

# Jimmy Buffett, A Sailor's Christmas

Sail on the horizons gotta landfall rendezvous  
Captain steers a well-known course, he steers straight & true  
As he trims the sheets, he sings a song  
He learned on boats and bars  
Sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour 'neath the stars

He's traveled through the doldrums, typhoons and hurricanes  
He's logged a million soggy miles with water on his brain  
But Christmas is the season better suited for dry land  
He'll tell some lies, meet some spies  
And dance barefoot in the sand

The sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour on the hook  
Caye con les, no work today, let's shell the ol' log book  
The waterfront is reveling, the season has begun  
The sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun.

There's a party down at Le Selecte, music, rum and cheers  
Faces in the shadows, God, I haven't seen for years  
A mast & shroud fill with lights  
'Neath the waning of the moon  
They're an airy celebration in the realm of King Neptune.

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Jesus was a fisherman who walked upon the sea  
The North Pole is ocean's remote frozen balcony  
The continents keep drifting but the children sing and play  
'Cause nothing really matters, after all it's Christmas day

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Vaye con les, no work today, he read it in a book  
The waterfront is reveling, the season has begun  
A sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun  
A sailor spends his Christmas in a harbour having fun  
Havin' fun... havin' fun...havin' fun