

# Conky Tonkin'

Jimmy Buffett

Bella was bored to death at South Beach  
Not one celebrity spotted in days  
She was tired of her mood, lunchin' on vegan food  
She was tired of just soakin' up rays

Then she saw him pull up to the stoplight  
In an old ragtop that she couldn't name  
He said, "Hop inside, I'm headin' south, take a ride  
I'm just the next man that you're gonna blame"  
U.S. 1, headin' down U.S. 1

Lenny said, "How 'bout lunch in Key Largo?  
There's a fish sandwich place down the road  
Kinda out in the sticks, but we can be back by six  
And never leave our area code"

Well, geography wasn't her strong point  
She'd never been past the Dadeland Mall  
So they stopped on the way, Lenny was happy to pay  
For her new thong and purple beach ball

They're goin' conky tonkin'  
Cruisin' on a weekend buzz  
Really conky tonkin'  
Doin' it just because

Havin' too much fun to turn back  
They're explorers in a hot rod Ford  
They counted seabirds and cars, stopped at all the cool bars  
Harmonically they struck a chord  
Stop! What was that?

Somewhere in the middle of the Seven Mile Bridge  
He said, "Bella, do you wanna see the rest?"  
She said, "I haven't a care, Lenny, just take me there"  
And they drove all the way to Key West

Well, she'd never seen anything like it  
In all of her twenty-six years  
Bella was feelin' the groove, Lenny was makin' his move  
They were quite a pair of pioneers

They're goin' conky tonkin'  
Cruisin' down U.S. 1  
They'll be conky tonkin'  
Tryin' to catch up with the sun

They're goin' conky tonkin'  
Their engine is about to explode  
Goin' conky tonkin'  
Hey, they'll meet you at the end of the road

End of the road, what do we do then?  
Rev it up and jump that buggy to Havana  
We're goin' conky tonkin'