

Mop! Mop!

Louis Jordan

Mop mop! A thousand years ago
Mop mop! A guy named Jungle Joe
Was a drummer man in a Zulu band
That made swing history

Mop mop! One day the king said "Gate!
Why Gate, you old reprobate
I commission you, find a riff that's new
Or your wig belongs to me."

Joe's knees started knockin'
So scared he was stiff
'Til he noticed the tribe was rockin'
As his knees beat out this mellow riff

Mop mop! From the tropic's heat
Mop mop! Came this jungle beat
Though old Joe is gone, his jive lives on
And it still is making history.

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