

Jimmy Buffett, What If The Hokey-Pokey Is All It P

The universe is runnin' away
I heard it on the news just the other day
There's this new stuff called dark energy
We can't measure and we can't see
It's some elemental mystery
Train that we can't catch
But our heads are in the oven
And somebody's 'bout to strike a match
Meanwhile back on our big round ball
Things are getting serious as cholesterol
Permutations, calculations,
Greedy piggies at the trough
Arrogance and ignorance
Just to top it off
I just can't keep up with the Nasdaq
Who got sold and bought
I've got to take my lunch break
But I'll leave you with a little for thought

Maybe it's all too simple
For our brains to figure it out
What if the hokey pokey
Is all it really is about

What if life is just a cosmic joke
Like spiders in your underwear or olives in your coke
My life can get as messy as a day old sticky bun
So I arm myself with punch lines and a big ol' water gun
They say it's not that simple but just maybe it should be
It's time to change the subject, would you join me in a cup of herbal tea?

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I still believe in rock 'n' roll
It pays my bills and soothes my soul
There really really isn't
A whole lot more around
Except for Frank Sinatra and the Big band sound
I want music in the music
I want chicken in the soup
I want caffeine in my system let's revive the hula hoop

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Is all it really is about