

Somewhere on a South Pacific island  
Sits a young man staring at the surf  
His native girlfriend died a death quite violent  
A tribal sacrifice made to the earth

She was brown, her hair was black, her eyes were blue  
A chief's daughter, Leilani was her name  
She and her young man made a handsome two  
But lava tore them both apart again

Leilani, don't go to the volcano, he'd say.  
Please don't go to the volcano.

They were saving for a little hut,  
She collected sea-shells every day  
Every night they'd share a cigarette  
But the ancient, angry gods got in the way.

Leilani, don't go to the volcano, he'd plead.  
Please don't go, I'll miss you so.

Katoomba, Hey! Macumbah, Ho!  
Umgawah! Hey! Ho! Hey-eh! Ah...  
Leilani - crula-bula-ulladulla-wok-a-tai  
Aba-laba-laba, Hut!

Leilani-nevageta-huta-tera-cota-tile  
Aba-laba-laba Hut!  
Umgawah!!!

Still the young man sits upon the beach  
He's staring misty-eyed out into space  
He's thinking about his girlfriend of late, deceased  
At least her death had purpose; his life is a waste!  
Leilani, don't go to the volcano, he said.  
Please don't go, I'll miss you so. He said  
Please don't go, I love you, I love you so.  
Please don't go.