

# Migration

Jimmy Buffett

Whoa, lookin' back at my background  
Tryin' to figure out how I ever got here  
Some things are still a mystery to me  
While others are much too clear  
I'm just livin' in the sunshine  
Stay contented most of the time  
Yeah listenin' to Murphy, Walker, and Willis  
Sing me their Texas rhymes

Most of the people who retire in Florida  
Are wrinkled and they lean on a crutch  
And mobile homes are smotherin' my Keys  
I hate those bastards so much  
I wish a summer squall would blow them all  
The way up to fantasy land  
Yeah they're ugly and square, they don't belong here  
They looked a lot better as beer cans

Yeah, and that's why it's still a mystery to me  
Why some people live like they do  
So many nice things happenin' out there  
They never even seen the clues  
Whoa but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme  
I know we been doin' our part  
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
And some Texas hidden here in my heart

Well now I might have joined the Merchant Marine  
If I hadn't learned how to sing  
And on top of all that I got married too early  
'Cost me much more than a ring  
But now those crazy days are over  
Just gotta learn from the wrong things you done  
I came off the rebound, started lookin' around  
Figured out it's time to have a little fun

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Well now if I ever live to be an old man  
I'm gonna sail down to Martinique  
I'm gonna buy me a sweat-stained Bogart suit  
And an African parakeet  
And then I'll sit him on my shoulder  
And open up my trusty old mind  
I gonna teach him how to cuss, teach him how to fuss  
And pull the cork out of a bottle of wine

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Yeah, got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
And some Texas hidden here in my heart