

Jimmy Buffett, A Sailor's Christmas

Sail on the horizons gotta landfall rendezvous
Captain steers a well-known course, he steers straight & true
As he trims the sheets, he sings a song
He learned on boats and bars
Sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour 'neath the stars

He's traveled through the doldrums, typhoons and hurricanes
He's logged a million soggy miles with water on his brain
But Christmas is the season better suited for dry land
He'll tell some lies, meet some spies
And dance barefoot in the sand

The sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour on the hook
Caye con les, no work today, let's shell the ol' log book
The waterfront is reveling, the season has begun
The sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun.

There's a party down at Le Selecte, music, rum and cheers
Faces in the shadows, God, I haven't seen for years
A mast & shroud fill with lights
'Neath the waning of the moon
They're an airy celebration in the realm of King Neptune.

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Jesus was a fisherman who walked upon the sea
The North Pole is ocean's remote frozen balcony
The continents keep drifting but the children sing and play
'Cause nothing really matters, after all it's Christmas day

The sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour on the hook.
Vaye con les, no work today, he read it in a book
The waterfront is reveling, the season has begun
A sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun
A sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun
Havin' fun... havin' fun...havin' fun