

THOSE PANAMA MAMAS

(ARE RUINING ME)

*With
Ukulele
Arrangement*



*by
Howard Johnson
and Irving M. Bibo*

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Those Panama Mammas Are Ruining Me

Words & Music by
HOWARD JOHNSON
& IRVING M. BIBO

Tune Ukulele



Moderato

Ukulele Arr by May Singhi Breen

Voice

Vamp

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

Must be a wond'rous place I'd like to pitch my
There'neath the shelt'-ring palms The girl-ies make ad-

tent there I had a pal who went there Strange to say,
-vanc - es A fel - low takes big chanc - es I've been through!

Yes - ter - day to me he sent a note,
Met a few in ev - 'ry oth - er clime,

Things are fine he wrote But one thing gets my goat
Some are most di vine But Pan - a - ma for mine

CHORUS

Those Pan - a - ma Mam - mas — They're ru - in - ing me —

— Those Pan - a - ma Mam - mas — They're sweet as can be —

Down by that great big can - al, each night they're danc - ing
Al - tho' they're not what you call real shim - mie shak - ers

And when they shake their hips, - You'll see a great big
You talk a bout re - sults, - Three times a day I

bunch of sail - ors De - sert their bat - tle ships. Each night with those
call a doc - tor To come and feel my pulse.

charm - ers I sit und - er a tree.

— Make love to those Mam - mas — Tho' it's hot as can be —

I came here for a rest But say I
They ne - ver went to school But oh there's

should have stayed a - way, Those Pan - a - ma Mam - mas, — Are ru - in - ing me —
no - thing they don't know,

Those Pan - a - ma