

Jimmy Buffett

"Coastal Confessions"

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well im a tidal pool explorer
from the days of my misspent youth
i believe that down on the beach
where the seagulls preach
is where the chinese buried the truth

so i dig in the sand
with my misguided hands
and if i dig deep enough
i just might dig it up
talk about treasure
talk about pleasure
talk about love

now im a reader of the night sky
and a singer of an order of tunes
thats how i float across time
livin way past my prime
like a long lost baby's balloon
so i hang onto the string
work that whole gravity thing
but when my spaceship goes pop
back to the earth i will drop
into the sea
or the limbs of a tree
or the wings of my love

and i dont know what im supposed to do
maybe an envious glory or two
ive got coastal confessions to make
how bout you

they say that time is like a river
and stories are the key to the past
but now im stuck in between
here at my typing machine
tryin to come up with some words that will last
its so easy to see
that we live history
and if i just find the beat
i know ill land on my feet
i always do

havent got a clue
because it comes from above

and i dont know what im supposed to do
maybe an envious glory or two
ive got coastal confessions to make
how bout you
how bout you

so bless me father as i have sinned
given the chance id probably do it again
i dont need absolution
just a simple solution
will do

so lets talk about the future
or the consequences of my past
ive got scars
ive got lines
im not hard to define
just an alterboy coverin his ass
i know i cant run and hide
just hang on for the ride
there will be laughter and tears
as we progress through the years
but still its fun
hey im not done
im gonna dance till i fall

and i dont know what im supposed to do
maybe have me a boat drink or two
its still the coastal confessions i hear
tell the truth
tell the truth
ive got some coastal confessions to make
how bout you
how bout you
how bout you
and you and you and you

its been 42 years since my last confession.
well Father do you have the rest of the week?
lets get started.
i had impure thoughts, i smoked some pot,
stole some peanut butter, Father wake up!

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