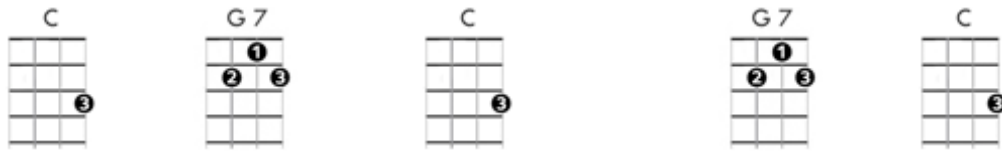
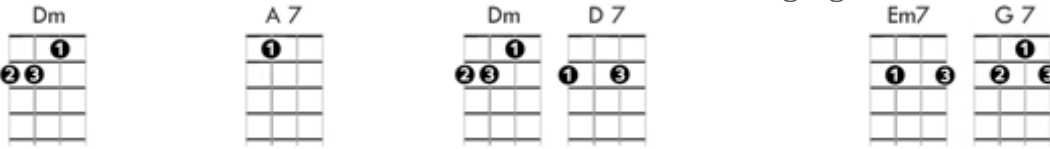


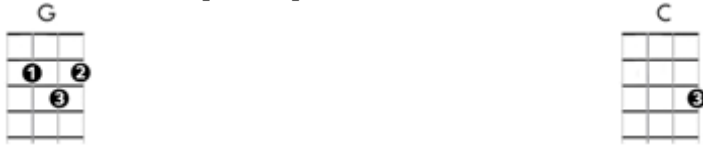
Little Brown Gal – Soprano Ukulele



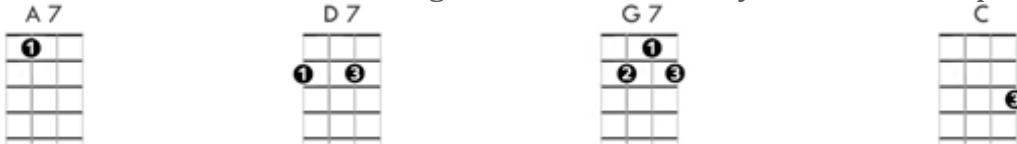
To the Isles across the blue Pacific, I've a constant longing to return



There's a reason that is quite specific, someone for whom I yearn



It's not the Islands fair, that are calling to me, not the balmy air, not the tropical sea



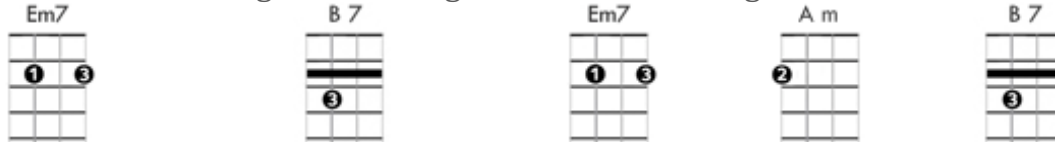
But it's a little brown gal in a little grass skirt in a little grass shack in Hawaii



It isn't Waikiki, nor Kamehameha's Pali, not the beach boys free with their Ho-o-mali-mali



It's a little brown gal in a little grass skirt in a little grass shack in Hawaii



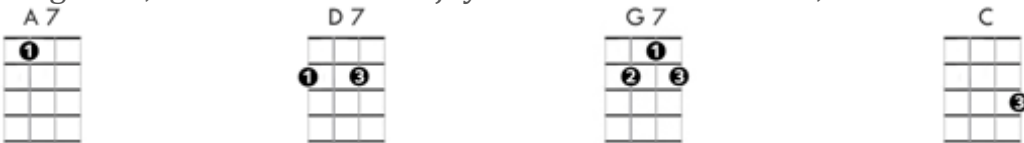
Through that Island wonderland she's broken all the kane's hearts



It's not hard to understand for that wahine is a gal of parts



I'll be leaving soon, but the thrill I'll enjoy is not the Island moon, or the fish and the poi



It's just a little brown gal, in a little grass skirt in a little grass shack in Hawaii