

Jimmy Buffett, Six String Music

Turn off the TV
Turn off the crap
Kick off your high heels
Climb up in my lap
And I'll play music
A song from me to you

Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

No interruptions from the telephone
Don't need call waiting
Just you and me alone
And my six string music
A song from me to you
Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

Oh I remember that night in Africa
My daughter and my little guitar
Straddling the equator
The king of Zanzibar
Those shy black hidden faces
They didn't know me from Adam's cat
But the words and the singing
And the people in a ring
And the whole night went like that

Some folks like icing, some folks like cake
Some swim in the ocean, some paddle in a lake
You can get into Beethoven, you can groove on Jimmy Reed
But keep it simple stupid
All we really need

Is six string music
A song from me to you
Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

Six string music
Ain't no symphony
It's just six string music
So elementary