

Jimmy Buffett, Death Valley Lives

It's the ways of her father
If she's gonna change she hasn't done it yet
And the desert is calling to me
Run before the final trap is set
All roads lead to the city
Where the dudes and the dykes all look the same
Lady lays out the pattern
With the parts of her body that seem tame
Death Valley lives and Tracy isn't sure what really gives

Act like a child and I'll respond with my well-rehearsed farewell
Quoting the verse that you bought but weren't quite prepared to sell

Saying I think I love you
Maybe I care
It's not fair
Death Valley lives and Tracy Isn't sure what really gives

And it's a sore spot when the room's burning hot
And the desert air just cannot bring you down
Still the bed's warm but a cold arm
Keeps me floating inches off the ground

Death Valley lives and Tracy isn't sure what really gives

Go paint your toes wipe your nose and then come say good-bye
And all along tell yourself that I'm wrong if I try
Cryin' sorry it's over
I'm not to blame
What a game
Death Valley lives now I'm not even sure what really gives