

# Death Of An Unpopular Poet

## Jimmy Buffett

I once knew a poet  
Lived before his time  
He and his dog, Spooner  
Listen while he'd rhyme  
Words to make you happy  
Words to make you cry  
Then one day the poet  
Suddenly did die  
But he left behind a closet  
Filled with verse and rhyme  
Through some strange transaction  
One was printed in the Times  
And everybody's searchin'  
For the king of underground  
Well, they found him down in Florida  
With a tombstone for a crown  
Everybody knows a line  
From his book that cost four ninety nine  
I wonder if he knows he's doin'

Quite this fine  
'Cause his books are all best sellers  
And his poems were turned to song  
Had his brother on a talk show  
Though they never got along  
And now he's called immortal  
Yes, he's even taught in school  
They say, he used his talents  
A most proficient tool  
But he left all of his royalties  
To Spooner, his old hound  
Growin' old on steak and bacon  
In a doghouse, ten feet 'round  
And everybody wonders  
Did he really lose his mind  
No, he was just a poet who lived before his time  
He was just a poet who lived before his time

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