

Jimmy Buffett, False Echoes

The skies over Cuba turned pink with the light
And the waterfront ritual began to ignite
All the ships in the harbor were warmed by the sun
Twenty-fifth of November, 1921
On the old Chicamauga the Signal Jacks flew
And the message they spelled out caused a great bally hoo
Every ship in Havana then hoisted away
All the pennants were 'a flyin' on my dad's first birthday
Enduring echoes call out from his past
Time ain't for savin' no time's not for that
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare
Now his storybook childhood was not make believe
On the decks of a tall ship he was taught to achieve
Witnessed storms and starvation natural wonders and force
Oh the life of a sailor steers a wanderin' course
Enduring echoes call out from his past
Time ain't for savin' no time's not for that
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare
Well now life throws us curve balls we never can reach
He gave up the ocean but he lived by the beach
Where he raised up his family taught us all to survive
Then the wind went away in 1995
Now the old Chicamauga has slipped by the ways
She lies on the bottom of old Mobile Bay
Where the ghosts of his father and his brother are near
They protect him and tell him there's nothin' to fear
Cause it's family tradition we take to the sea
And it's a time in the future for Cameron and me
Enduring echoes call out from his past
Time ain't for saving no time's not for that
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare
The skies over Cuba were warmed by the sun
Twenty-fifth of November 1921