

Coconut Grove

The Lovin' Spoonful

It's really true how nothin matters.
No mad, mad world and no mad hatters.
No one's pitchin cause their ain't no batters
In coconut grove.

Don't bother door.
Theirs no one comin.
The oceans roar, were double drummin.
Of many silly thoughts and silly ways

The ocean breeze has cooled my mind.
The salty days are her's and mine
Just to do what we wanna

Tonight we'll find a dune that's our
And softly she will speak the stars
Until sun-up

It's all from havin' someone knowin'
Just which way your head is blowin'
Who's always warm like in the mornin'
In Coconut Grove