

# Jimmy Buffett, Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw

He went to Paris  
Looking for answers  
To questions that bothered him so  
He was impressive  
Young and aggressive  
Savin the world on his own  
But the warm summer breezes  
The French wines and cheeses  
Put him ambition at bay  
His summers and winters  
Scattered like splinters  
And four to five yeas slipped away  
Then he went to England  
Played the piano  
And married an actress named Kim  
They had a fine life, she was a good wife  
And bore him young son named Jim  
And all of the answers, and all the questions  
He locked in his attic one day  
Cause he liked the quiet  
Clean country livin and  
Twenty more years slipped away  
Well, the war took his baby  
Bombs killed his lady  
And left him with only one eye  
His body was battered  
His whole world was shattered  
And all he could do was just cry  
While the tears were falling and he was recalling  
Answers hed never found  
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean  
And left England without a sound  
Now he lives in the islands  
Fishes and pilins  
And drinks his green label each day  
Writing his memoirs  
Losin his hearin  
But he dont care what most people  
Through eighty-six years of perpetual motion  
If he likes you hell smile, and hell say,  
Jimmy, some of its magic, some of its tragic  
But I had a good life all of the way.  
And he went to Paris  
Lookin for answers to questions  
That bothered him so