

False Echoes

Jimmy Buffett

The skies over Cuba turned pink with the light
And the waterfront ritual began to ignite
All the ships in the harbor were warmed by the sun
Twenty-fifth of November, 1921

On the old Chickamauga, the signal jacks flew
And the message they spelled out caused a great ballyhoo
Every ship in Havana then hoisted away
All the pennants were a-flyin' on my dad's first birthday

Enduring echoes call out from his past
Time ain't for savin', no, time's not for that
Chasing false echoes like a lost legionnaire
He waltzes on memories while he fades like a flare

Now his storybook childhood was not make believe
On the decks of a tall ship, he was taught to achieve
Witnessed storms and starvation, natural wonders and force
Oh, the life of a sailor steers a wanderin' course

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Well, now life throws us curve balls we never can reach
He gave up the ocean, but he lived by the beach
Where he raised up his family, taught us all to survive
Then the wind went away in 1995

Now the old Chickamauga has slipped by the waves
She lies on the bottom of old Mobile Bay
Where the ghosts of his father and his brother are near
They protect him and tell him there's nothin' to fear
'Cause it's family tradition we take to the sea
And it's a time in the future for Cameron and me

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