Jimmy Buffett, Oysters & Pearls

By: jimmy buffett, mac mcanally

Lindbergh left long island in 1927
He thumbed his nose at gravity
And climbed into the heavens.
When he returned to earth that night
Everything had changed
For the pilot and the planet
Everything was rearranged

We're a pretty mixed up bunch Of crazy human beings It's written on our rocketships And in early cave wall scenes

How does it happen? How do we know? Who sits and watches? Who does the show?

Some people love to lead Some refuse to dance Some people play it safely Others take a chance

Still, it's all a mystery This place we call the world Where most live as oysters While some become pearls

Now elvis was the only man From north east mississippi Who could shake his hips And still be loved by Rednecks, cops and hippies

It's something more than dna That tells us who we are Its method and magic We are of the stars

Some never fade away Some crash and burn Some make the world go round Others watch it turn

Still, it's all a mystery, This place we call the world Most are fine as oysters While some become pearls