

Buffet Hotel

Jimmy Buffett

Well the train slipped into the station
A worn-out, steel blue soul
A relic from colonial days
When the French were still in control
Lorsque les Français ont été en contrôle

It's an outpost in transition
Where the faithful in the bar
Know from the whistle and the squeaking wheels
That the next stop is Dakar
La prochaine étape était Dakar

Talk on the radio, talk on the street
Talk of men with money loco from the heat
Talk about the rail band pickin' up the beat
We lit that great reunion with the headlights on the jeep

And there's history on that jukebox
Where the spies and scoundrels dwell
It was the place to go in Bamako
Direction Buffet Hotel
Direction Buffet Hotel

Now we're lost in the Sahara
Four hours north of Tombouctou
Lookin' for a nomad who knows
Or maybe some wandering Jew
Allons a Essakane, Syndou

Then we heard that Tuareg combo
We had come so very far
And we were welcomed out of history
By the wind, the sand and the stars
J'ai commencé à le percevoir

Sand in the couscous, sand in the wine
There was sand in my guitar case and stories in my mind
Machine guns on the hilltop, camels in my tent
Buried in a sandstorm as the music came and went

Well, we crawled out of that desert
And the storm erased our tracks
The Sahara showed her heart to us
And then she took it back

Well, we made it back to Bamako
Before that last call bell
We bought rounds for all our newfound friends
We owned Buffet Hotel
Nous avons eu Buffet Hôtel

I recall diplomats and hookers
I saw strangers diggin' wells
And for that one great night in Bamako
We owned Buffet Hotel