

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.