

Ho-ho-kus Nj

The Andrews Sisters

We know a town in the heart of New Jersey,
Where the birds sing all day long.
And it gave us the inspiration,
from which we wrote the following song:

I remember t'was September,
when the crocus first awoke us
to Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ
We were dunkin' with a cruller
Moppin' up the local color
of Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ
We dropped in at a movie
and sat next to a Queen
Who was every bit as groovy
as the ones on the screen.
So we wrote this hocus-pocus,
so attention we could focus
on Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ.

I'll go my way, you go your way
And we'll never meet in Rahway
or Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ
All the sweater girls in Teaneck,
wear a devastating V-neck
they're peculiar that way.
A feller from Bogota
who would never be missed,
buys a gal a cherry-soda
and expects to be kissed.
It's lonesome in Passaic,
but the town that takes the ca-ik,
is Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ.

If you want to, you can walk us
to a town they call Secaucus,
near Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ
'Cause the fra-cus will be rauc-ous
when Ho-Ho-Kus meets Secaucus
in the big game today.
The ones to whom we've spoken
never heard of the town.
They confuse it with Sha-no-ken
and it gets us down.
So we wrote this little opus,
which we'll sing until they choke us
'Bout Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ