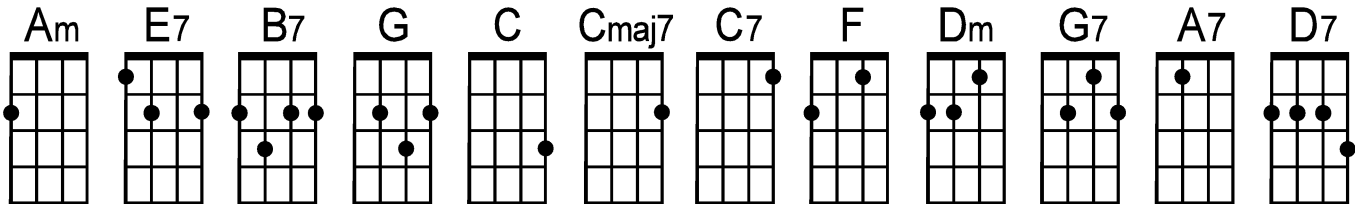


Honolulu Baby

by Marvin Hatley (1936)



Intro (slow):

Am . **E7** . **Am** . . . | . . . **E7** . **Am** . .
 While down on the South-Sea Is—lands, under-neath the beauty of the stars—
 . | . **E7** . **Am** . . . | **B7** . . . | **E7** . .
 I strayed u-pon some mai—dens, who were strummin' these little gui-tars—
 . **Am** . **E7** . **Am** . . . | . . . **E7** . **Am** . .
 A hu-la maid was dan—cin' and I knew I found my par-a—dise—
 . | . **E7** . **Am** . . . | **G** . . . | **C** . . . | **C7** \
 So this is what I told— her as I gazed in—to her eyes—

(increase tempo)

(---*Tacit* --) | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 Hono-lu—lu Ba—by— where'd you get those eyes—?
 . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . . **Cmaj7** | **C7** \
 And that dark com-ple—xion— I just i—dol-ize—?
 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 Hono-lu—lu Ba—by where'd you get that style—?
 . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . **F** . | **C** . . . |
 And those pre-tty red— lips— and that sun—ny smile—?

Bridge: **Dm** . . . | **C** . . . |
 When you start to dance, your hula hips en-trance

Dm . **G7** . | **C** . . . |
 Then you shake it up and down—

D . . . | **G** . . . |
 Shake a little here Shake a little there

. | **A7** . **D7** . | **G7** /
 Well you got the boys goin' to town

--- --- --- | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 Hono-lu—lu Ba—by— when you start to sway—
 . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . . **Cmaj7** | **C7** \
 All the men go cra—zy— They seem to say—

. . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 Hono-lu—lu Ba—by— at Wai-ki—ki—
 . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . **F** . | **C** \ **F** \ **C** \
 Hono-lu—lu Ba—by— You're the one for me—