Jimmy Buffett "Death Of An Unpopular Poet"

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I once knew a poet Lived before his time He and his dog, Spooner Listen while he'd rhyme

Words to make you happy Words to make you cry Then one day the poet Suddenly did die

But he left behind a closet Filled with verse and rhyme Through some strange transaction One was printed in the Times

And everybody's searchin'
For the king of underground
Well, they found him down in Florida
With a tombstone for a crown

Everybody knows a line From his book that cost four ninety nine I wonder if he knows he's doin' Quite this fine

'Cause his books are all best sellers And his poems were turned to song Had his brother on a talk show Though they never got along

And now he's called immortal Yes, he's even taught in school They say, he used his talents A most proficient tool

But he left all of his royalties To Spooner, his old hound Growin' old on steak and bacon In a doghouse, ten feet 'round

And everybody wonders Did he really lose his mind

No, he was just a poet who lived before his time He was just a poet who lived before his time

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