

Jimmy Buffett, Trouble On The Horizon

By: Jimmy Buffett

Spoken intro with music playing:

This is a song that started a long time ago. Back when there was just the water world. There was this strange looking fish that moved along the hidden currents of the deep dark ocean. He knew he was different because he could sense there was something else in his nature. He swam in circles for millions of years and one day he decided it was time to go up. He was soon in the world of light where he remained a long time until his eyes allowed him to see color. The world was no longer a dark place and he moved further up into the light and one day before he knew it he was no longer in the water world. His head was above the surface and he felt his gills turn into lungs and he said "Ah shit! I'm an amphibian!" Then he slowly swam towards the shallow waters and marshes of the shore and one day he felt the ground beneath his feet. There he gathered his wits, checked his balance, and stood erect. And THAT'S when the trouble began!

Well the birds disappeared and the sky began to turn purple,
>From the skeleton coast to the land of violins.
Sailors prayed to the patron saint of lightening,
"Please St. Barbara, save our miserable skins."

They say that God takes care of drunks and fools and children,
That leaves the rest of us rummaging for alibis.
But friends there's trouble, trouble on the horizon,
And it wears an inconspicuous disguise.
You never see it coming,
You never have a clue,
But there's trouble on the horizon,
Bubbling like a roux.

You have to taste the weather,
You've got to touch the storm.
There is trouble on the horizon,
Waiting to perform.

You gave us cigarettes, guns, and whiskey,
And watch what happens,
Then add a little nuclear fusion and some gasoline.

We got trouble, trouble right here in River City,
Every day's becoming Halloween.

We never see it coming,
We never have a clue,
But there's trouble on the horizon,
Waiting for the barbecue.

You have to taste the weather,
You've got to touch the storm.
There is trouble on the horizon,
Waiting to perform.

I've seen a spaceship built by Howard Hughes,
I've been a witness to some strange taboos.
I've seen a storm from deep inside the eye
Of hurricane don't lie.
Hurricane's don't lie.

In the hour of desperation,
You'll cry like a baby.
When it comes right down to merely molecules.
Hell, you can pray to Jesus or a flock of pink flamingos.,
but in the hour of desperation are the fools.

I hope that all the greedy bastards in the world
Come back as lobsters.
You know that life at the bottom of the food chain
Suits them well.
I think that all of the evil people of the world
Come back as horseflies,
They want one last bite before they're sent to hell.

You better know it's coming,
You've got to have a clue,
There is trouble on the horizon,
Bubbling like a roux.

You have to taste the weather,
You've got to touch the storm.
To keep trouble on the horizon,
You got to stay informed.

Trouble out there, ain't going no where,
Trouble on the horizon,
Trouble out there, ain't going no where,
You got to trouble on the horizon,
Trouble out there,
Trouble out there,
I see bad moon arising.