  
Somebody else pulled,  
I said &quot;Don't be rude....just say Bongo Crazy man&quot;;  
Yah...been there  
Done that  
given every tit-for-tat  
I'm for me  
You're for you  
Let's keep it that way  
Okay??

Meanwhile  
Later on underneath the river  
Some frogman slipped  
On his black beret  
Over his skin  
Tight rubbersuit.  
Black boots  
Looking for a place to go  
An dive  
Heading for the nearest divers skive  
Looking for love  
On the cheap rate  
Go!  
Gonna make it down  
with you wan  
D'ja see?  
He said  
&quot;Crazy bongo  
I'm in the Mood to Mambo&quot;;

Meanwhile  
We can watch the come  
Dancing competitions  
From the Midlands International Danceband Orchestra.  
Lifting up their frilly chiffon skirts  
They whirled and they twirled  
In the late night rustle  
To the beat of the muscle  
Of the drum man  
Inanin  
he's picking up the beat on the bongo skin  
He was lookin for love underneath that din.  
He was looking for me  
He was looking for you  
Till I walked up to the woman  
And I said  
(with a shoe)  
I'm in the moooooood tooooooo mambo

## Bongo Crazy

sssshhhh....

Let me into one of the secrets of this place

Y'see the late night

Flick knives

glitter through the window

Careful where you go boy

Those knives are

Flick

Flack

Flagging through the dark, man

They're gonna cut

your

skin

I talked to Fr. Murphy and he swore he wouldn't tell

But some of those boys are gonna go to hell

See they're in the Mood to Mambo

Crazy Bongo

cha cha cha

The fog horns scream

And the boys go "Woo Woo"

I don't mind

Cos I'm with you

We go bongo crazy

Yes we do

No we don't

Bongo crazy!!!

---

\*written by Bob Geldof / Pete Briquette

\*taken from the album Mondo Bongo