

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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