

# Jimmy Buffett

## "Barefoot Children"

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Scratch my back with a lightning bolt  
Thunder rolls like a bass drum note  
The sound of the weather is Heaven's ragtime band

We all fell down from the Milky Way  
Hangin' 'round here till the Judgment Day  
Heaven only knows who is in command

Barefoot children in the rain  
Got no need to explain  
We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain  
It's always understood by those who play the game  
Barefoot children in the rain

Show me yours and I'll show you mine  
Take me back to days full of monkeyshines  
Bouncin' on a bubble full of trouble in the summer sun

Keep your raft from the riverboat  
Fiction over fact always has my vote  
And wrinkles only go where the smiles have been

Barefoot children in the rain  
Got no need to explain  
We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain  
It's always understood by those who play the game  
Barefoot children in the rain

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Scratch my back with a lightning bolt  
Thunder rolls like a bass drum note  
The sound of the weather is Heaven's ragtime band

The sky turns blue and the sun appears  
But the question's still what are we doin' here  
I don't think the answer's close at hand

Barefoot children in the rain  
Got no need to explain  
We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain  
It's always understood by those who play the game

Barefoot children in the rain

In the rain

In the rain

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