

OLD MAUI

It's a rough tough life of toil and strife we sailors undergo
And we don't give a damn, when the gale is done how hard the winds do blow
Sure we're homeward bound a damn fine sound in a good ship taught and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum with them gals from Old Maui

CHORUS:

Rollin' down to Old Maui, me boys
Rollin' down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the arctic grounds
Rollin' down to Old Maui

Through many a-blow of frost and snow and bitter squalls of hail
Our yards were bent, our canvas rent as we braved the northern gale
The horrid isles of ice cut tiles, that deck the arctic sea
Are many, many leagues astern, as we sail to Old Maui

CHORUS

We'll have the lead when Diamond Head looms up on Ouahu
Our masts and yards are sheated with ice, our decks are hid from dew
Six hellish months have passed away on the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the arctic grounds, rollin'down to old Maui

CHORUS

And now we're anchored in the bay with them Kanakers all around
With chants and stuff, Aloha leis, oh they greet us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun, we'll paint them beaches red
Awaken in the arms of a wa-hee-nay with a big fat aching head

CHORUS