Jimmy Buffett, Far Side Of The World

Ramadan is over,

The new moon's shown her face,

I'm halfway round the planet,

In a most unlikely place.

Following my song line

Past bamboo shacks and shops

Behind a jitney packed like sardines,

With bananas piled on top.

I ran away from politics,

It's too bizarre at home.

Away I flew, tuned into Blue

"Maybe Amsterdam or Rome"

Awakened by a stewardess,

With Spain somewhere below.

On the threshold of adventure,

God I do love this job so.

So while I make my move

On the big board game

Up and down a Spanish highway,

Some things remain the same.

Girls meet boys

and the boys tease girls

I'm heading out this morning,

For the Far Side of the World.

Oh I believe in song lines

Obvious and not

I'd ridden them like camels

To some most peculiar spots.

They run across the oceans

Through mountains and saloons

And tonight out to the dessert

Where I sit atop this dune.

I was destined for this vantage point

Which is so far from the Sea

I've lived it in the pages of Saint-Exupery

From Paris to Tunisia

Casablanca to Dakar

I was riding long before I flew

Through the wind and sand and stars.

Caravan

Ride that hump

And Timbuktu's a jillion bumps

Sleeping bags and battle flags

Are coiled and furled

That's the way you travel

To the far side of the world!

A Sunset framed by lightening bolts

Burns a lasting memory

And a string of tiny twinkling lights

adorn the sausage tree.

While the embers from the log fire

Flicker, fly, and twirl

Then drift off toward the cosmos

From the Far Side of the World.

Well it's Christmas and my birthday

and so to that extent

The Masai not the wise men

Are circling my tent.

I teach them how to play guitar

They show me how to dance

We have rum from the Caribbean

And Burgundy from France.

New Year's Eve in Zanzibar

With Babu and his boys

High up on the rooftop You can relish all the noise. They are dancing on the tables People bouncing like gazelles Two 0-0-1 is ushered in With air raid horns and bells. Time to sing time to dance Living out my second chance. Cobras and sleeping bags are coiled and curled That's the way it happens On the Far Side of the World. Back at home, it's afternoon Six thousand miles away. I will still be there when I get through Attending this soiree There are jobs and chores and questions And plates I need to twirl, But tonight I'll take my chances, On the Far Side of the World. That's the way it happens On the Far Side of the World.