

# Last Mango in Paris

Jimmy Buffett

I went down to Captain Tony's  
To get out of the heat  
I heard a voice call out to me  
"Son, come have a seat" I had to search my memories  
As I looked into those eyes  
Our lives change like the weather  
But a legend never dies He said, "I ate the last mango in Paris  
Took the last plane out of Saigon  
I took the first fast boat to China  
And Jimmy, there's still so much to be done" I had a third world girl in Buzios  
With a pistol in each hand  
She always kept me covered  
As we moved from land to land I had a damn good run on Wall Street  
With my high fashion model wife  
I woke up dry beneath the African sky  
Just me and my Swiss army knife I ate the last mango in Paris  
Took the last plane out of Saigon  
I took the first fast boat to China  
And Jimmy, there's still so much to be done We shot the breeze for hours  
As the sun fell from the sky  
And like the sun he disappeared  
Before my very eyes It was somewhere past dark-thirty  
As we went back to the head  
I read upon the dingy wall  
The words the old man said He said, "I ate the last mango in Paris  
Took the last plane out of Saigon  
I took the first fast boat to China  
And Jimmy, there's still so much to be done" I ate the last mango in Paris  
Took the last plane out of Saigon  
I took the first fast boat to China  
And Jimmy, there's still so much to be done That's why we wander and follow La Vie Dansante

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