

## Still In Paradise

Jimmy Buffett

I got stuck in paradise  
I'm free in my head  
Changed my attitude  
And my head's turned dred  
I just met Mickey Maloney  
On the beach down the shore  
Said to call him in New York  
And come knock on some doors  
I thought it was kind  
It's not on my mind  
I'm sitting here  
Doing some quality time

This one's for them babies bigots?  
In Madison Avenue  
In their stretch limousines  
And three page contracts too  
And the hair of the trendies  
Who didn't have a clue  
And if they did, didn't know what to do  
And for my buddies in freight elevators  
And 8th Avenue  
With their flight-cases and axes  
And their tokens too  
Intelligenes  
Show shredded jeans [?]  
But still survived by gigs and scenes  
And for Bob and they boys  
Down in Washington square  
I miss you all, I just wish you were here

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