

Trad: Caribbean
Arr. Chris Wilson

Dingolay

VERSE 1

Music sweet, music sweet,
The one who invented music
Is got to be terrific
Got to be the one who created the sun and the trees,
Rivers and seas mm mm

CHORUS

Music fills the world with happiness,
Plenty sweetness and togetherness
Music has no friends or enemies,
Ev'rybody could dingolay
Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)
Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)
If your clothes tear up, or your shoes bust up
You can still jump up when music play
Old lady, young baby,
Ev'rybody could dingolay
Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)
Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)

VERSE 2

Melodies, harmonies
Music in the atmosphere,
Sweet music is ev'rywhere
Even in the park, in the dark,
A blind man can find a melody mm mm

CHORUS

VERSE 3

Energies, fantasies
You don't need a bulldozer
To become a composer
Ev'ry little plot, or a dot,
Could help to construct a melody mm mm

CHORUS

Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)
Dingolay (ay-ay ay-ay) dingolay (ay ay ay)