

# Jimmy Buffett, The Wino And I Know

The ice cream man he's a hillbilly fan,  
He's got seventy-eights by Hank Snow;  
Walks down the street, shufflin' his feet,  
To the rhythm that only he knows.  
And I've seen him in so many places,  
I saw him the night I was born;  
In a Bourbon Street bar I received my first scar  
From an old man so tattered and torn.

And the Wino and I know the pains of street singin'  
Like the door-to-door salesman knows  
the pains of bell ringin'  
It's a strange situation,  
a wild occupation,  
Living my life like a song.

Well the coffee is strong  
at the Cafe Du Monde,  
And the donuts are too hot to touch;  
But just like a fool, when those  
sweet goodies cool, I ate 'til I ate way too much.  
Cause I'm livin' on things that excite me,  
Be they pastries or lobsters or love;  
I'm just tryin' to get by being quiet and shy,  
In a world full of pushin' and shove.

And the Wino and I know the pains of backbustin',  
Like the farmer knows the pain of his pick-up  
truck rustin'.  
It's a strange situation, a wild occupation,  
Living my life like a song.

Sweet Senorita, Won't you please come with me?  
Back to the island, honey, back to the sea;  
Back to the only place that I want to be.

And the Wino and I know the joys of the ocean,  
Like a boy knows the joys of his milkshake  
in motion.  
It's a strange situation, a wild occupation,  
Living my life like a song.