

Jimmy Buffett, I Will Play For Gumbo

I don't smoke, I don't shoot smack
But I got a spicy monkey ridin' on my back.
Don't eat beignets, too much sugar and dough,
But I will play for gumbo
Yes, I will play for gumbo

It started at my Grandma's kitchen by the sea,
She warned me when she told me "son the first one's free"
It hit me like a rock or some Taikwondo,
Cause I will play for gumbo
Oh yea, I will play for gumbo.

[Chorus:]
A piece of French bread
With which to wipe my bowl,
Good for the body.
Good for the soul.
It's a little like religion
And a lot like sex.
You should never know
When you're gonna get it next.
At midnight in the quarter or noon in Thibadeaux
I will play for gumbo
Yes, I will play for gumbo.

I'm not talkin' quesadillas or a dozen Krispy Kremes,
Or a pound of caviar that's a rich man's dream.
No banana split or fillet of pompano.
No, I will play for gumbo,
Yeah, I will play for gumbo

[Chorus]
Maybe it's the sausage or those pretty pink shrimp
Or that popcorn rice that makes me blow up like a blimp.
Maybe it's that voodoo from Marie Leveaux,
But I will play for gumbo
Yeah, I will play for gumbo

The sauce boss does his cookin' on the stage,
Stirrin' and a singing for his nightly wage.
Sweating and frettin' from his head to his toe,
Playin' and swayin' with the gumbo
Prayin' and buffetin' with the gumbo

[Chorus]