

# Jimmy Buffett, Kick It In Second Wind

One o'clock in the mornin',  
people pilin' into the door.  
Drinks are still comin' in and  
I'm barely hummin' and the  
audience is screamin' for more.  
Somebody's locked in the bathroom,  
manager can't find the key.  
I pay that man but from where I stand,  
it's lookin like a pris'ner is me.

[Chorus:]

So won't you kick it in second wind  
we got two more hours to go.  
Is there anymore hope of scorin' anymore coke,  
and we've still got to do another show.

My mind started to wander,  
In the middle of the second song  
Dreamin' I was at sea, just my baby and me  
when the words started coming out wrong.  
Waitresses are pickin' up glasses,  
The bartender screamed last call.  
When I looked to my right I saw a terrible sight  
And the bass man took a bad fall.

[Chorus]

[Instrumental]

It's three o'clock in the mornin',  
runnin' on adrenalin.  
What I'm tryin to say is that tomorrow's the day  
And we've got to do it over again.

[Chorus]