

Jimmy Buffett, The Wino And I Know

The ice cream man he's a hillbilly fan,
He's got seventy-eights by Hank Snow;
Walks down the street, shufflin' his feet,
To the rhythm that only he knows.
And I've seen him in so many places,
I saw him the night I was born;
In a Bourbon Street bar I received my first scar
From an old man so tattered and torn.

And the Wino and I know the pains of street singin'
Like the door-to-door salesman knows
the pains of bell ringin'
It's a strange situation,
a wild occupation,
Living my life like a song.

Well the coffee is strong
at the Cafe Du Monde,
And the donuts are too hot to touch;
But just like a fool, when those
sweet goodies cool, I ate 'til I ate way too much.
Cause I'm livin' on things that excite me,
Be they pastries or lobsters or love;
I'm just tryin' to get by being quiet and shy,
In a world full of pushin' and shove.

And the Wino and I know the pains of backbustin',
Like the farmer knows the pain of his pick-up
truck rustin'.
It's a strange situation, a wild occupation,
Living my life like a song.

Sweet Senorita, Won't you please come with me?
Back to the island, honey, back to the sea;
Back to the only place that I want to be.

And the Wino and I know the joys of the ocean,
Like a boy knows the joys of his milkshake
in motion.
It's a strange situation, a wild occupation,
Living my life like a song.