

# Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes

## Pickin' On Jimmy Buffet

I took off for a weekend last month  
Just to try and recall the whole year  
All of the faces and all of the places  
Wonderin' where they all disappeared  
I didn't ponder the question too long  
I was hungry and went out for a bite  
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum  
And we wound up drinkin all nightChorus:  
It's these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes  
Nothing remains quite the same  
With all of our running and all of our cunning  
If we couldn't laugh we would all go insaneReading departure signs in some big airport  
Reminds me of the places I've been  
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure  
Makes me want to go back again  
If it suddenly ended tomorrow  
I could somehow adjust to the fall  
Good times and riches and son of a bitches  
I've seen more than I can recallChorus:  
These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes  
Nothing remains quite the same  
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands  
If we couldn't laugh we would all go insaneI think about Paris when I'm high on red wine  
I wish I could jump on a plane  
So many nights I just dream of the ocean  
God I wish I was sailin' again  
Oh, yesterday's over my shoulder  
So I can't look back for too long  
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me  
And I know that I just can't go wrongChorus:  
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes  
Nothing remains quite the same  
With all of my running and all of my cunning  
If I couldn't laugh I just would go insane  
If we couldn't laugh we just would go insane  
If we weren't all crazy we would go insane