

## Torsson "Islands Of Hawaii"

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We took the boat, to go cruisin' on the sea.  
I held the wheel, and she was sitting next to me.  
Early in the morning, the sun was burning down.  
We were heading for Hawaii, leaving Honolulu town.  
We've been married for a month, thirty happy days.  
She was from Hawaii, and I was from another place.  
We left Honolulu, where we spent our honeymoon.  
We were carried by a strong wind, until late afternoon.  
The wind stopped blowing. It happened suddenly.  
The boat stopped moving. And we were stuck out on  
the sea.  
There was no land in sight, and it started getting dark.  
And we were surrounded by hundreds and hundreds  
of sharks.  
There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and  
hundreds of sharks.  
Swimmin' round and around and around and around in  
the dark.  
There were thousands and thousands and thousands  
of stars in the sky.  
Watchin' me and my wife and the sharks and the  
Islands Of Hawaii.  
There were absolutely nothing we could do to pick up  
speed.  
We had no dieselmotor, which we surely would have  
needed.  
So to pass the time, ten miles of the shore.  
She told me 'bout her past, things I've never heard  
before.  
She told stories 'bout her family, many centuries old.  
She told about the Islands, about silver and gold.  
So now you understand, that I have to say goodbye.  
Then she jumped into the water, but she didn't tell me  
why.  
There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and  
hundreds of sharks.  
Swimmin' round and around and around and around in  
the dark.  
There were thousands and thousands and thousands  
of stars in the sky.  
Watchin' me and my wife and the sharks and the  
Islands Of Hawaii.

Five long years have gone, since that terrible day.  
And she never came back. She's been staying away.  
I don't think they took her, I think the sharks just let her  
through.

So I've been searching everywhere for her, now I'm  
asking you.

Och han fortsatte bertta, en skggig, brungd man.  
Att han letat efter kvinnan, sen den dagen hon frsvann.  
Efter alla vrldens Inder, och p alla sju haven.  
Var nu turen kommen, till vrt eget Skandinavien.  
Sen tog han fram ett silveretui, och ur det ett gammalt  
och blekt fotografi.

Han bad mig att betnka, om jag ngonsin sett,  
Kvinnan som p bilden stod och log, den var skuren lite  
snett.

Och en hundra gnger hundra gnger hundra gnger  
hundradel av ett.

R vl chansen att han ngonsin, nn gng, nnstans ska trffa  
rtt.

Och en tusen gnger tusen gnger tusen gnger tusendel  
av tv.

R vl chansen att dom bda, ska varandra terf.

Och en hundra gnger hundra gnger hundra gnger  
hundradel av ett.

R vl chansen att han ngonsin, nn gng, nnstans ska trffa  
rtt.

Och en tusen gnger tusen gnger tusen gnger tusendel  
av tv.

R vl chansen att dom bda, ska varandra terf.

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