

# Jimmy Buffett, Nautical Wheelers

Nautical Wheelers who call themselves sailors  
Play fiddle tunes under the stars.  
Petticoats rustle, working shoes scuffle,  
Hustle on down to the bars.

Where the jukebox is blastin'  
and the liquor is flowing  
an occasional bottle of wine.  
That's cause everyone here is just more than  
contented to be living and dying in three quarter time.

[Chorus:]  
And It's dance with me, dance with me  
Nautical Wheelers.  
Take me to stars that you know.  
Come on and dance with me,  
Nautical Wheelers  
I want so badly to go.

Well the left foot it'll follow where the  
Right foot has traveled down to the  
Sidewalks unglued.  
And into the street of my city so neat,  
Where nobody cares what you do.  
And Sonna's just grinnin'  
And Phil is ecstatic and  
Mason has jumped in the sea.  
While I'm hangin' on to a line  
from my sailboat oh,  
Nautical Wheelers save me.

[Chorus]

Well the sunrise'll bring on the  
sleep that's escaped us and  
everyone's off to their bed.  
There'll be huggin' and squeezin',  
a little pleasin' and teasin'  
and rubbin' of each others' head.  
So won't you dream on comrades;  
seems nothing affects you,  
nothing, no reason nor rhyme.  
That's cause everyone here is just more than  
contented to be living and dying in three quarter time.