

# Banana Republics

**Jimmy Buffett**

Down to the Banana Republics  
Down to the tropical sun  
Go the expatriated American  
Hopin' to find some funSome of them go for the sailing  
Brought by the lure of the sea  
Tryin' to find what is ailing  
Living in the land of the freeSome of them are running to lovers  
Leaving no forward address  
Some of them are running tons of ganja  
Some are running from the IRSLate at night you will find them  
In the cheap hotels and bars  
Hustling the señoritas  
While they dance beneath the starsSpending those renegade pesos  
On a bottle of rum and a lime  
Singin' give me some words I can dance to  
Or a melody that rhymesFirst you learn the native custom  
Soon a word of Spanish or two  
You know that you cannot trust them  
'Cause they know they can't trust youExpatriated American, feelin' so all alone  
Telling themselves the same lies  
That they told themselves back homeDown to the Banana Republics  
Things aren't as warm as they seem  
None of the natives are buying  
Any second hand American dreamsLate at night you will find them  
In the cheap hotels and bars  
Hustling the señoritas  
While they dance beneath the starsSpending those renegade pesos  
On a bottle of rum and a lime  
Singing give me some words I can dance to  
Or a melody that rhymesDown to the Banana Republics  
Down to the tropical sun  
Go the expatriated Americans  
Hopin' to find some fun

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