

# Jimmy Buffett, Still In Paradise

I got stuck in paradise  
I'm free in my head  
Changed my attitude  
And my head's turned dred  
I just met Mickey Maloney  
On the beach down the shore  
Said to call him in New York  
And come knock on some doors  
I thought it was kind  
It's not on my mind  
I'm sitting here  
Doin some quality time  
[Music bridge and harmonica and lead guitar]  
This one's for them babies bigots?  
In Madison Avenue  
In their stretch limosines  
And three page contracts too  
And the ??hair of the trendies?  
Who didn't have a clue  
And if they did, didn't know what to do  
And for my buddies in freight elevators  
And 8th Avenue  
With their flight-cases and axes  
And their tokens too  
Intelligenes  
Show shredded jeans [dreams]?  
But still survived by gigs and scenes  
And for Bob and they boys  
Down in Washington square  
I miss you all, I just wish you were here  
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