

On The Beach Of Hanalei

School Is Cool

Her son he was a surfer on the beach of Hanalei.
And she plays the piano at a jazz club everyday,
Just to have that simple kick, to just sit down and play.
And this is the question that she asks herself day and night:
"Oh! Tell me right now, I've forgotten the meaning of life. Oh!

Why-I? Why-I? Why-I? Why?"

His body washed up on the shore,
The salt had made him dry.
"He died from shock" the morgue man said
But she knew well he lied.
"Sharks don't go for human meat
So that's not how he died"
So this is the question that she asks herself day and night:
"Oh! Talk to me, god of mourning, am I doing this right? Oh!

What good am I-I? What good am I-I?
What good am I-I? What good am I-I?"

The water turned a blood-red hue
And crimson foamed the waves.
A surfer's life was taken here
The beach of Hanalei.

"Why-I? Why-I? Why-I? Why?
Why-I? Why-I? Why-I? Why?"