

Jimmy Buffett, Floridays (Reggae Version)

I come from where the rivers meet the sea
That's part of why I'm so wild and fancy free
I was early into crazy ways
My folks said, "It's just a phase"
They were hoping for better days

Now in my line of work I seem to see a lot more than most
Write 'em down, pas 'em around
It's the gospel from the coast
Reflections, not just replays
Takin' time to escape the maze
Lookin' for better days

I spent a year of my life one night
On the beaches in old Beirut
Seems that all they're aimin' for there
Is to hang around and shoot
Each others' lives away
Bloody winds on a distant bay
They're lookin' for better days

Looking to the left, looking to the right
Looking to the stars to shed some light
Hoping for a breath, hoping for break
Hopin' for the give without the take

The dreamers line the state road
Just to watch the runway show
Slouched behind their steering wheels
They just watch the big jets go
Streakin' through the morning haze
Focal point of a distant gaze
Lookin' for better days

Pale invaders and tanned crusaders
Are worshipping the sun
On the corner of "walk" and "don't walk";
Somewhere on US 1
I'm back to livin' Floridays
Blue skies and ultra-violet rays
Lookin' for better days

I'm back to livin' Floridays
Blue skies and ultra-violet rays
Lookin' for better days, lookin' for better days
Lookin' for Floridays

Better days, better days
Everybody's lookin' for better days
Somewhere beneath the shining star
Better days, mon't you take me to better days
Better days, I sure could use a few better days
Floridays