

Jimmy Buffett, Prince Of Tides

African drums are silent and the Wingos
are poets at last
Out on Dafuskie Island, the bulldozers
bury the past
And the low country sinks, she cannot swim
the dogwood feels the hurt
While the foursome plays on borrowed days in
their alligator shirts

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides
How can you tell how it used to be
When there's nothing left to see

One night they put a price on the sunset and that
got the whole earth shakin'
Those rose from the grave both the weak and the brave
'cause history was there for the makin'
And the winos surrounded the condos forming
a frail human fence
And they shouted out loud to the roar of the crowd
"Same old story, more dollars than sense"

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides
How can you tell how it used to be
When there's nothing left to see
Paperback novels make young girls dream and
Judy's spending quieter days in the stream
With Giovinno, Goodman, Phil and Mac D, they were
such good friends to me

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides
How can you tell how it used to be
When there's nothing left to see

Heaven knows but God decides
When to kill the Prince of Tides
How can you tell how it used to be
When there's nothing left to see

Nothing left to see
And beach music beach music beach music
just plays on