

# Jimmy Buffett, Altered Boy

Oh no, he's buying an island  
Oh no, he's building a boat  
Why does he never stop smiling?  
Fun surrounds him like a deep moat

Where does he get all those stories?  
How can he tell such a lie?  
He's bound to see purgatory  
His views are in short supply

But Peter Pan would understand  
His schemes and dreams and ploys  
Best keep an eye on his slight hand  
He such an altered boy

Good God, he's talking with parrots  
Painting his dreams in the sand  
Piling up beaucoup demerits  
Doing it just 'cause he can

By Jove he's having a cocoa  
Evading those judgmental eyes  
Calmly walking his tight rope  
High above all the outcries

But Peter Pan would understand  
His schemes and dreams and ploys  
Best keep an eye on his slight hand  
He such an altered boy

The story goes  
he stumbled at the alter  
Now it seems he just blasphemes  
And dwells with dangers daughter

Someone call the talking doctor  
Somebody get a SWAT team  
There he sits getting away with murder  
How dare him live out his dreams

But Peter Pan would understand  
His schemes and dreams and ploys  
Best keep an eye on his slight hand  
He such an altered boy

Oh no, he's sailing today  
Oh no, beware Paraguay  
Oh no, anchors aweigh  
Oh no