Jimmy Buffett, Prince Of Tides

African drums are silent and the Wingos are poets at last
Out on Dafuskie Island, the bulldozers bury the past
And the low country sinks, she cannot swim the dogwood feels the hurt
While the foursome plays on borrowed days in their alligator shirts

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides How can you tell how it used to be When there's nothing left to see

One night they put a price on the sunset and that got the whole earth shakin'
Those rose from the grave both the weak and the brave 'cause history was there for the makin'
And the winos surrounded the condos forming a frail human fence
And they shouted out loud to the roar of the crowd "Same old story, more dollars than sense"

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides How can you tell how it used to be When there's nothing left to see Paperback novels make young girls dream and Judy's spending quieter days in the stream With Giovinno, Goodman, Phil and Mac D, they were such good friends to me

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides How can you tell how it used to be When there's nothing left to see

Heaven knows but God decides When to kill the Prince of Tides How can you tell how it used to be When there's nothing left to see

Nothing left to see And beach music beach music beach music just plays on