Migration

Creative Source

Whoa, lookin' back at my background
Tryin' to figure out how I ever got here
Some things are still a mystery to me
While others are much too clear
I'm just livin' in the sunshine
Stay contented most of the time
Yeah listenin' to Murphy, Walker and Willis
Sing me their Texas rhymes
Most of the people who retire in Florida
Are wrinkled and they lean on a crutch
And mobile homes are smotherin' my Keys
I hate those bastards so much
I wish a summer squall would blow them all
The way up to fantasy land
Yeah, they're ugly and square, they don't belong here
They looked a lot better as beer cans
Yeah, and that's why it's still a mystery to me
Why some people live like they do
So many nice things happenin' out there
They never even seen the clues
Whoa but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme
I know we been doin' our part
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control
And some Texas hidden here in my heart
Well, now I might have joined the Merchant Marine
If I hadn't learned how to sing
And on top of all that I got married too early
'Cost me much more than a ring
But now those crazy days are over
Just gotta learn from the wrong things you done
I came off the rebound, started lookin' around
Figured out it's time to have a little fun
Yeah, and that's why it's still a mystery to me
Why some people live like they do
So many nice things happenin' out there
They never even seen the clues
Whoa but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme
I know we been doin' our part
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control

And some Texas hidden here in my heart
Well, now if I ever live to be an old man
I'm gonna sail down to Martinique
I'm gonna buy me a sweat-stained Bogart suit
And an African parakeet
And then I'll sit him on my shoulder
And open up my trusty old mind
I gonna teach him how to cuss, teach him how to fuss
And pull the cork out of a bottle of wine
Yeah, and that's why it's still a mystery to me
Why some people live like they do
So many nice things happenin' out there
They never even seen the clues
Yeah, but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme
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Yeah, got a Caribbean soul I can barely control
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