



The Island Where Everyone's Toby

By Chris Harris

I've been to Tahiti, I've been to Nairobi,
I've been to the Arctic, I've been to the Gobi.
The oddest place, though, that I ever did know be
The Island Where Everyone's Toby.

The first man I met there - a farmer named Toby -
Said, "Please meet my wife, who is also named Toby."
I then met their children, named Toby and Toby
And Toby and Toby and Toby.

I hadn't had dinner, so Toby sent Toby
To Toby's Food Market, where Toby sold Toby
Some prime Toby beef and some pasta al Toby
And then, for dessert, some Peach Toby.

The hour grew late, and so Toby said, "Toby!
Tell Toby that Toby can sleep next to Toby,
And Toby's bed then will be free unless Toby
Would rather be sleeping with Toby?"

Then Toby hugged Toby and Toby hugged Toby
And Toby and Toby and Toby hugged Toby.
Then four of the Tobys hugged one other Toby
and said, "Don't forget about Toby!"

And then the next morning, I said, "Good-bye, Toby,
And farewell to Toby, and toodle-oo, Toby
And au revoir, Toby, and adios, Toby,
And Toby and Toby and Toby..."

...And since then I've sailed all around this great globe-y
From Roosevelt Island to Lake Okeechobee
And yet, still, the place where my thoughts always go be
The Island Where Everyone's Toby*

*Of course, on its sister isle, everyone's Rory...
But that is a whole other story.