

Jimmy Buffett, Lage Nom Ai

Nordstrom was a simple man
Who had some non-conformist plan
To save his ass

Every night he danced alone
And blotted out the monotone
That was his past

He packs his bag of mysteries
And leaves the lonely memories
Where they belong

They came and went so easily
This rising tide identity
Sings like a song
Let's sing

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai
When you know that life is just a game
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai (Oh!)
He's the man who gave up his own name

In the roll of the cosmic dice
You win one heart and lose it twice
Before you know

Love is fine until you taste
This melancholy bouillabaisse
Called letting go

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai
When you know that life is just a game
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai (Hey!)
He's the man who gave up his own name

He moved on up to old Beantown
And summered on the Vineyard Sound
To pass the day (day ay ay oh)

Island hopping Crab Key bound
Tendin' bar he thinks he's found
A better way (ay ay ay oh)

Now we're back where we belong
Without a clue and still without
A master plan (ay ay ay oh)

Incident or accident
It all depends on if you're meant
To understand (ay ay ay oh)

Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai
When you know that life is just a game
Lage Nom Ai Nom Ai
He's the man who gave up his own name
He's the man who gave up his own name

[Spoken:]
eah, 'ol Nordstrom's gone. Checked out. Readin'
the wrong kind of books...listenin' to that wild
Caribbean music. He wiped himself out of his own computer.
He's the man who gave up his own name. He's gone.