

Jimmy Buffett, Remittance Man

Sinner on the mainland
He's a sinner on the sea
He looks for absolution
Not accountability
How many destinations
Oh God he's seen them all
He collects his precious pittance
Never a port of call

Remittance Man
Black sheep of the family clan
Broke too many rules along the way
Remittance Man
So far away from home
No they'll never understand
The Remittance Man

A man of empty pockets
From jingling his change
The idleness and grieving
For all that he retains
By the harbour lights of Sydney
Or the Bora Bora moon
He recites his sad confession
To the seagulls and the loons

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Well you can claim that you were born a prince
But you're the only one you can convince
Survivor with no livelihood
That you could ever make it good
But still you dream of what you can pretend

An unexpected passenger
Boarded in Marseilles
An angel full of tenderness
She gave her heart away
She was but a gypsy
He was just a stray
They almost made a miracle but it slowly slipped away
So he follows the equator
With a wish to run aground
It's a very vicious circle
Goin' round and round and round
And he watches from the fantail
As the mainland disappears
Just like the Flying Dutchman
He's a prisoner of his fears

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