

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