

BEACH BOY BLUES - ELVIS PRESLEY  
(Words and 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 at the luau  
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