

Coconut

Lagwagon

Well the monkeys in the trees are happy,
The coconuts are turning green,
The coconut boy climbs up to the top of the tree.

Gathering the nice ripe coconuts,
Put'em in a coconut sack,
He climbs right down with the coconuts on his bare back.

And the wind blows through the coconut trees,
The monkeys they hang on tight,
The cuckoo bird sings at the "huc'ala hula" tonight.

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