

This Ain't Duval Street

The Boat Drunks

Walking home from work because my car just wouldn't start
The way February's hanging on, it could break a poor boy's heart
When I saw the light's from Andy's bar, I could swear I heard a bell
Next think I knew, I was at the door, and I figured, "What the hell?"

I stood there shaking off the snow; I noticed my toes were numb,
But the juke box was offering Boat Drinks, and the bar was serving rum
I picked the stool at the end of the bar, and I sat there for a while
And as I started to take in the atmosphere, I'll be damned if I didn't smile

This ain't Duval Street; It's just a one horse town
Outside the snow is piling up, and there's no sign it's slowing down
But with some 151 and some island music, I'll lose these winter blues
This ain't Duval Street, but I guess it'll do

The room was filled with Hawaiian shirts, and parkas draped over chairs,
Shark fin hats and Bermuda shorts, the regular concert fare
As I sat back and took in the view, I was feeling safe and warm
On my one particular barstool, no winter could do me harm

The juke box, it was wailing, and the drinks, they sure were strong
Someone played Tin Cup Chalice; we all just sang along
(Ahhhhhhh, ahhhhhhh, ahhhhh, be there)
As I closed my eyes and sang the words, I could taste that salty air
My mind was strolling down A1A like I didn't have a care

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I said, now and then, you gotta ask yourself, "Just what would Jimmy do?"
He'd say, "This ain't Duval Street, but I guess it'll do."

Lyrics submitted by D Hecht.

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