Altered Boy

Jimmy Buffett

Jimmy Buffett, Wayne Jobson
Oh no, he's buying an island
Oh no, he's building a boat
Why does he never stop smiling?
Fun surrounds him like a deep moat
Where does he get all those stories?
How can he tell such a lie?
He's bound to see purgatory
His views are in short supply
But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his slight hand
He such an altered boy
Good God, he's talking with parrots
Painting his dreams in the sand
Piling up beaucoup demerits
Doing it just 'cause he can
By Jove he's having a cocoa
Evading those judgemental eyes
Calmly walking his tight rope
High above all the outcries

But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his slight hand
He such an altered boy
The story goes
he stumbled at the alter
Now it seems he just blasphemes
And dwells with dangers daughter
Someone call the talking doctor
Somebody get a SWAT team
There he sits getting away with
murder
How dare him live out his dreams
But Peter Pan would understand
His schemes and dreams and ploys
Best keep an eye on his slight hand
He such an altered boy

Oh no, he's sailing today
Oh no, beware Paraguay
Oh no, anchors aweigh
Oh no

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