

Alex W**"Never Saw This Man Again"**Visit "[Never Saw This Man Again](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I met a man down in Key West
In baggy jeans he was dressed
Acted like a pirate to the core
With the red bandanna that he wore
Between his lips stuck a cigar
He took a whiff and played guitar

I never saw this man again
Never saw this man again
He told his stories all along
I cant forget his sad, sad song
I never saw that man again

Ashore the promenade one day
Thats the place he used to stay
He filled his glass up to the brim
And spoke to me: My nama is Jim
Said: During sunset everyday
You can hear me sing and play

One day I couldnt smell his cigar
Nor hear that weeping of his guitar
Some talked about queer goings-on
No one could say which way hes gone
Last night I couldnt sleep a wink
Because of Jim I got to think

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