

# Sweet, Poppa Joe

In the midday sun  
They beat on their drums  
When Poppa Joe comes to town  
With his coconut-rum  
They can all have fun  
They can drink it  
'Till the sun goes down

Poppa Joe just smiles politely  
With the money he takes he might be  
Very rich one day as he hears them say

Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
hey Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Hey Pop-, Poppa, Poppa Joe

Never see a sad face  
in the market place  
When Poppa Joe comes around  
For his coconut taste  
You can see them race  
Through the streets  
You can hear the sound

All of the ladies are laughing gaily  
Poppa Joe's still thinking maybe  
He'll always hear the people say

Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Poppa rumbo rumbo  
Hey Poppa Joe coconut  
Hey Poppa Joe, hey Poppa Joe  
Hey Pop-, Poppa, Poppa Joe