

# Jimmy Buffett, False Echos

[transcribed by jon l]

False echos

By: jimmy buffett

1996

The skies over cuba turned pink with the light  
And the waterfront ritual began to ignite  
All the ships in the harbor were warmed by the sun  
Twenty-fifth of november, 1921

On the old chicamauga the signal jacks flew  
And the message they spelled out caused a great bally hoo  
Every ship in havana then hoisted away  
All the pennants were 'a flyin' on my dad's first birthday

Enduring echoes call out from his past  
Time ain't for savin' no time's not for that  
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire  
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare

Now his storybook childhood was not make believe  
On the decks of a tall ship he was taught to achieve  
Witnessed storms and starvation natural wonders and force  
Oh the life of a sailor steers a wanderin' course

Enduring echoes call out from his past

Time ain't for savin' no time's not for that  
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire  
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare

Well now life throws us curve balls we never can reach  
He gave up the ocean but he lived by the beach  
Where he raised up his family taught us all to survive  
Then the wind went away in 1995

[whistle/violin break]

Now the old chicamauga has slipped by the ways  
She lies on the bottom of old mobile bay  
Where the ghosts of his father and his brother are near  
They protect him and tell him there's nothin' to fear  
Cause it's family tradition we take to the sea  
And it's a time in the future for cameron and me

Enduring echoes call out from his past  
Time ain't for saving no time's not for that  
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire  
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare

The skies over cuba were warmed by the sun  
Twenty-fifth of november 1921