

The Lovin' Spoonful, Coconut Grove

It's really true how nothin' matters.
No mad, mad world and no mad hatters.
No one's pitchin' cause there ain't no batters
In coconut grove.

Don't bar the door
There's no one comin'.
The ocean's roar will bar the drummin'
of any city thoughts and city ways.
The ocean breezes cool my mind,
The salty days are her's and mine
Just to do what we wanna.

Tonight we'll find a dune that's ours
And softly we will see the stars
Until sun up.

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No one's pitchin' cause there ain't no batters
In coconut grove.