

I need to eat something that'll stick to my ribs

and get me through the day

Only one thing that satisfies

and fills me up that way

CHORUS

I'm a poi boy,

can't get enough of that sticky stuff

I'm a poi boy

It's a plant of many uses

Not one part goes to waste

You can bake it, or boil it. But I like it best

when it's pounded to a purple paste

CHORUS THEN INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE

Some people say it's too sticky

Some people say it's too bland

Some people just can't stand the fact

That you eat it with your hands

Some people think it ought to be used

To hold paper on their walls

But it's got a taste I can't resist

Any time it calls

Verse & Chorus: Gm groove

Inst Bridge: Bb7 | A7 Ab7 | Gm