

Little Brown Gal

Don McDiarmid, Lee Wood, 1935

G⁷ C⁷ F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F
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C⁷
It's not the Islands fair, that are calling to me

F
It's not the balmy air, nor the tropical sea

D⁷ G⁷
It's just a Little Brown Gal, in a little grass skirt

C⁷ F
In a little grass shack in Hawaii

C⁷
It isn't Waikiki, or Kamehameha's Pali

F
Nor the beach boys free with their ho'omalimali

D⁷ G⁷
It's just a Little Brown Gal, in a little grass skirt

C⁷ F
In a little grass shack in Hawaii

A^m E⁷
Through that island wonderland

A^m E⁷
She's broken all the kanes' hearts

A^m E⁷
It's not hard to understand

A^m C⁷
For that wahine is a gal of parts

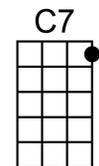
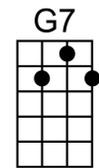
C⁷
I'll be leaving soon, but the thrill I'll enjoy

F
Is not the Island moon, nor the fish and the poi

D⁷ **G⁷**
It's just a Little Brown Gal, in a little grass skirt

C⁷ **F**
In a little grass shack in Hawaii

D⁷ **G⁷** **C⁷** **F**
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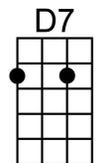
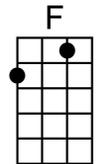


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