

Cliches

Jimmy Buffett

She's got a ballpark figure
He's got a ballpoint pen
They travel around for weeks at a time
Writin' down descriptions of the places they been

She plays guitar but nothin' fancy
With no intention of becomin' a star
Only thing that's botherin' him these days
Is where he's gonna find a good ten-cent cigar

Clichés, good ways
To say what you mean, mean what you say

She never did make her debut
He never made it to class
She's eighty-sixed from the chart room
He's twenty nine and pushin' thirty real fast

They're funny when they get to rockin'
Goin' out for a night on the town
Takin' Polaroid pictures that are never in focus
Just to look at when they finally slow down

Full moon, so soon
Wishin' every month of the year could be June

He's always tuned into Star Trek
She's always tuned into him
Hidin' his cookies when he gets the munchies
Tryin' hard just to keep the boy slim

Tonight they're gonna go stargazin'
And try to figure out which one they're near
But try as they might, I don't think they'll reach the height
You know you can't get there from here

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