

Jimmy Buffett, Nobody Speaks To The Captain N

He was a fugitive with a pseudo name
Lost his mind in a hurricane
Coconut upside his head
People said he'd be better dead
Cause his glory days are gone
Sits on the shore with his saxophone
and plays

In another place, in another time
He was a soldier in his prime
On the battlefield, makin' history
Young men died for his destiny
And their widows came each day
Till he was forced to run away
From home

So he bought a town, but he sold the sea
Claimed a shallow victory
On an iron ship, with a wooden crew
They hit the reef when the moon was new
Now he cries himself to sleep
On a beach made of promises he meant to keep
Long ago

Nobody Speaks To The Captain No More
Nobody talks about the war
Hey what the hell were we fighting for
Such a long long time ago

And now the monkeys and the iguanas
They listen to his song
A most uncaptive audience
He plays to all night long

So the story goes, he was dressed to kill
When he jumped from the old mahogany mill
And the jungle beasts, they were heard to wail
As the saxophone still played the scale
For a man they never know who looked like me and you
Long ago

Nobody Speaks To The Captain No More
No one is interested in settling old scores
Hey what the hell were we fighting for
Such a long, long time ago

Nobody Speaks to The Captain No More
No one is interested in settling old scores
Hey what the hell were we fighting for
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