

Far Side Of The World

Jimmy Buffett

Ramadan is over,
The new moon's shown her face,
I'm halfway round the planet,
In a most unlikely place.
Following my song line
Past bamboo shacks and shops
Behind a jitney packed like sardines,
With bananas piled on top.
I ran away from politics,
It's too bizarre at home.
Away I flew, tuned into Blue
"Maybe Amsterdam or Rome"
Awakened by a stewardess,
With Spain somewhere below.
On the threshold of adventure,
God I do love this job so.
So while I make my move
On the big board game
Up and down a Spanish highway,
Some things remain the same.
Girls meet boys
and the boys tease girls
I'm heading out this morning,
For the Far Side of the World.
Oh I believe in song lines
Obvious and not
I'd ridden them like camels
To some most peculiar spots.

They run across the oceans
Through mountains and saloons
And tonight out to the desert
Where I sit atop this dune.
I was destined for this vantage point
Which is so far from the Sea
I've lived it in the pages of Saint-Exupery
From Paris to Tunisia
Casablanca to Dakar
I was riding long before I flew

Through the wind and sand and stars.

Caravan

Ride that hump

And Timbuktu's a jillion bumps

Sleeping bags and battle flags

Are coiled and furled

That's the way you travel

To the far side of the world!

A Sunset framed by lightening bolts

Burns a lasting memory

And a string of tiny twinkling lights

adorn the sausage tree.

While the embers from the log fire

Flicker, fly, and twirl

Then drift off toward the cosmos

From the Far Side of the World.

Well it's Christ

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