

Zanzibar

Mac McAnally

Round and round the world I go
Like a man possessed
Systematically searching for
A certain girl in a little white dress
Bullet trains, boats and planes
Places she might be
Just one or two remain
To alphabetically, geographically, eliminate the possibilities

Zanzibar
People say I go too far
Chances are they're right
But I don't want to talk about it
Everywhere I looked before
She wasn't there
So here we are
On the road to Zanzibar

This exotic life I lead
Strange as it may seem
To chase a girl around the world
Who might be real or maybe I dreamed
Tropic isles, bonus miles
Once I flew for free
Sometimes it takes a while
To alphabetically, geographically, eliminate the possibilities

Zanzibar
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Chances are they're right
But I don't want to talk about it
Everywhere I looked before
She wasn't there
So here we are
On the road to Zanzibar

Not Argentina, not Ipanema
Not Madagascar, so not Alaska
Not Minnesota, not North Dakota
I've been there before
Not Beijing and not Palm Springs
Madre Sierra, French Riviera
Not Singapore and not Bora Bora
Hey girl I think you're in

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But I don't want to talk about it
Everywhere I looked before
She wasn't there
And here we are
On the road to Zanzibar
Here we are
On the road to Zanzibar