

Jimmy Buffett, Trying To Reason With Hurricane

Squalls out on the gulf stream,
Big storms coming soon.
I passed out in my hammock,
God, I slept way past noon.
Stood up and tried to focus,
I hoped I wouldn't have to look far.
I knew I could use a Bloody Mary,
So I stumbled next door to the bar.

[Chorus:]
And now I must confess,
I could use some rest.
I can't run at this pace very long.
Yes, it's quite insane,
I think it hurts my brain.
But it cleans me out and then I can go on.

There's something about this Sunday
It's a most peculiar gray
Strolling down the avenue
That's known as A1A
I was feeling tired, then I got inspired.
And I knew that it wouldn't last long
So all alone I walked back home, sat on my beach
And then I made up this song.

[Chorus]
Well, the wind is blowin' harder now
Fifty knots of thereabouts,
There's white caps on the ocean.
And I'm watching for water spouts
It's time to close the shutters
It's time to go inside.
In a week I'll be in gay Paris;
That's a mighty long airplane ride.

[Chorus]
Yes, it cleans me out and then I can go on.