

John Prine "Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiiin"

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Let's talk dirty in hawaiiin
By john prine and fred koller

Well, I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket
For the land of the tall palm tree.
Aloha, old milwaukee, hello, waikiki
I just stepped down from the airplane
When I heard her say,
"wacka, wacka, nooka likka,
Wacka, wacka, nooka likka,
Would you like a lei? "

Chorus:

Hey!
Let's talk dirty in hawaiiin,
Whisper in my ear.
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahine
Are the words I lont to hear.
Lay your coconuta on my tiki,
What the hecka, mooka, mooka, dear,
Let's talk dirty in hawaiiin,
Say the words I long to hear.
It's a ukelele, honolulu sunset,
Listen to the grass skirts sway,
Drinkin' rum from the pineapple
Out on honolulu bay.
The steel guitars are playing
While she's talinkg with her hands,
"gimme, gimme oka-doka make a wisha wanna polka,"
Words I understand.

Chorus

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,
Walkin' in the pale moonlight
Ohka noka whatta setta knocka-rocka sis-boom-
boccas."
Hope I said it right.

Chorus

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