Jimmy Buffett, Coastal Confessions

Well I'm a tidal pool explorer From the days of my misspent youth. I believe that down on the beach Where the sea gulls preach Is where the Chinese buried the truth.

So I dig in the sand with my misguided hands and if I dig deep enough Hell I just might dig it up. Talking about treasure Talking about pleasure Talking about love

Now I'm a reader of the night sky And a singer of inordinate tunes. That's how I float across time Living way past my prime Like a long lost baby's balloon.

So I hang on to the string
Work that whole gravity thing
But when my space ship goes pop
Back to the earth I will drop
Into the sea
Or the limbs of a tree
Or the wings of my love

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do Maybe invent me a story or two I've got coastal confessions to make How bout you How bout you

They say that time is like a river And stories are the key to the past But now I'm stuck in between Here at my typing machine Trying to come up with some words that will last.

It's so easy to see that we live history
And if I just find the beat
I know I land on my feet
I always do
Hadn't got a clue
Does it comes from above.

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do Maybe invent me a story or two I've got coastal confessions to make How bout you How bout you

Let's go to church, Sonny...

[Bridge]

So bless me father, yes I have sinned. Given the chance I'll probably do it again I don't need absolution Just a simple solution will do.

So let's talk about the future Or the consequences of my past

I've got scars, I've got lines I'm not hard to define Just an altar boy coverin' his ass.

I know I can't run and hide But just hang on for the ride There will be laughter and tears As we progress through the years But still it's fun Hey I'm not done Gonna dance 'til I fall

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe have me a boat drink or two
It's just the coastal confessions I hear
Tell the truth
Tell the truth
I've got some coastal confessions to make
How 'bout you, how 'bout you, how 'bout you, how 'bout you
And you, and you, and you
42 years since my last confession
Well father, do you have the rest of the week?
Let's get started
I had impure thoughts
I smoked some pot
Stole some peanut butter
Father, wake up.