

Jamaica Mistaica

Jimmy Buffett

Some folks say that I've got the perfect life
Three swell kids, lots of toys and a lovely wife
I fly, I sail, I throw caution to the wind
Drift like a stratus cloud above the Carribean But every now and then, the dragons come to call
Just when you least expect it you'll be dogin' cannon balls
I've seen too much not to stay in touch
With a world full of love and luck
I've got a big suspicion 'bout ammunition
I never forget to duck Come back, come back, back to Jamaica
Don't you know we made a big mistaica
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky It was a beautiful day the kind you want to toast
We were tree top flyin' movin' west along the coast
Then we landed in the water, just about my favorite thrill
When some asshole started firing as we taxied to Negril Just about to lose my temper as I endeavored to explain
We had only come for chicken we were not a ganja plane
Well you should have seen their faces when they finally realized
We were not some coked up cowboys sporting guns and alibis Come back, come back, back to Jamaica
Don't you know we made a big mistaica
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky They shot from the lighthouse
They shot from the highway
They shot from the top of the cliff
They had all gone haywire
We're catchin' fire and there wasn't even a spiff Well the word got out all over the island
Friends, strangers, they were all apologizin'
Some thought me crazy for being way too nice
But it's just another shitty day in paradise Come back, come back, back to Jamaica
Don't you know we made a big mistaica
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky Come back, come back, back to Jamaica
Don't you know we made a big mistaica
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye
And we promise not to shoot you
Promise not to shoot you
Promise not to shoot you out of the sky

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