

On a hot summers day in a hut on the beach,  
On a Caribbean Island in and out of the sun;  
It gets quite warm out there on the quite secluded sand,  
With a tropical fruit punch in your hand.

A woman in a bikini after you just leave the hut,  
The man is quite happy with what he has got;  
The hot sun beats down and it is back into the hut,  
To succumb to the love affair that is keeping them there.

A dip in the water and a swim around,  
A towel on the beach under coconut palms;  
Back into the hut to get out of the hot sun.  
Love in its beauty is tropical fun.

Those aqua waters are enticing again,  
To leave to cool shade of the hut then;  
But the love of the food and cool of the drink,  
Are far too nice to leave the hut again.

The night comes upon them and they are asleep,  
In the warm still night air on the sunburnt skin;  
The hammock is tied and strung between,  
The poles that hold up the roof of the hut.

So the love is not lost in the hut with tropical food,  
Heated and cooked on the open fire within;  
Time is without time as days go on forever,  
Love in the tropical hut, is time with a friend.

Signed,

Hot Love