

Jimmy Buffett, Beach House On The Moon

Cameron's getting logical,
A Vulcan in disguise,
The mysteries of the night are
Putting sparkles in his eyes.
He's looking for sound reasoning,
But the best that I can do,
Is this transcendental story,
That I'll pass along to you.
Past the falls they call Victoria,
Down the river named the Nile,
Drifts a tiny little handmade boat,
It's shaped just like a smile.
And steered by a magician,
With the knowledge that he needs,
To keep him on his destined course,
Past the crocodiles and reeds.
He's the Admiral of the ocean,
The Lone Eagle in the sky,
He gave me my first sextant,
And he taught me how to fly.
It's been quite a lengthy passage,
From the dawn of time till now,
He has weathered the infernal storms
In his trusty petite dow.
He has soared about colossal waves,
Sailed the endless sea.
Sometimes he resembles you,
Sometimes he looks like me.
I saw him through my telescope,
On a cloudless night in June,
As he rested between voyages
At his beach house on the moon.
There are windows to the galaxies
And hallways to the past.
There are trapdoors to the future
And a splintered ancient mast.
There are relics from Apollo trips,
When the earthmen came to play,
And a hammock from a distant star,
Out in the Milky Way.
He's the Admiral of the ocean
The Lone Eagle in the sky.
He game me my first sextant
And he taught me how to fly.
I saw him through my telescope
On a cloudless night in June
As he rested between voyages
At his beach house on the moon.
A stripped bass breaks the surface
As the sunset fades away
And our journey from the Sea of Storms
Takes us home beside the bay.
We go fishing in the ocean
We go traveling back in time
Like the song says 'teach your children'
To go fishing with their minds.
Cameron's contemplating
I'm not sure just what he thinks
"Is my dad some kind of lunatic
With his stories and high hi-jinks".
Then he says when I get old and gray
And feel like I'm marooned,
He will take me in his rocket ship
To that beach house on the moon.

