

# The Kona Hotel

A Hawaiian Waltz by Robert L. Stoffer "Konabob"

copyright 7/2002

(Intro) ... F -- G -- C -- G

<sup>C</sup> On the side of an old country highway

<sup>F</sup> There stands the old Kona Hotel

<sup>F</sup> If her walls could talk of the years passing by

<sup>D</sup> Oh, what tales they'd tell --

<sup>C</sup> Of travelers from over the island

<sup>F</sup> And malihini from over the sea

<sup>F</sup> And old fashioned sweethearts who return every year

<sup>D</sup> On their an - ni - ver - sar - y

<sup>C</sup> Like a gracious old woman in the blush of her youth

<sup>F</sup> You might say that she wears the years well

<sup>F</sup> Not a day passes by that the sun doesn't shine

<sup>D</sup> On the doors of the Kona Hotel

--(Instrumental)

<sup>C</sup> Like a gracious old woman in the blush of her youth

<sup>F</sup> You might say that she wears the years well

<sup>F</sup> Not a day passes by that love doesn't lin-ger

<sup>D</sup> At the doors of the Kona Hotel