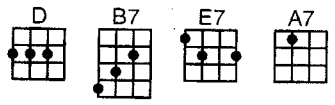


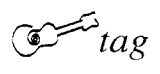
Find the bone chords

51



# E Naughty Naughty Mai Nei

<sup>D</sup> When you <sup>B7</sup> make with the <sup>E7</sup> hula, you are so <sup>A7</sup> happy and <sup>D</sup> gay  
You do a <sup>B7</sup> slow 'ami'ami <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup>



E <sup>D</sup> naughty <sup>A7</sup> naughty mai nei, 'eā 'eā, e <sup>D</sup> naughty <sup>D</sup> naughty mai nei

<sup>D</sup> Your smile is <sup>B7</sup> so full of <sup>E7</sup> mischief, why do you <sup>A7</sup> tease me this <sup>D</sup> way?  
You're <sup>B7</sup> driving my <sup>E7</sup> poor heart <sup>A7</sup> crazy

<sup>D</sup> When you <sup>B7</sup> move so <sup>E7</sup> enticing, your <sup>A7</sup> lovely eyes seem to <sup>D</sup> say  
Aloha <sup>B7</sup> dear how's <sup>E7</sup> about <sup>A7</sup> it?

<sup>D</sup> Your hair is <sup>B7</sup> long and it <sup>E7</sup> ripples, like the <sup>A7</sup> moon on the <sup>D</sup> bay  
With every <sup>B7</sup> 'ami you <sup>E7</sup> beckon <sup>A7</sup>

<sup>D</sup> You don't <sup>B7</sup> kiss 'cause you <sup>E7</sup> love me, nor when you <sup>A7</sup> give me your <sup>D</sup> lei  
You're <sup>B7</sup> up to something, <sup>E7</sup> I think <sup>A7</sup> so

<sup>D</sup> Ha'ina should be the <sup>B7</sup> ending, <sup>E7</sup> of every <sup>A7</sup> song that they <sup>D</sup> play  
But with you it's <sup>B7</sup> beginning <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup>

*Entertainer and composer Mel Peterson, like many island musicians, spent much of his professional career on the mainland, an indication of the popularity of Hawaiian music throughout the United States and indeed the world. 1940s.*