

# 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