

Jimmy Buffett, Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw

He went to Paris
Looking for answers
To questions that bothered him so
He was impressive
Young and aggressive
Savin the world on his own
But the warm summer breezes
The French wines and cheeses
Put him ambition at bay
His summers and winters
Scattered like splinters
And four to five yeas slipped away
Then he went to England
Played the piano
And married an actress named Kim
They had a fine life, she was a good wife
And bore him young son named Jim
And all of the answers, and all the questions
He locked in his attic one day
Cause he liked the quiet
Clean country livin and
Twenty more years slipped away
Well, the war took his baby
Bombs killed his lady
And left him with only one eye
His body was battered
His whole world was shattered
And all he could do was just cry
While the tears were falling and he was recalling
Answers hed never found
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean
And left England without a sound
Now he lives in the islands
Fishes and pilins
And drinks his green label each day
Writing his memoirs
Losin his hearin
But he dont care what most people
Through eighty-six years of perpetual motion
If he likes you hell smile, and hell say,
Jimmy, some of its magic, some of its tragic
But I had a good life all of the way.
And he went to Paris
Lookin for answers to questions
That bothered him so