

# Jimmy Buffett, Migration

Lookin back at my background tryin' to  
figure out how I ever got here.  
Some things are stil a mystery to me  
While others are much to clear.  
I'm just livin' in the sunshine,  
Stay contented most of the time.  
Yeah, listenin to Murphy, Walker and Willis,  
Sing me their Texas rhymes.

Now most of the people who retire in Florida  
are wrinkled and they lean on a crutch.  
And mobile homes are smotherin' my keys;  
Well I hate those bastards so much.  
I wish a summer squall would blow them  
all the way up to fantasy land.  
They're ugly and square, they don't belong here.  
They look a lot better as beer cans.

[Chorus:]

Yeah, That's why it's still a mystery to me,  
Why some people live like they do.  
So many nice things happening out there,  
Never even seen the clues.  
Whoa, but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme.  
I know we've been doing our part.  
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
and some Texas hidden here in my heart.

Well now, I might have joined the merchant marine,  
If I hadn't learned how to sing.  
And on top of that I got married too early,  
And it cost me much more than a ring.  
But those crazy days are over,  
You've just got to learn from  
the wrong things you've done.  
I came off the rebound, started looking around,  
Figured out it's time to have a little fun.

[Chorus]

Well now, if I ever live to be an old man,  
I'm gonna sail down to Martinique.  
I'm gonna buy me a sweat stained Bogart suit  
and an African parakeet.  
And then I'll sit him on my shoulder  
and open up my trusty old mind.  
I'm gonna teach him how to fuss,  
Teach him how to cuss,  
And pull the cork out of a bottle of wine.

[Chorus]

Yeah, I got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
and some Texas hidden here in my heart.