

Coconut Grove

Serena Ryder

It's really true
how nothin' matters.
Then, my word, and
no mad hatters.
No one's bitchin'
'cause there ain't no batters
in Coconut Grove.

By the door,
there's no one comin'.
Oceans roll
will dull the drummin'
in your city thoughts and
city ways.

The ocean breeze is cool,
my mind.
The salty days are hers and mine
just to do what we want to.
Tonight we'll find a dune
that's ours
and softly she will speak the stars
'til the sun up.

It's all from havin'
someone knowing
just which way your head is blowin'.
It's always warm
like in the mornin'
in Coconut Grove.

The ocean breeze is cool,
my mind, the salty days are
hers and mine,
just to do what we wanna.
Tonight we'll find a dune that's ours
and softly she will speak the stars
until sun up.

It's really true
how nothin' matters.
Then, my word, and no
mad hatters.
No one's bitchin'
'cause there ain't no batters
in Coconut Grove.