

Honolulu

The Everly Brothers

They've got the million buck hotels and girls on beaches in bikinis

They've got the little man who sells the salted pistachios and weenies

They've got those flirty, flirty dollies that are sitting on their blankets in the sun

In Honolulu

In Honolulu

And in my dreams I see myself with my own cabana by the ocean

The finest dollies in the town are rubbin' me down with tannin' lotion

Yes my dreams get so good I really doubt that anyone has any better fun

In Honolulu

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