Cowboy in the Jungle

Jimmy Buffett

Cowboy in the jungle
By: jimmy buffett
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There's a cowboy in the jungle
And he looks so out of place
With his shrimpskin boots and his cheap cheroots
And his skin as white as pasteHeadin' south to paraguay
Where the gauchos sing and shout
Now he's stuck in porto bello
Since his money all ran out
So he hangs out with the sailors
Night and day they're raisin' hell
And his original destination's just another
Story that he loves to tellWith no plans for the future
He still seems in control
From a bronco ride to a ten foot tide
He just had to learn to rollChorus:
Roll with the punches
Play all of his hunches
Make the best of whatever came his way
What he lacked in ambition
He made up with intuition
Plowing straight ahead come what maySteel band in the distance
And their music floats across the bay
While american women in moomoos
Talk about all the things they did today
And their husbands quack about fishing
As they slug those rum drinks down
Discussing who caught what and who sat on his butt
But it's the only show in town.Chorus:
They're tryin' to drink all the punches
They all may lose their lunches
Tryin' to cram lost years into five or six days
Seems that blind ambition erased their intuition
Plowin' straight ahead come what may.I don't want to live on that kind of island
No I don't want to swim in a roped off sea
Too much for me, too much for me
I've got to be where the wind and the water are free.Alone on a midnight passage
I can count the falling stars

While the southern cross and the satellites
They remind me of where we are
Spinning around in circles
Living it day to day
And still twenty four hours may be sixty good years
It's still not that long a stay.Chorus:
We've gotta roll with the punches
Learn to play all of our hunches
Makin' the best of whatever comes your way
Forget that blind ambition
And learn to trust your intuition
Plowin' straight ahead come what may
And there's a cowboy in the jungle

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