

Jimmy Buffett, Tonight I Just Need My Guitar

Gulf coast nights, flounder lights
I'm back on the Eastern shore
With my history of wrecks
I think It's time to check
The crab trap of life once more

Need is a relative thing these days
It borders on desire
The high tech world is full of bright shiny things
We think that we really require

Sometimes more than others
You see who and what and where You are
I'm a one-man band with no Immediate plans
Tonight I just need my guitar

Don't need to feel important or famous
No limos or my little Nash car
One lucky man
With my feet in the sand
Tonight I just need my guitar