

Death of an Unpopular Poet

Jimmy Buffett

I once knew a poet
Lived before his time
He and his dog, Spooner
Listen while he'd rhyme Words to make you happy
Words to make you cry
Then one day the poet
Suddenly did die But he left behind a closet
Filled with verse and rhyme
Through some strange transaction
One was printed in the Times And everybody's searchin'
For the king of underground
Well, they found him down in Florida
With a tombstone for a crown Everybody knows a line
From his book that cost four ninety nine
I wonder if he knows he's doin'
Quite this fine 'Cause his books are all best sellers
And his poems were turned to song
Had his brother on a talk show
Though they never got along And now he's called immortal
Yes, he's even taught in school
They say, he used his talents
A most proficient tool But he left all of his royalties
To Spooner, his old hound
Growin' old on steak and bacon
In a doghouse, ten feet 'round And everybody wonders
Did he really lose his mind
No, he was just a poet who lived before his time
He was just a poet who lived before his time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>