## Waikiki, Is He Fair

Is he fair, is he light
Is he scared, is he
As I am me?
Are they tired, are they lost
Are the found, do they
See life like me?

Why do we have to tell them? Have their stories not been told? Why do we have to show them? Are their hearts not made of gold? Are their hearts not made...

Is she fair, is she light Is she scared, is she As I am me?

Do they sing, do they cry Do they love, do they Survive like me?