

## 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.