

# Jimmy Buffett, African Friend

Disembarking at Duvalier Airport  
Seeking transportation to town  
As the purple ink dried on his passport  
He could still feel the eyes look around

"Messieur ou est le casino?"  
He spoke to the cabbie and smiled  
The driver replied "Vieux ou nouveaux?"  
As he motioned the dark man inside.

Business in Aruba concluded  
He now had a little money to spend  
That's how I came to meet my African friend

We were rollin' the bones several hours  
Conversing as most gamblers do  
We were calling on all of our powers  
Hoping to see the night through.

But not approving at all of our winning  
The pit boss he tugged at his sleeve  
Through the whole thing my new friend was grinning  
When he motioned it's time we should leave.

With our night at the tables behind us  
We were ready just to do it again  
That's when I came to know my African Friend

But I woke up on the steps of a whorehouse  
A soldier told me I'd better leave  
As I stumbled to find me a taxi  
I saw a note pinned to my sleeve.

"It was a pleasure and a hell of an evening  
It was truly our night to win  
But the authorities insist on my leaving  
Take care, my American friend."

With my weekend at Haiti concluded  
I now had a little money to spend  
That's when I came to meet my African friend  
That's how I came to know another good friend.