

Altered Boy

Jimmy Buffett

Aloha, you know, some people ask me
"Jimmy, where do you come up with those ideas for some of those songs?"
Well, this particular song got its initial inspiration from a visit to the Tonga Room
In the beautiful Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco
For those of you who may be geographically-impaired, San Francisco is in California, the gateway to the Pacific
And if you look out across the Golden Gate Bridge to those beautiful and tranquil waters
You can imagine that in the thousands of islands that dot the surface of the Pacific from California to Hong Kong
Somewhere out there, there are still bands
Who play music like this and just can't stop

Oh no, he's buying an island
Oh no, he's building a boat
Why does he never stop smiling?
Fun surrounds him like a deep moat

Where does he get all those stories?
How can he tell such a lie?
He's bound to see purgatory
His views are in short supply

But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his sleight hand
He such an altered boy

Good God, he's talking with parrots
Painting his dreams in the sand
Piling up beaucoup demerits
Doing it just 'cause he can

By Jove, he's having a cocoa
Evading those judgmental eyes
Calmly walking his tight rope
High above all the outcries

But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his sleight hand
He such an altered boy

The story goes
He stumbled at the alter
Now it seems he just blasphemes
And dwells with danger's daughter

Someone call the talking doctor
Somebody get a SWAT team
There he sits getting away with murder
How dare him live out his dreams

But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his sleight hand

He such an altered boy

Oh no, he's sailing today

Oh no, beware Paraguay

Oh no, anchors aweigh

Oh no

Excuse me, waiter

Do you think I could have another one of those Singapore slings?

Mahalo

Oh no, anchors aweigh

They just can't stop