

# ON TOP OF OLD VOGGY

Words by KonaBob and Music Traditional (On Top Of Old Smokey)

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**In Kealake – ku - a, overlooking the bay,**

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**I learned a sad lesson, about Kona one day.**

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**My throat, it was scratchy, and my eyes they did itch,**

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**And my head it was throbbing, like a \*son-of-a-b% ^ch**

*\*just mumble if children are present*

**I went to the doctor,**

**And asked what it could be?**

**He said “this is VOG, son”,**

**Welcome to Hawai’i**

**When the lava is flowing,**

**And the tradewinds are slow,**

**You should probably stay home, son.**

**Drink green tea and lay low.**

**You should close all your windows,**

**And don’t go outdoors.**

**Unless you drive to Kohala,**

**And hang out at the shore.**

**Now the East Side is rainy,**

**And they have Coqui frogs,**

**But they have the volcano,**

**And send us the VOG.**

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