

## **Andrew Landon**

### **"HoHoKus, NJ"**

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We know a town in the heart of New Jersey,  
Where the birds sing all day long.  
And it gave us the inspiration,  
From which we wrote the following song:

I remember t'was September,  
When the crocus first awoke us  
To Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ  
We were dunkin' with a cruller  
Moppin' up the local color  
Of Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ  
We dropped in at a movie  
And sat next to a Queen  
Who was every bit as groovy  
As the ones on the screen.  
So we wrote this hocus-pocus,  
So attention we could focus  
On Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ.

I'll go my way, you go your way  
And we'll never meet in Rahway  
Or Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ  
All the sweater girls in Teaneck,  
Wear a devastating V-neck  
They're peculiar that way.  
A feller from Bogota  
Who would never be missed,  
Buys a gal a cherry-soda  
And expects to be kissed.  
It's lonesome in Passaic,  
But the town that takes the ca-ik,  
Is Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ.

If you want to, you can walk us  
To a town they call Secaucus,  
Near Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ  
'Cause the fra-cus will be rauc-ous  
When Ho-Ho-Kus meets Secaucus  
In the big game today.  
The ones to whom we've spoken  
Never heard of the town.

They confuse it with Sha-no-ken  
And it gets us down.  
So we wrote this little opus,  
Which we'll sing until they choke us  
'Bout Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ

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