

## Simple Pleasures

Jimmy Buffett

Moving like a stratus cloud, full of life and corner drugstore  
wine  
I'll write my name on a highway bus and kick the cans of progre  
ss left behind  
Feeling like a cowboy, with sun down on my trail  
Waiting for tomorrow's fairytale

That's when the simple pleasures start moving quietly  
Relaxing all the hang-ups, that have control of me  
Forgetting my confusion, I love the shape I'm in  
And I hope those simple pleasures will quickly come again

My freelance style of living cuts a detour around the very, ver  
y staunch  
They all applaud the journey's end but few are even there to se  
e the launch  
Stealing from the cupboard of ulcer pills and booze  
A ride through repetition I can't use

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And I hope those simple pleasures will quickly come again

My happiness seems nothing to a well-  
established former passerby  
His artificial body keeps reminding him to give it one more try  
World is setting records, while others crawl too slow  
But simple pleasures everywhere I go

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And I hope those simple pleasures will quickly come again