Each morning, a missionary advertises neon sign He tells the native population that civilization is fine And three educated savages holler from a bamboo tree That civilization is a thing for me to see

So bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no

Bingo, bangle, I'm so happy in the jungle, I refuse to go

Don't want no bright lights, false teeth, doorbells, landlords, I make it clear

That no matter how they coax him, I'll stay right here

I looked through a magazine the missionary's wife concealed (Magazine? What happens?)

I see how people who are civilized bung you with automobile (Yo u know you can get hurt that way Daniel?)

At the movies they have got to pay many coconuts to see (What d o they see, Darling?)

Uncivilized pictures that the newsreel takes of me

So bongo, bongo, bongo, he don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no

Bingo, bangle, bungle, he's so happy in the jungle, he refuse to go

Don't want no penthouse, bathtub, streetcars, taxis, noise in m y ear

So, no matter how they coax him, I'll stay right here

They hurry like savages to get aboard an iron train And though it's smokey and it's crowded, they're too civilized to complain

When they've got two weeks vacation, they hurry to vacation ground (What do they do, Darling?)

They swim and they fish, but that's what I do all year round

So bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no

Bingo, bangle, I'm so happy in the jungle, I refuse to go

Don't want no jailhouse, shotgun, fish-

hooks, golf clubs, I got my spears

So, no matter how they coax him, I'll stay right here

They have things like the a