

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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