

He Went to Paris

Jimmy Buffett

He went to Paris
Looking for answers
To questions that bothered him soHe was impressive
Young and aggressive
Savin' the world on his own
But the warm summer breezes
The French wines and cheeses
Put his ambition at bay
His summers and winters
Scattered like splinters
And four to five years slipped awayThen he went to England
Played the piano
And married an actress named Kim
They had a fine life, she was a good wife
And bore him young son named Jim
And all of the answers, and all the questions
He locked in his attic one day
'Cause he liked the quiet
Clean country livin' and
Twenty more years slipped awayWell, the war took his baby
Bombs killed his lady
And left him with only one eye
His body was battered
His whole world was shattered
And all he could do was just cry
While the tears were falling and he was recalling
Answers he'd never found
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean
And left England without a soundNow he lives in the islands
Fishes the pilings
And drinks his green label each day
Writing his memoirs
Losin' his hearin'
But he don't care what most people
Through eighty-six years of perpetual motion
If he likes you he'll smile, and he'll say,
"Jimmy, some of it's magic, some of it's tragic
But I had a good life all of the way."And he went to Paris
Lookin' for answers to questions

That bothered him so

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