

Jimmy Buffett, The Hang-Out Gang

The tour bus passed here yesterday
Exciting all the fools who pay
To see the naked lady in our yard

The hang out gang is back in town
Rumor has it going 'round they brought back
Four new groupies and a St. Bernard

We're peaceful and abiding cats
Some call gypsies some call brats
But bare feet don't tear streets up like their bus

All we were doin' was hangin' and little Koochie was sangin'
Mama I'm guilty of hangin' out
I know it's a shabby old building but after all ain't we God's children
And Lord it's a good place for hangin' out

The fast approachin' local heat was poundin' out the southeast beat
When they came upon Koochie in our yard
She smiled "Sir, I meant no harm just a little suntan on my arm
They wound up takin' in our St. Bernard
(He didn't tag you'all)

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Mama I'm guilty of hangin' out
I know it's a shabby old building but after all ain't we gods children
And Lord it's a good place for hangin' out

Now you hang with me and I'll hang with you and we'll hang out
'Til we both turn blue
Mama I'm guilty of hangin' out

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