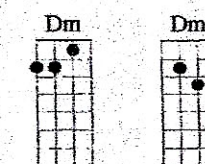
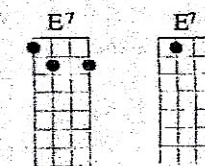
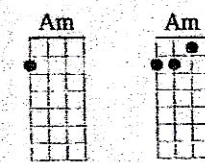
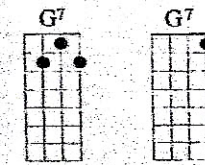
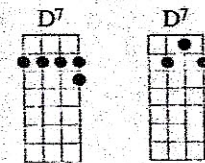
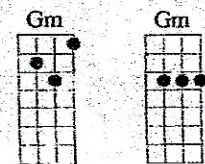
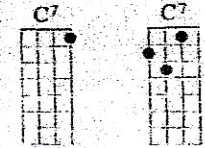
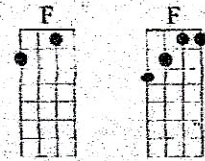


Little Brown Gal

Words & Music by Don McDiamid and Lee Wood, 1935

Soprano Baritone



C7
It's not the islands fair that are calling to me
F
It's not the balmy air, nor the tropical sea
D7 *G7*
It's just a little brown gal in a little grass skirt
C7 *F*
In a little grass shack in Hawaii

C7
It isn't Waikiki, nor Kamehameha's Pali
F
Nor the beach boys free with their ho'omalimali
D7 *G7*
It's just a little brown gal in a little grass skirt
C7 *F*
In a little grass shack in Hawaii

A^m *E7*
Through that island wonderland
A^m *D^m* *E7*
She's broken all the kanes' hearts
A^m *E7*
It's not hard to understand
A^m *C7*
For that wahine is a gal apart

C7
I'll be leaving soon, but the thrill I'll enjoy
F
Is not the island moon nor the fish and the poi
D7 *G7*
It's just a little brown gal in a little grass skirt
C7 *F*
In a little grass shack in Hawaii ||

Vamp out
G7 C7 F

slide 3,4,5