

# Jimmy Buffett, Lage Nom Ai

Nordstrom was a simple man  
Who had some non-conformist plan  
To save his ass

Every night he danced alone  
And blotted out the monotone  
That was his past

He packs his bag of mysteries  
And leaves the lonely memories  
Where they belong

They came and went so easily  
This rising tide identity  
Sings like a song  
Let's sing

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai  
When you know that life is just a game  
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai (Oh!)  
He's the man who gave up his own name

In the roll of the cosmic dice  
You win one heart and lose it twice  
Before you know

Love is fine until you taste  
This melancholy bouillabaisse  
Called letting go

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai  
When you know that life is just a game  
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai (Hey!)  
He's the man who gave up his own name

He moved on up to old Beantown  
And summered on the Vineyard Sound  
To pass the day (day ay ay oh)

Island hopping Crab Key bound  
Tendin' bar he thinks he's found  
A better way (ay ay ay oh)

Now we're back where we belong  
Without a clue and still without  
A master plan (ay ay ay oh)

Incident or accident  
It all depends on if you're meant  
To understand (ay ay ay oh)

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai  
When you know that life is just a game  
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai  
He's the man who gave up his own name  
He's the man who gave up his own name

[Spoken:]  
eah, 'ol Nordstrom's gone. Checked out. Readin'  
the wrong kind of books...listenin' to that wild  
Caribbean music. He wiped himself out of his own computer.  
He's the man who gave up his own name. He's gone.