

Lambada Me

MDC

My mama she called me up to say
Time is passing me by
If I don't make my mark
It's gonna make her cry
She says I need a stable job
With some security
I could make some new friends
Of a higher quality
But mama mama mama can't you see
I'm doing the lambada, the lambada me

Well I paused and then said "Now mama
I'm doing just fine"
I know you want the best for me
But you're messing with my mind
You want me to marry someone
To lambada with at night
Someone very agreeable
She'll always say I'm right
But mama mama mama can't you see
I'm doing the lambada, the lambada me

Can't blow it, I know it, I see it, I feel it
I'll try it, I'll taste it, I believe it and be it
I'll move it and I'll groove it
I'll shake it and I'll bake it
Can make it, can't fake it
Do you get it, hope you got it

It's a thing with parents
They want to run your life
Want to select your career
And help you pick a wife
But mama mama mama I got to be free
To do the lambada, the lambada me

So now when mama calls she says
She's given up all hope
She doesn't see her darling son
Just another lazy dope
No spiffy car no fancy friends
No classy friends to meet
But lots of time to myself
And that you cannot beat
Time to think and dream
And time to be just me
And time to just lambada
the lambada me