

Six String Music

Jimmy Buffett

Turn off the TV
Turn off the crap
Kick off your high heels
Climb up in my lap

And I'll play music
A song from me to you
Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

No interruptions
From the telephone
Don't need call waitin'
Just you and me alone

And my six string music
A song from me to you
Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

Oh, I remember that night in Africa
My daughter and my little guitar
Startling the equator
The king of Zanzibar
Those shy black hidden faces
They didn't know me from Adam's cat
But the words and the singin'
And the people and the ringin'
The whole night went like that

Now some folks like icing
Some folks like cake
Some swim in the ocean
Some paddle in the lake

Well, you can get into Beethoven
Or you can grove on Jimmy Reed
But keep it simple, stupid
All we really need

Is six string music
A song from me to you
Simple six string music
A ballad or the blues

Six string music
Ain't no symphony
It's just six string music
So elementary