

Aloha

"Perry Como Gold"

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A boy prefers a crowd of older folks
He will bow
Holds a snow cane parallel to the stone
To the boardwalking elders, it's a magic microphone
Sing a warning song
He sounds just like Perry Como
Tie a sweater to his hips
And hang tight to the flagpole
His feet kick out to the threatening sky
Too young for prediction, they're ignoring his signs
He was just for decoration, just a little entertainment

We've gotta go back to the beach
before we hear the halt of summer screech

Every one has something that they'd like to see torn
down
Oh, but not this small house that has walked upon stilts
Nor the roller rink or bakeries that have shuttered up
since
Oh, Isabel, as I make my way home my baritone, is
guaranteed gold
But it was just an aberration, just the wind at my throat
I rode into a car door
Into the bushes I was thrown
They were just for decoration
How was I to know?

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