

Trying to Reason With Hurricane Season

Jimmy Buffett

Squalls out on the gulf stream
Big storm's comin' soon
I passed out in my hammock
And God I slept till way past noon
Stood up and tried to focus
I hoped I wouldn't have to look far
I knew I could use a bloody Mary
So I stumbled next door to the bar
And now I must confess, I could use some rest
I can't run at this pace very long
Yes, it's quite insane, I think it hurts my brain
But it cleans me out and then I can go on
There's somethin' about this Sunday
It's a most peculiar gray
Strollin' down the avenue
That's known as A1A
Feelin' tired, then I got inspired
I knew that it wouldn't last long
So all alone I walked back home
Sat on my beach and then I made up this song
And now I must confess, I could use some rest
I can't run at this pace very long
Yes, it's quite insane, I think it hurts my brain
But then it cleans me out and then I can go on
Well, the wind is blowin' harder now
Fifty knots or thereabouts
There's white caps on the ocean
And I'm watchin' for waterspouts
It's time to close the shutters
It's time to go inside
In a week I'll be in gay Paris
That's a mighty long airplane ride
And now I must confess, I could use some rest
I can't run at this pace very long
Yes, it's quite insane, I think it hurts my brain
But it cleans me out and then I can go on
Yes, it cleans me out and then I can go on

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