

Coconut Telegraph

Jimmy Buffett

Tuesday on the island, not much goin' on
The parties are all over, they ended just past dawn
The jungle drums are beating with the tales from late last night

'Cause stories bear repeating for everyone's delight

You can hear 'em on the coconut telegraph
Can't keep nothin' under their hat
You can hear 'em on the coconut telegraph
Sayin' who did dis and dat, dis and dat, dis and dat

Now I'm not one to deal in gossip, but was he that big a fool
To do a belly-buster high dive and miss the entire pool?
And what became of sweet Melissa and the boy nobody knew?
Did Ricardo ever find her? I swear it's just between me and you

But you can hear it on the coconut telegraph
By now everybody knows
You can hear it on the coconut telegraph
Just who comes and goes, comes and goes, comes and goes

La, la la la, la la la
La, la la la, la la la
La, la la la, la la la la la la la
La, la la la, la la la la la la, ooh, ah!

It's hump day on the island, the lines have all gone dead
All the juicy news is history. I guess everything's been said
But when the eagle flies on Friday and the boys break out the rum
And the joint begins to jumpin' and you'll hear those hot lines hum

Ah, put it on the coconut telegraph
All the celebration and the stress
Baby, put it on the coconut telegraph
In twenty-five words or less

I want to hear it on the coconut telegraph
All the celebration and the stress
Baby, put it on the coconut telegraph
In twenty-five words or less

Dis and dat, comes and goes
Dis and dat, comes and goes