

Mamela

Music and text:
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tr: Magda Bryll

$\text{♩} = 135$ I

Some of us are different you see And
'us' means Fi- lip Ma- me- la- and me Well, let the
world be what it will be Fi- lip
Ma- me- la and me. *refr...* *F^{zm}* Now lis- ten to
hear the tick and the tock A heart- beat of rhythm, a
mu- si- cal clock Fi- lip has got a bass in his
hands *See*
how he jams *II* Pi- ter and Ma- rio are
bro- thers, you know Play- ing with Fi- lip, just
look - at them go So let the world be
what it will be Two bro - thers Fi- lip, Ma -
3 *Refr...* *F^{zm}*
me - la and me. His uncle who flies through the sky

day and night is fond of our Filip, and hugs him so tight
 When Filip makes music, he will play along
 He's playing his
 song. Hi gives us all ki-
 sses and hugs equally And 'us' means Fi-
 lip, Mama-la and me So let the world
 be what it will be Filip
 Mama-la and me.
refr... The stranger we are the louder we yell That we
 can be different but love life as well For life is won-
 derful challenge you see For all of us
 For Filip, Mama-la and me.