

# THOSE PANAMA MAMAS

(ARE RUINING ME)

*With Ukulele Arrangement*



*by Howard Johnson and Irving M. Bibb*

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## Tune Ukulele



# Those Panama Mammams

## Are Ruining Me

Words & Music by  
**HOWARD JOHNSON**  
 & **IRVING M. BIBO**

Moderato

Ukulele Arr by May Singhi Breen

Voice



*Vamp*

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

*mf* *p*

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 havestayed a - way, Those Pan - a - ma Mam - mas, — Are ru - in - ing me —  
no - thing they dont know,

Those Pan - a - ma