Jimmy Buffett
"Homemade Music"

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Homemade music
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1988
I ran into an old friend of mine in miami and I asked
her where she had been all these years. she told me
she had, "died and gone to the suburbs". the next day I
read where the japanes
Bought cbs records and figured that somehow these
two events had to be related.
I ain't no video king
I still have to sing
For my supper each night
You stand on the benches
I play in the trenches
Beneath the big spotlights
Lived in a suitcase for half of my years
I got strange little voices that live in my ears
Hall monster, mall monster
I can't be the old me no more

Chorus:
Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music searchin' high and low
Homemade music where did all the good songs go

Cookin' is a pleasure
Singin' is a treasure
That most don't find
There ain't no harm in tellin'
I likes to eat my melon
Right on down to the rind
I had a hippie girlfriend when I was a kid
She died and went to the suburbs most of 'em did
Raisin' puppies, having yuppies
Where did all the wild ones go

Chorus:
Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music jam it in, close the door
Homemade music where did all the good songs go

First there were records then cassettes and cds

Managers and lawyers then came the japanese
But homemade music still making sense to me
(sense to me, sense to me, sense to me)

Chorus:
Homemade music is funky and nice
Homemade music skates on very thin ice
Homemade music is part of my philosophy

Chorus:
Homemade music ain't on the radio
Homemade music jam it in, close the door
Homemade music where did all the good songs go

Homemade music, give me my homemade music
Homemade music, should be on the radio

Don't dig that reg'lar bunk
The neville brothers got the funk
And homemade music should be on the radio

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