

Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiian John Prine and Fred Koller

C

Well, I packed my **bags** and bought myself a ticket

G

For the **land** of the tall palm tree.

G

C

Aloha, Old Milwaukee, **Hello**, Waikiki

C

F

As I **stepped** down from the airplane, I **swear** that I heard her say,

F

C

"**Wacka**, wacka, nooka likka, **Wacka**, wacka, nooka likka,

G

C

Would you like a lei?"

C

G

Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, Whisper in my ear.

G

C

Kicka pooka moka wa wahine, are the words I long to hear.

C

F

Lay your coconetas on my tiki, What the hecka, mooka, mooka, dear,

F

C

Am F

G

C

Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, Say the words I long to hear.

It's an **ukulele** Honolulu sunset, **listen** to the grass skirts sway,

Drinkin' **rum** from a fresh pineapple, out on **Honolulu** Bay.

The **steel** guitars are playing, while she **tells** with her hands,

"**Gimme**, gimme oka-doka **make a wish** I wanna poka,"

Words I understand.

Well, I **boughta** lotta junka with my moola, And I **sent** it to the folks back home,

I **never** had a chance to dance the **hula**, well; I **guess** I should have known.

When you **start** talkin' to a sweet wahine, **walking** in the pale moonlight

"**Ohka** doka, whatta setta **knocka-rocka** sis-boom-boccas."

Hope you said it right.