The Andrews Sisters ''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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