Jimmy Buffett, No Plane On Sunday

You can throw your luggage down
Lose your cool and stamp around
But there's nothin, nothin you can do
Wipe away your girlfriend's tears
Go to the bar and have some beers
There ain't no way the bird's gettin through

No plane on Sunday
Maybe be one come Monday
Just a hopeless situation
Make the best of it's all you can do
till they get through

Overheard the engineer
Say somethin' 'bout the landing gear
Now we're runnin' strictly on island time
I know you got someone back home
So do I it's tough alone
Awh come on, it's just a minor crime

No plane on Sunday
Check it again come Monday
Just a hopeless situation
Make the best of it's 'bout all you can do
Baby it's true

We shouldn't spend these precious hours tryin' to figure this out
We don't know where the story ends
Let's don't go back to just being friends

So they went walkin' on the beach
Quarter moon within their reach
So they stole it and tucked it in their hearts

That's when they heard the engines hum
And realized the dawn had come
It was over, over from the start

No plane on Sunday
Just another lonely Monday
Awh make the best of a bad situation's
'Bout all you can do
Baby it's true

Oh-oh-oh-oh baby it's true
Oh-oh-oh-oh baby what's new
Oh-oh-oh-oh baby what's new