Early in the morning, she would gather all her island fruits,
And pack them as she starts another day,
Carefully she makes her way, beside the mountain stream,
As she sings an island chant of long ago . . .

She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole,
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas,
And her green and ripe bananas . . .

Walking down the damp and rocky road her humble wagon stops,
She watch the sun peak through the valley sides,
Smiles and wipes the sweat up from her brow, continues on,
And starts her journey to the highways risin' sun . . .

She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole,
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas,
And her green and ripe bananas . . .

Later in the evening, she would gather all her island fruits,
And pack them as she ends another day,
Carefully she makes her way beside the mountain stream,
As she sings an island chant of long ago . . .

She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole,
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas,
And her green and ripe bananas . . .

Selling her papayas,
And her green and ripe bananas . . .