Those Panama Mammas Are Ruining Me

Words & Music by HOWARD JOHNSON & IRVING M. BIBO

Moderato

Ukulele Arr by May Singhi Breen

Vamp

Pan-a-ma Pan-a-ma, Pan-a-ma Pan-a-ma,

Must be a wondrous place
Thereneath the sheltering palms

I'd like to pitch my tent there
I had a pal who went there
Strange to say, A fellow takes big chances
I've been through!

Copyright MCMXXIV by Maurice Abrahams Inc. 1695 Broadway New York City. International Copyright Secured. Made in U. S. A. All Rights Reserved.
Yesterday to me he sent a note,
Met a few in ev'ry other clime,

Things are fine he wrote But one thing gets my goat
Some are most divine But Panama for mine

CHORUS
Those Panama Mammas They're ruin-ing me

Those Panama Mammas They're sweet as can be
Down by that great big canal, each night they're dancing

Altho' they're not what you call real shim-mie shakers

And when they shake their hips,

You'll see a great big

bunch of sailors' call a doctor

Desert their battle ships. Each night with those

charm-ers... I sit under a tree.

Those Panama Mammies
Make love to those Mam-mas. Tho' it's hot as can be,

I came here for a rest But say
They never went to school But oh

I ther'e's

should havestayed a-way, Those Pan-a-ma Mam-mas,
Are ru-in-ing me

nothing they don't know,

Those Pan-a-ma

Those Panama Mammas
When The Gold Turns To Gray
(You Will Be The Same Girl To Me)

Words by
G.W. EIOHERT

Music by
MAURICE ABRAMS

CHORUS (Not too fast)

When the gold turns to gray And your beauty fades away,
When the stars in your eyes are no more,

When your cheeks lose their glow, And the bloom begins to go
Like the last rose of summer round the door.

Copyright MCMXXIII by MAURICE ABRAMS Inc. 1591 Broadway New York
International Copyright Secured
All Rights Reserved