

# John Hiatt, The Tiki Bar Is Open

Thank god the tiki bar is open  
Thank god the tiki torch still shines  
Thank god the tiki bar is open  
Come on in and open up your mind

I was out on a leave of absence  
From any resemblance to reality  
I felt like a rocket launched to the great blue yonder  
From the boys down at Kennedy

I was driving by his majesty's court hotel  
Where the sign said praise his name  
I was tired and alone i couldn't see too well  
But I don't think that he was to blame

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There's a full moon over Daytona beach  
There's a full moon in my mind  
And my suntan dream is still out of reach  
And the strip malls are robbing me blind

Well his name was Mr. Dale Earnhardt  
And he drove the black number three  
Now the king is gone but he'll not be forgotten  
Nor his like will we ever see

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I know a drink ain't no solution  
I ain't had one in seventeen years  
But if that tiki bar was closed tonight  
Well i might just disappear

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