

Jimmy Buffett, Jamaica Mistake

Some folks say that I've got the perfect life.
Three swell kids, lots of toys and a lovely wife.
I fly. I sail. I throw caution to the wind.
Drift like a stratus cloud above the Caribbean.

But every now and then
The dragons come to call.
Just when you least expect it you'll be dodging cannon balls.
I've seen too much not to stay in touch with a world full of love and luck.
I've got a big suspicion 'bout ammunition.
I never forget to duck.

Come back
Come back
Back to Jamaica
Don't you know we made a big mistake
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky

It was a beautiful day
The kind you want to toast
We were treetop flyin'
Movin' west along the coast
Then we landed in the water
Just about my favorite thrill
When some asshole started firin'
When we taxied to Negril

Just about to lose my temper
As I endeavored to explain
We had only come for chicken
We were not a ganja plane
Well you should have seen their faces
When they finally realized
We were not some coked up cowboys
Sportin' guns and alibis

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They shot from the lighthouse
They shot from the highway
They shot from the top of the cliff
They'd all gone haywire
We're catchin' fire
And there wasn't even a spliff

Well the word got out
All over the island
Friends, strangers, they were all apologizin'
Some thought me crazy for bein' way too nice
But it's just another shitty day in paradise

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And we promise not to shoot you, promise not to shoot you,
Promise not to shoot you out of the sky