

# 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