

Elvis

"Beach Boy Blues"

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words & music by Sid Tepper Roy Bennett)

I'm a poor Hawaiian beach boy

A long way from the beach

'Cause someone shoved his face against my hand

Now I'm a kissing cousin to a ripe pineapple

I'm in the can

I was minding my own business

But drinking daddy's juice

I swear I'll never touch that stuff again

Just like a pig before he gave his all that aluhau

I'm in the pen

Got those beach boy blues

Don't the time go slow

Lonely beach boy blues

Only 30 day's and 90 years to go

I want a taste of honey

From my wahini's lips

I want to be her ever loving man

But I'm a kissing cousin to a ripe pineapple

I'm in the can

But I'm a kissing cousin to a ripe pineapple

I'm in the can

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