

Cachuca - song lyrics

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CACHUCA.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Let us weep for the poor Senorita
Teresita Quita Pepita,
As a dancer there's no one could beat her;
She could dance all around Carmencita!
She might still be a joy to the nation,
But she put too much faith in vibration,
And got tangled up in a gyration,
And she don't dance now.
None was sweeter than Pepita;
Carmencita couldn't beat her;
Something rusted
That she trusted,
And she busted,
With a bang, bang, bang.

Oh, this beautiful dancer elastic
One fine night grew a bit too gymnastic,
And the region the doctors call gastric,
She revolved in a manner fantastic.
Oh, 'twas up in a town called Toledo
That she put too much steam on her speed, O,
And went off like a giant torpedo,
And she don't dance now.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.

Beauty crepuscular,
Limbs long and muscular,
Supple and sweet and firm and fine;
Arms that were willowy,
Charms that were billowy,
Glances as warm and strong as wine.
Writers will prate of her,
Tell of the fate of her-
Martyr to her exquisite art.
She worked the trickery
Of fair Terpsichore
Till she just busted and fell apart.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.

Here she went shimmering,
There she went glimmering,
Like a great golden butterfly;
Flights pyrotechnical,
Flashes electrical,
Fleet as a bird against the sky;
Twisted and tangled up,
Ev'rv nerve yangled up,
Wriggling enough to break her heart,
This little Premiere
Whirled to a merry air
Till she just busted and fell apart.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.