

Jimmy Buffett

"Banana Republic"

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Down to the Banana Republic
Down to the tropical sun
Go the expatriated Americans
Hoping to find some fun

Some of them go for the sailn'
Called by the lure of the sea
Trying to find what is ailing
From living in the land of the free

Some of them are running from lovers
Leaving no forward address
Some of them are running tons of ganga
Some are running from the IRS

And late at night you will find them
In the cheap hotels & bars
Hustling the señoritas while they dance beneath the
stars

Spending those renegade pesos
On a bottle of rum & a lime
Singing, give me some words I can dance to
Or a melody that rhymes

First you learn the native customs
Soon a word of Spanish or two
But you know that you cannot trust them
Cause they know they can't trust you

Expatriated Americans feeling so all alone
Telling themselves the same lies
That they told themselves back home
Down to the Banana Republic things aren't as warm as
they seem
When none of the natives are buying any second hand
American dreams

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