

Jimmy Buffett

"Banana Republics"

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Down to the Banana Republics
Down to the tropical sun
Go the expatriated American
Hopin' to find some fun

Some of them go for the sailing
Brought by the lure of the sea
Tryin' to find what is ailing
Living in the land of the free

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

Late at night you will find them
In the cheap hotels and bars
Hustling the señoritas
While they dance beneath the stars

Spending those renegade pesos
On a bottle of rum and a lime
Singin' give me some words I can dance to
Or a melody that rhymes

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

Expatriated American, feelin' so all alone
Telling themselves the same lies
That they told themselves back home

Down to the Banana Republics
Things aren't as warm as they seem
None of the natives are buying
Any second hand American dreams

Late at night you will find them
In the cheap hotels and bars
Hustling the señoritas

While they dance beneath the stars

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

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