

Jimmy Buffett, Still In Paradise

I got stuck in paradise
I'm free in my head
Changed my attitude
And my head's turned dread
I just met Mickey Maloney
On the beach down the shore
Said to call him in New York
And come knock on some doors
I thought it was kind
It's not on my mind
I'm sitting here
Doin some quality time
[Music bridge and harmonica and lead guitar]
This one's for them babies bigots?
In Madison Avenue
In their stretch limosines
And three page contracts too
And the ??hair of the trendies?
Who didn't have a clue
And if they did, didn't know what to do
And for my buddies in freight elevators
And 8th Avenue
With their flight-cases and axes
And their tokens too
Intelligenes
Show shredded jeans [dreams]?
But still survived by gigs and scenes
And for Bob and they boys
Down in Washington square
I miss you all, I just wish you were here
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