

The Pascagoula Run

Jimmy Buffett

Billy rolled in in a Jaguar
Red convertible '65
Headed home to Mississippi, he'd been around the world
That black sheep uncle of mine
His ship had come in, he was looking to sin
Singin' his own song
When he yelled from the drive, my heart came alive
"Jimmy boy, you're comin' along"

It's time to see the world, it's time to kiss a girl
It's time to cross the wild meridian
Grab your bag and take a chance, time to learn a Cajun dance
Kid, you're gonna see the morning sun
On the Pascagoula run
The Pascagoula run

Friday night at the state line bar
Where the waterfront people dwell
I better watch my step, if the floor caves in
I'll go right straight to hell
There were pinball machines and Cajun queens
Men with knives and scars
Well we rolled 'cross the floor to the real hardcore
And said, "Here's where it gets bizarre"

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What do the ladies say, what do the ladies say?
What do the ladies say, what do the ladies say?
What do the ladies say, what do the ladies say?
What do the ladies say, what do the ladies say?
Bring that young man over here
We're going to buy that boy a beer
And that ain't all we want to do
And bring your crazy uncle too

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