

On A Holiday

Brian Wilson

A pirate with a tune on a holiday.
Ol' lazy mister moon want a getaway.
And isn't that a moon for a milky way?

A ukulele lady, a roundalay. Rock, rock roll, Child!
Rock, rock, roll, Plymouth Rock roll over.
For a holiday, with a roundalay.

Abaft and forth, a starboard course with
North abeam, sherry of course. The men
Will share some sport ah-now me hearty!
Not the rum of Carib scum, it's Port
Tonight, drink up and come, un-weigh
That anchor yank and we will party!

A shanty town, a chanty in Waikiki, and juxtapose
A man with a mystery a blue Hawaiian, capture
His melody, and Liliuola Kalani will sing to me.

Rock, rock, roll, Child! Rock, rock roll, Plymouth Rock roll over.
For a holiday. Long, long ago, Long ago.

Whisperin' winds send my
Wind a chimes a-tinklin'.

Whisperin' winds send my
Wind a chimes a-tinklin'.