

## Coconut Joe

### "Middle Of The Ocean"

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Stuck in the middle, middle of the ocean,  
on an island surrounded by coconut rum.  
Stranded in a prison, with only one window  
A little club on the outskirts of Tedium.

The scene it was, unbelievable,  
velvet paintings hung from my cell.  
They had the likeness of Don Ho and Elvis,  
the jukebox sang about some LA Hotel.  
And thats why, Im singing you this song.  
And thats why, the band plays along.  
Stuck in the middle of the ocean.

I watched the flowers, as they slowly wilted,  
under the rays of a Jamaican sun.  
Everything seems to just stay the same,  
nothing changes, no one chooses to run.  
And thats why, Im singing you this song.  
And thats why, the band plays along.  
Stuck in the middle of the ocean.

So here I am, stuck in the middle,  
and Ive got music going around in my head.  
Ive got so many things I need to tell you,  
its all this stuff thats never been said.

Read between the lines.  
We shall lay the seeds.  
Who will follow their dream,  
or will you still be,  
stuck in the middle of the ocean.

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