

Jimmy Buffett, Coconut Telegraph

Tuesday on the island
Not much goin' on
The parties are all over
They ended just past dawn
But the jungle drums are beating
With the tales from late last night
Cause the stories bear repeating
For everyone's delight
You can hear it 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 of fool?
To do a belly buster high dive
And miss the entire pool?
Now what's the word on sweet Melissa?
And the kid nobody knew
Did Ricardo ever find her?
I swear it's just between me and you
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
It's hump day on the island
And 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
Then the joint begins to jumpin'
And you'll hear those hot lines hum
Put it on the coconut telegraph
All the celebration and the stress
Put it on the coconut telegraph
In twenty-five words or less