

Jimmy Buffett, Far Side Of The World

Ramadan is over,
The new moon's shown her face,
I'm halfway round the planet,
In a most unlikely place.
Following my song line
Past bamboo shacks and shops
Behind a jitney packed like sardines,
With bananas piled on top.
I ran away from politics,
It's too bizarre at home.
Away I flew, tuned into Blue
"Maybe Amsterdam or Rome"
Awakened by a stewardess,
With Spain somewhere below.
On the threshold of adventure,
God I do love this job so.
So while I make my move
On the big board game
Up and down a Spanish highway,
Some things remain the same.
Girls meet boys
and the boys tease girls
I'm heading out this morning,
For the Far Side of the World.
Oh I believe in song lines
Obvious and not
I'd ridden them like camels
To some most peculiar spots.
They run across the oceans
Through mountains and saloons
And tonight out to the dessert
Where I sit atop this dune.
I was destined for this vantage point
Which is so far from the Sea
I've lived it in the pages of Saint-Exupery
From Paris to Tunisia
Casablanca to Dakar
I was riding long before I flew
Through the wind and sand and stars.
Caravan
Ride that hump
And Timbuktu's a jillion bumps
Sleeping bags and battle flags
Are coiled and furled
That's the way you travel
To the far side of the world!
A Sunset framed by lightening bolts
Burns a lasting memory
And a string of tiny twinkling lights
adorn the sausage tree.
While the embers from the log fire
Flicker, fly, and twirl
Then drift off toward the cosmos
From the Far Side of the World.
Well it's Christmas and my birthday
and so to that extent
The Masai not the wise men
Are circling my tent.
I teach them how to play guitar
They show me how to dance
We have rum from the Caribbean
And Burgundy from France.
New Year's Eve in Zanzibar
With Babu and his boys

High up on the rooftop
You can relish all the noise.
They are dancing on the tables
People bouncing like gazelles
Two 0-0-1 is ushered in
With air raid horns and bells.
Time to sing time to dance
Living out my second chance.
Cobras and sleeping bags are coiled and curled
That's the way it happens
On the Far Side of the World.
Back at home, it's afternoon
Six thousand miles away.
I will still be there when I get through
Attending this soiree
There are jobs and chores and questions
And plates I need to twirl,
But tonight I'll take my chances,
On the Far Side of the World.
That's the way it happens
On the Far Side of the World.