E Naughty Naughty Mai Nei

When you make with the hula, you are so happy and gay
You do a slow ‘ami‘ami

E naughty naughty mai nei, ‘eā ‘eā, e naughty naughty mai nei

Your smile is so full of mischief, why do you tease me this way?
You’re driving my poor heart crazy

When you move so enticing, your lovely eyes seem to say
Aloha dear how’s about it?

Your hair is long and it ripples, like the moon on the bay
With every ‘ami you beckon

You don’t kiss ’cause you love me, nor when you give me your lei
You’re up to something, I think so

Ha‘ina should be the ending, of every song that they play
But with you it’s beginning

Entertainer and composer Mel Peterson, like many island musicians, spent much of his professional career on the mainland, an indication of the popularity of Hawaiian music throughout the United States and indeed the world. 1940s.