

Jimmy Buffett, Twelve Volt Man

I never got a grip in penmanship
Could never make those small I's flow
Seldom found the trick to arithmetic
Three plus two be faux pas
But ask for some palm trees
Or tales from the South Seas

I never had the clout to knock one out
But hitting was the name of my game
Standing on third as the coaches conferred
So close to my first claim to fame

Just give me the steal sign
And I'll make home plate mine
And I just might turn some heads

Sometimes I may get a little drastic
Sometimes I just let my feelings show
Sometimes I may be a bit sarcastic
Most times that's the way the story goes

Now I know this Joe down in Mexico
He went there to work on his tan
For years he's been plugged into blenders and songs
They call him the Twelve Volt Man

He don't need no charge card
Just give him a die-hard
And he'll make sparks fly round your head
Or just ask for some palm trees
Or tales from the South Seas
And I'll make sparks fly round your head
Round your head
In your head
In your head