

Mwangi Matatu

*Sung to the tune of
"Burlington Bertie"*

General note: This was performed whilst striding around the stage making larger than life gestures whilst wearing a colourful woolly hat, faded jeans and gaudy T shirt.

I'm Mwangi Matatu, transporter of watu,
Provided they pay me the fare.
The fat and the thin, I just squeeze them all in,
Then I race down the road without care.
I've false registrations, ignore legislations,
When traffic gets heavy I quickly loose patience
And jump the queue, and (*raspberry) to you ← (* blow a "raspberry" and
gesture rudely here.)
But, (* pause) you ought to forgive me you know.
I just find all this waiting is very frustrating,
And slows down my earnings of dough.

(* Hold hands in prayer
position and plead.) →

I'm Mwangi the laugher; I live at Ofafa,
A pillar of fame and renown.
I drive a matatu to ferry the watu
From Jericho into the town.
I'll overtake still on the brow of a hill
'Cos like double oh seven I'm licenced to kill.
Just swerve out of my way, and you'll live past today.
I'm a dangerous species of man.
So if you want a thrill that will make you feel ill
Let me chauffeur you home in my van.

I've got such a load that whenever the road
Turns a corner I head for the ditch.
But the kerb was put there just to help me to steer
And it bounces me back to my pitch.
My steering is dismal, my brakes are abysmal,
My standard of driving is quite cataclysmal.
My lighting is dim; my tyres are too thin;
(pause, speak the next line, then resume singing)
You'd be better of riding a cow
'Cos without PSVs we can do what we please
And I'm Mwangi Matatu Nyangau!

*Petter Finne
1983*

NOTE: The final 3 lines are a "politically dampened" version. Shortly after I had started to perform it on stage there was an official clamp-down on public mentions of tribal characteristics. The score for my original song ended:-

It's amazing what they will allow,
When you come from a tribe of past masters of bribe,
Like Mwangi Matatu Nyangau.

If you feel like performing "Mwangi Matatu", please do so with my blessing!

Petter Finne, 2011