

# Jimmy Buffett, That's What Living Is To Me

Jason Mason hears the sound  
The whistle blows in Congotown  
And the mail boat's in mail boat's in

It brings him things from oh so far  
Old magazines and Snickers Bars  
A simple man a simple land  
The world's too big to understand

Be good and you will be lonesome  
Be lonesome and you will be free  
Live a lie and you will live to regret it  
That's what living is to me  
That's what living is to me

On a timeless beach in Hispaniola  
A young girl sips a diet cola  
She's worlds apart worlds apart  
The spirit of the black king still  
Reverberates through Haitian hills  
He rules the sea and all the fish  
What if he had a TV dish

Now in the far off regions  
the foreign legion  
Keeps the thieves and the  
predators at bay  
While closer to home  
some bad boys still roam  
The streets aren't safe so give it  
One more day, one more day

The stories from my favorite books  
Still take on many different looks  
And I'm gone again, home again  
The time has come the walrus said  
And little oysters hide their head  
My twain of thought is loosely bound  
I guess it's time to mark this down