

# Jimmy Buffett, I Will Play For Gumbo

I don't smoke, I don't shoot smack  
But I got a spicy monkey ridin' on my back.  
Don't eat beignets, too much sugar and dough,  
But I will play for gumbo  
Yes, I will play for gumbo

It started at my Grandma's kitchen by the sea,  
She warned me when she told me "son the first one's free"  
It hit me like a rock or some Taikwondo,  
Cause I will play for gumbo  
Oh yea, I will play for gumbo.

[Chorus:]  
A piece of French bread  
With which to wipe my bowl,  
Good for the body.  
Good for the soul.  
It's a little like religion  
And a lot like sex.  
You should never know  
When you're gonna get it next.  
At midnight in the quarter or noon in Thibadeaux  
I will play for gumbo  
Yes, I will play for gumbo.

I'm not talkin' quesadillas or a dozen Krispy Kremes,  
Or a pound of caviar that's a rich man's dream.  
No banana split or fillet of pompano.  
No, I will play for gumbo,  
Yeah, I will play for gumbo

[Chorus]  
Maybe it's the sausage or those pretty pink shrimp  
Or that popcorn rice that makes me blow up like a blimp.  
Maybe it's that voodoo from Marie Leveaux,  
But I will play for gumbo  
Yeah, I will play for gumbo

The sauce boss does his cookin' on the stage,  
Stirrin' and a singing for his nightly wage.  
Sweating and frettin' from his head to his toe,  
Playin' and swayin' with the gumbo  
Prayin' and buffetin' with the gumbo

[Chorus]