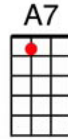
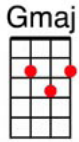
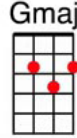
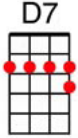


My Little Grass Shack

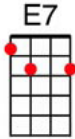
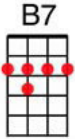
By: Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison
and Johnny Noble



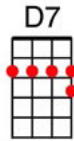
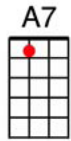
I want to go back to my little grass shack, in Kealakekua, Hawaii.



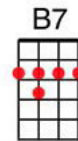
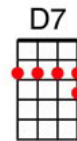
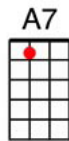
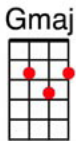
I want to be with all the kanes and wahines, that I used to know...so long ago.



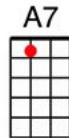
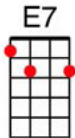
I can hear the old guitars a-playing, on the beach at Honolulu,



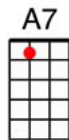
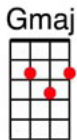
I can hear the old Hawaiians saying, "Komo mai no kaus i ka hale welakahua".



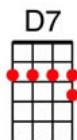
It won't be long 'til my ship will be sailing back to Kona, A grand old place that's fair to see...you're telling me



I'm just a little Hawaiian and a homesick island boy, I want to go back to my fish and poi,



I want to go back to my little grass shack, in Kealakekua, Hawaii.



Where the humu-humu nuku-nuku a pua'a go swimming by. (Repeat)

