

# Autour Du Rocher

Jimmy Buffett

Mes amis nous allons quelque part dont tout  
Le monde  
Se rappelle d'un endroit ou l'herbe etait  
Tojours verte  
Et la fete ne s'arretait jamais  
A autour du rocher

Hello, everybody  
This a a little tale about a hotel in the Caribbean that I used to own  
Well it wasn't really a hotel  
It was a patio bar with funky rooms and an outdoor disco with bad wiring  
Some people said if you looked between the cracks of the floorboards of our  
dance floor, you would see Hell  
If you ever went there, you'd know what I'm talking about  
If you never did, then thought we'd sing you a little musical souvenir from  
another place and another time  
Back in the old St. Bart's  
You know, in the beginning of rock and roll, Bill Haley used to rock around  
the clock  
Back in the late '80s in St. Bart's, we used to rock around the rock  
Here we go

Some say it was a planet, some say it was a rock  
For five wild years in Lorient, the party never stopped  
There were pirates from the Indies, there were models from Paris  
There were locals and New Yorkers and the Brazilian Navy  
By mini-Mokes and scooters, in cabs and stolen cars  
Came the creatures of the evening from St. Martin and from Mars

Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors

Vien faire un tour autour du rocher  
On croisera les fantomes du passé  
Viens faire un tour autour du rocher  
Sur les souvenirs l'herbe a pousse

Yeah, you could see 'em comin' up the hill  
Headlights on those mini-Mokes, trying to find the parking  
Sometimes the party just started out there and never made it into the buildi  
ng  
You never just knew

Girl at the pool table puts on a show for free  
And they were bivouacked in the bathroom by the hot tub near the sea  
Every night at midnight, seemed the devil took control  
And the hill became a parking lot fueled by rock 'n' roll

They were talking by the cannon, but I couldn't believe my ears  
The Russian had plutonium, the sailor wanted beers  
They shook hands in the moonlight and broke out a big cigar  
Just business as usual beneath the tropic stars

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It was better than a painting at le Musee de Beaux Arts  
And simply what we did for fun back in the old St. Barts  
Then the glitz and all the glamour hit like a hurricane  
Or maybe we just all grew up, but it never was the same

Yeah, all good things have to come to an end sometime  
Some say it was the grease fire in the kitchen  
Some say it was the turntable and the disco melted down  
But like a lot of good things in this world, how it went down is still a mystery

Well, the Gendarmes finally closed the joint and the fire, it did the rest  
But on New Year's Eve of '91, we sang the last request  
We were dancing in the ashes. We were dancing in the sea  
We were dancing in the ruins where we left our memories

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Sur les souvenirs l'herbe a pousse  
Encore!

Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors  
Alors, Alors

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On croisera les fantomes du passé  
Viens faire un tour autour du rocher  
Sur les souvenirs l'herbe a pousse

Yeah, and those ruins are still up there  
I'll get back to St. Bart's every now and then  
I can drive down that little road next to Lorient  
Look up at that hill full of memories  
And some nights I think I see a light comin' from that parking lot  
Sometimes I hear some music comin' from somewhere up there  
Hope the ghosts are rockin'  
I remember  
Rockin' around the rock  
Around the rock  
Around the rock  
Around the rock  
Around the rock  
Around the rock  
Around the rock