

Luigi

Louis Prima

There's a fella named Luigi, he comes from Italy
I wanna be like Luigi 'cause he's always got money
With a book in his pocket, a pencil in his hand
Luigi's got-a the bees-a-knees that I no understand
He stand-a on the corner, I think-a he waste his time
People come up to him and say "Number five-a for-a dime"

Hey Luigi, whadda you do?
Hey Luigi teach-a me too
When you come here, you no can count
Now you make-a the money by the big amount

With Luigi things are cookin', he dress-a like a dude
He's-
a no what you call good lookin' but he sure is a lookin' dude
"Hello Hello, Luigi" the pretty girls all say he's no Giovan Am
ici, but still he's a do okay
On every one of the fingers, he flash-a the big-a jewel
Now he can buy the caviar, he's through with pasta fazool

Hey Luigi whadda you do?
Hey Luigi teach-a me too
When you come here, you big-a bum
Now you make-a the money by the big-a sum

Now a funny thing-a happen, it happened yesterday
The police-a-man he come and take Luigi far away
Goodbye, goodbye Luigi, I no like to see you go
I know just how you feeling, but I make-a the dough
Don't you worry Luigi, I call-a you on the phone
I'll take over the numbers while you crack-a the big stone

Hey Luigi! I'm-a no fool
Hey Luigi! Ah, you wretched troll
I take-a the numbers, but not like you think
I'm-a the policeman who put you in the clink

My dear paisano's, I'm telling you, don't be like Luigi or the
police-a-man will get you too