

Words and Music by Joe Dolce.



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oy, it make a me sick, Il the t'ing I gotta do,
and a state a Postar and
can't a get-a no kicks,
lways got to follow rules,
loy, it make a me sick,
ust to make a lousy bucks.
ot to feel-a like a fool.
and a mama used to say all a time:
oon-a come a day.
onna be a big-a star,
Den I make-a T.V. shows and-a movies.
let-a myself a new car,
but still I be myself,
don't want-a to change a t'ing,
till-a dance and-a sing.
t'ink about a-mama, she used to say:
Iello, everybody!
At's out-a dere in-a radio and-a T.V. land,
lid you know I had a big-a hit-a song in-a Italy with-a dis?
Shaddap-a you face,"
sing-a dis-a song, all-o my fans applaud,
Dey clap-a da hands!
)at-a make me feel-a so good;
ou ought to learn-a dis-a song,
t's-a real-a simple
ee, I sing "What's-a matter you?"
ou sing: "Hey!"
Den I sing-a da rest.
and den at de end, we can all-a sing:
Ah, Shaddup a you face!
).K., Let's a try it, really big
Ino, duo, tre, quatro!
What's a matter you? Hey! etc.