

Coastal Confessions

Jimmy Buffett

Well, I'm a tidal pool explorer
From the days of my misspent youth
I believe that down on the beach, where the seagulls preach
Is where the Chinese buried the truth

So I dig in the sand with my misguided hands
And if I dig deep enough, hell, I just might dig it up
Talking about treasure, talking about pleasure
Talking about love

Now I'm a reader of the night sky
And a singer of inordinate tunes
That's how I float across time, living way past my prime
Like a long lost baby's balloon

So I hang on to the string, work that whole gravity thing
But when my space ship goes pop, back to the earth I will drop
Into the sea, or the limbs of a tree
Or the wings of my love

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe invent me a story or two
I've got coastal confessions to make
How 'bout you, how 'bout you?

They say that time is like a river
And stories are the key to the past
But now I'm stuck in-between here at my typing machine
Trying to come up with some words that will last

It's so easy to see that we live history
And if I just find the beat, I know I'll land on my feet
I always do, hadn't got a clue
Does it come from above?

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do
Maybe invent me a story or two
I've got coastal confessions to make
How 'bout you, how 'bout you?
Let's go to church, Sonny

So bless me father, yes I have sinned
Given the chance I'll probably do it again
I don't need absolution
Just a simple solution will do

So let's talk about the future
Or the consequences of my past
I've got scars, I've got lines, I'm not hard to define
Just an altar boy coverin' his ass

I know I can't run and hide, but just hang on for the ride
There will be laughter and tears as we progress through the years
But still it's fun, hey, I'm not done
Gonna dance 'til I fall

And I don't know what I'm supposed to do

Maybe have me a boat drink or two
It's just the coastal confessions I hear
Tell the truth, tell the truth

I've got some coastal confessions to make
How 'bout you, how 'bout you?
How 'bout you, how 'bout you?
And you, and you, and you
Forty-two years since my last confession
Well, Father, do you have the rest of the week?
Let's get started
I had impure thoughts
I smoked some pot
Stole some peanut butter
Father, wake up