

Homemade Music

Jimmy Buffett

I ain't no video king
I still have to sing for my supper each night
You stand on the benches
I play in the trenches 'neath the big spotlights
Lived in a suitcase for half of my years
I got strange little voices that live in my ears
Hall monster, mall monster
I can't be the old me no more

Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music, searchin' high and low
Homemade music, where did all the good songs go?

Cookin' is a pleasure
Singin' is a treasure that most don't find
There ain't no harm in tellin'
I likes to eat my melon right on down to the rind
I had a hippie girlfriend when I was a kid
She died and went to the suburbs, most of 'em did
Raisin' puppies, having yuppies
Where did all the wild ones go?

Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music, jam it in, close the door
Homemade music, where did all the good songs go?

First there were records then cassettes and CDs
Managers and lawyers, then came the Japanese
But homemade music's still making sense to me
(Sense to me, sense to me, sense to me)

Homemade music is funky and nice
Homemade music skates on very thin ice
Homemade music is part of my philosophy

Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music, jam it in, close the door
Homemade music, where did all the good songs go?

Homemade music, give me my homemade music
Homemade music should be on the radio
Don't dig that regular bunk
The Neville brothers got the funk
And homemade music should be on the radio