

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