

Jimmy Buffett

"Buffet Hotel"

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This train slipped into the station
A worn out steel blue soul
A relic from colonial days
When the French were still in control
Lorsque les Francais ont ete en controle
(When the French were still in control)

It's an outpost in transition
Where the faithful in the bar
Know from the whistle & the squeaking wheels
That the next step is Dakar
La prochaine etape etait Dakar
(The next step is Dakar)

Talk on the radio
Talk on the street
Talk of men with money loco from the heat
Picking up the beat

Talk about the rail band
Picking up the beat
We lit that great reunion
With the headlights on the jeep

And there's history on the jukebox
Where the spies & scoundrels dwell
It was the place to go in Bamako
Direction Â– Buffet Hotel

Now we're lost in the Sahara
Four hours north of Tombouctou
Lookin' for a nomad who knows
Or maybe some wondering Jew
Allons a Essakane, Syndou
(Get us to Essakane, Syndou)

Then we heard that Tuareg combo
We had come so very far
And we were welcomed out of history
By the wind & sand & stars
Jai commence a le piercevoir
(I'm beginning to understand it)

Sand in the couscous
Sand in the wine
There was sand in my guitar case
Stories in my mind

Machine guns on the hilltop
Camels in my tent
Buried in a sandstorm
As the music came & went

Well we crawled out of the desert
And the storm erased our tracks
The Sahara showed her heart to us
And then she took it back

I recall diplomats & hookers
And I saw strangers digging wells
And for that one great night in Bamako
We owned Buffet Hotel

Nous avons eu Buffet Hotel
(We owned the Buffet Hotel)
La nuit nous appartient
Vive le Buffet
Adieu A Bientot-Farewell

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