

Coco'Nut' Funnies

A Man's Age, as Determined by a Trip to Home Depot

You are in the middle of some project around the house -- mowing the lawn, putting in a new fence, painting the living room or whatever. You are hot and sweaty, covered in dust, lawn clippings, dirt or paint. You have your old work clothes on. You know the outfit -- shorts with the hole in the crotch, an old T-shirt with a stain from who-knows-what and an old pair of tennis shoes.

Right in the middle of this great home improvement project you realize you need to run to Home Depot to get something to help complete the job. Depending on your age you might do the following:

In your 20s:

Stop what you are doing. Shave, take a shower, blow dry your hair, brush your teeth, floss and put on clean clothes.

Check yourself in the mirror and flex.

Add a dab of your favorite cologne because you never know, you just might meet some hot chick while standing in the checkout lane.

And you went to school with the pretty girl running the register.

In your 30s:

Stop what you are doing, put on clean shorts and shirt.

Change shoes.

You married the hot chick so no need for much else.

Wash your hands and comb your hair.

Check yourself in the mirror. Still got it.

Add a shot of your favorite cologne to cover the smell.

The cute girl running the register is the kid sister to someone you went to school with.

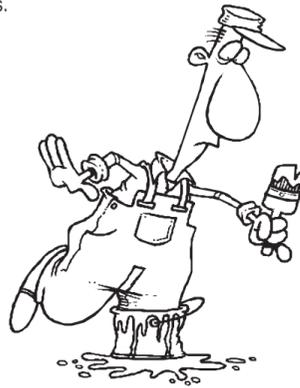
In your 40s:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a sweatshirt that is long enough to cover the hole in the crotch of your shorts.

Put on different shoes and a hat.

Wash your hands.

Your bottle of Brute Cologne is almost empty so you don't want to waste any of it on a trip to Home Depot.



Check yourself in the mirror and do more sucking in than flexing.

The hot young thing running the register is your daughter's age and you feel weird thinking she is spicy.

In your 50s:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a hat, wipe the dirt off your hands onto your shirt.

Change shoes because you don't want to get dog doo-doo in your new sports car.

Check yourself in the mirror and you swear not to wear that shirt anymore because it makes you look fat.

The cutie running the register smiles when she sees you coming and you think you still have it.

Then you remember the hat you have on is from Bubba's Bait & Beer Bar and it says, 'I Got Worms.'

In your 60s:

Stop what you are doing. No need for a hat anymore.

Hose the dog doo-doo off your shoes.

The mirror was shattered when you were in your 50s.

You hope you have underwear on so nothing hangs out the hole in your pants.

The girl running the register may be cute, but you don't have your glasses on so you are not sure.

In your 70s:

Stop what you are doing. Wait to go to Home Depot until the drug store has your prescriptions ready, too.

Don't even notice the dog doo-doo on your shoes.

The young thing at the register stares at you and you realize your balls are hanging out the hole in your crotch.

In your 80s:

Stop what you are doing. Start again. Then stop again.

Now you remember you need to go to Home Depot.

Go to Wal-Mart instead and wander around trying to think what it is you are looking for.

Fart out loud and you think someone called out your name.

You went to school with the old lady who greeted you at the front door.

In your 90s & beyond:

What's a home deep hoe? Something for my garden?

Where am I?

Who am I?

Why am I reading this?

Who farted?

ROCK'n ROLL BANDS FOR FOLKS YOUR AGE



The Grateful
we're not Dead



Earth, Wind
and Fiber



Fleetwood Crack



The Boobie Brothers

Musical Fish Puns

Can you sing along?



When You Fish Upon a Starfish

The Lobster Mash

Like a Sturgeon

Mackerel the Knife

The First Time Ever I Sawfish Your Face

Maxwell the Silver Hammerhead

Mahi's Makin Eyes at Me

Sturgeons in the Night

I'm in Love With a Beautiful Gar

You Don't Send Me Flounders Anymore

Dancing in the Shark

Don't Coi for me Argen-tuna

Send in the Clownfish

Oh, What a Beautiful Marlin

Mako Whoopee

Tanks for the Manta Rays

Lox be a Lady Tonight

Salmon Chanting Evening

Craberet



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