

Jimmy Buffett, Coastal Confessions

Well I'm a tidal pool explorer
From the days of my misspent youth.
I believe that down on the beach
Where the sea gulls preach
Is where the Chinese buried the truth.

So I dig in the sand
with my misguided hands
and if I dig deep enough
Hell I just might dig it up.
Talking about treasure
Talking about pleasure
Talking about love

Now I'm a reader of the night sky
And a singer of inordinate tunes.
That's how I float across time
Living way past my prime
Like a long lost baby's balloon.

So I hang on to the string
Work that whole gravity thing
But when my space ship goes pop
Back to the earth I will drop
Into the sea
Or the limbs of a tree
Or the wings of my love

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe invent me a story or two
I've got coastal confessions to make
How bout you
How bout you

They say that time is like a river
And stories are the key to the past
But now I'm stuck in between
Here at my typing machine
Trying to come up with some words that will last.

It's so easy to see that we live history
And if I just find the beat
I know I land on my feet
I always do
Hadn't got a clue
Does it comes from above.

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe invent me a story or two
I've got coastal confessions to make
How bout you
How bout you

Let's go to church, Sonny...

[Bridge]

So bless me father, yes I have sinned.
Given the chance I'll probably do it again
I don't need absolution
Just a simple solution will do.

So let's talk about the future
Or the consequences of my past

I've got scars, I've got lines
I'm not hard to define
Just an altar boy coverin' his ass.

I know I can't run and hide
But just hang on for the ride
There will be laughter and tears
As we progress through the years
But still it's fun
Hey I'm not done
Gonna dance 'til I fall

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe have me a boat drink or two
It's just the coastal confessions I hear
Tell the truth
Tell the truth
I've got some coastal confessions to make
How 'bout you, how 'bout you, how 'bout you, how 'bout you
And you, and you, and you
42 years since my last confession
Well father, do you have the rest of the week?
Let's get started
I had impure thoughts
I smoked some pot
Stole some peanut butter
Father, wake up.