

Jimmy Buffett, Lone Palm

My garden is filled with papayas and mangos
My life is a mixture of reggaes and tangos
Taste for the good life, I can live it no other way

While out on the beach there are two empty chairs
That say more than the people who ever sit there
From under my lone palm I can look out on the day

Where no bird flies by my window
No ship is tied to my tree
Love is a wave building to a crescendo
Ride if you will, ride it with me

I knew this girl made of memories and phrases
Who lived her whole life in both chapters and stages
Danced til the dawn, wished all her worries away

Well she wasn't crazy no she wasn't mad
She just wanted the father that she never had
From under my lone palm I think about her today

Where no bird flies by my window
No ship is tied to my tree
Love is a wave building to a crescendo
Ride if you will, ride it with me

We sailed from the port of indecision
Young and wild with oh so much to learn
Days turn into years as we tried to fool our fears
But to the port of indecision I returned

My gardens are filled with papayas and mangos
My life is a mixture of jingles and jangles
Come Christmas winds and blow all my worries away

Where no bird flies by my window
No ship is tied to my tree
Love is a wave building to a crescendo
Ride if you will, ride it with me

Sing if you will and we'll sing to the sea