

6 o'clock in morning dew,
The sun had risen in rainbow hue;
Oh glory be at Golden Grove,
The coconuts fell as I past and drove.

Of golden beaches, where coconuts sway,
Along the tropic water's edge way;
A sailing boats sails in to dock,
Gliding on swallow water of sand not rock.

The question here may well be asked,
To drink coconut juice or wine from a castle;
A coca-cola or two maybe ever a beer,
The ghost of dream time, his spirit fear.

Oh God of God's oh tropical place,
A paradise heaven with so much space;
Many a girl fallen over to passion,
As desired by men with their fatal fashion.

O Lord, how sweet, what dreams and stories,
Hibiscus, flowers and tropical juice Lories;
Oh brilliant sun what can you ask,
There's no job left, no not one task.

Of Golden Grove, this place in the sun,
The island paradise, the tropical one;
Oh beautiful woman you fill my life,
My one and only, my darling wife.

Signed,

Where are you