

# Jimmy Buffett, Death Of An Unpopular Poet

I once knew a poet  
Who lived before his time  
He and his dog spooner  
Would listen while he'd rhyme  
Words to make ya happy  
Words to make you cry  
Then one day the poet suddenly did die

But he left behind a closet  
Filled with verse and rhyme  
And through some strange transaction  
One was printed in the times  
And everybody's searchin'  
For the king of underground  
Well they found him down in Florida  
With a tombstone for a crown

Everybody knows a line  
From his book that cost four ninety-nine  
I wonder if he knows he's doin'  
Quite this fine

'cause his books are all best sellers  
And his poems were turned to song  
Had his brother on a talk show  
Though they never got along  
And now he's called immortal  
Yes he's even taught in school  
They say he used his talents  
A most proficient tool

But he left all of his royalties  
To spooner his ol' hound  
Growin' old on steak and bacon  
In a doghouse ten feet 'round  
And everybody wonders  
Did he really lose his mind  
No he was just a poet who lived before his time  
He was just a poet who lived before his time