

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