

Jimmy Buffett, School Boy Heart

I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye
Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly
I came with nomad feet and some wandering toes
That walk up my long board and hang off the nose
I suppose
The need to focus never arose
So something like a Swiss army knife
That's my life
Frankenstein had nothing on this body of mine
The villagers still flockin' to see, to see me
Breaking free, breaking free
Cause I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye
Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly
I got a bartender's ear and beachcomber's style
Piratical nerve and a Vaudevillian style
I suspect I died in some cosmic shipwreck
With all hands spread all over the deck
What the heck
Then some kind of obscene and unscrupulous mind
Began to pick up what he could find
Added ice, shook me twice, rolled the dice
Now I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye
A sailor's legs and a license to fly
I got a native tongue from way down south
It sits in the cheek of my gulf coastal mouth
I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye
Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly
I came with nomad feet and some wandering toes
That glide up my longboard and hang off the nose