

Jimmy Buffett, Homemade Music

I ain't no video king
I still have to sing
For my supper each night

You stand on the benches
I play in the trenches
Beneath the big spotlights
Lived in a suitcase for half of my years
I got strange little voices that live in my ears
Hall monster, mall monster
I can't be the old me no more

Homemade music down in the passion pits
Homemade music lots o grits but no hits
Homemade music is part of my philosophy

Oh cookin' is a pleasure
And singin' is a treasure
That most dont' find

There aint' no harm in tellin'
I like to eat my melon right
Down to the rind

I had a hippy girlfriend when I was a kid
She died and went to the suburbs most of them did
Where did all the wild ones go

Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music searchin' high and low
Homemade music where did all the good songs go

[Instrumental]

First there were records, then cassettes and CDs
Managers, lawyers, then came the Japanese
But homemade music still makes a lot of sense to me

Homemade music is funky and nice
Homemade music sits on very thin ice
But homemade music is part of my philosophy

Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music searchin' high and how
Homemade music where did all the good songs go