Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Ma?ana

We're pirates, banditos and beach bums Cervezas, tequilas, and sweet rums Raise the colors, damn the doldrums! Anchors away! (Hey. . .)

Maana

You may find us croonin'
Maana
Maybe we'll be swoonin'
Maana
Gazing at the moon in the sky above the sea

There's no urgency Certainly no emergency Looks like we're fresh out of anxiety Throw your worries away (Hey. . .)

Maana

You may find us boozin'
Maana
Or out at sea a-cruisin'
Maana
Come as you are but leave your shoes inside your car (Hey. . .)

Maana Maana

Maana

Any hurries, we can delay Any worries, we can belay Any burden, we can give away to (Hip, hip, hooray to...)

Maana

Come and join our croonin'
Maana
Hopefully we're swoonin'
Maana
(Everybody) gazing at the moon in the sky above the sea
Maana

The bills we have to pay we'll pay Maana
There's things to put away
Maana
Everything will have its day
In the day that never comes... oh!

Maana

Maana

Maana