

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 they 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?