

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