

## **Jimmy Buffett**

### **"The Wino And I Know"**

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Ice cream man, he's a hillbilly fan  
Got seventy-eights by Hank Snow  
Walks through the street of the city so neat  
City that only he knows

And I've seen him in so many places  
Saw him the night I was born  
In a Bourbon Street Bar, I received my first scar  
From an old man so tattered and torn

And the wino and I know the pain of street singin'  
Like a door-to-door salesman knows the pains of bell  
ringin'  
It's a strange situation, a wild occupation  
Just livin' my life like a song, that could be a song, right

Coffee is strong at the Cafe Du Monde  
The donuts are too hot to touch  
Just like a fool, when those sweet goodies cool  
I eat 'til I eat way too much

'Cause I'm livin' on things that excite me  
Be they pastries, lobsters or love, thank you for yours,  
brother  
I'm just tryin' to get by bein' quiet and shy  
In a world full of pushin' and shove

That's why, the wino and I know the pain of back bustin'  
Like the farmer knows the pain of his pickup truck  
rustin'  
It's a strange situation, wild occupation  
Just livin' my life like a song

Sweet senorita, won't you please come with me?  
Back to the island, honey, back to the sea  
Back to the only place that I want to be

And the wino and I know the joy of the ocean  
Like a boy knows the joy of his milkshake in motion  
It's a strange situation, wild occupation  
Just livin' my life like a song  
Say it's a strange situation, a wild occupation

Just livin' my life like my song

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