

## **Buffett Jimmy**

### **"Banana Republic"**

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Down to the Banana Republic  
Down to the tropical sun  
Go the expatriated Americans  
Hoping to find some fun

Some of them go for the sailn'  
Called by the lure of the sea  
Trying to find what is ailing  
From living in the land of the free

Some of them are running from lovers  
Leaving no forward address  
Some of them are running tons of ganga  
Some are running from the IRS

And late at night you will find them  
In the cheap hotels & bars  
Hustling the señoritas while they dance beneath the  
stars

Spending those renegade pesos  
On a bottle of rum & a lime  
Singing, give me some words I can dance to  
Or a melody that rhymes

First you learn the native customs  
Soon a word of Spanish or two  
But you know that you cannot trust them  
Cause they know they can't trust you

Expatriated Americans feeling so all alone  
Telling themselves the same lies  
That they told themselves back home  
Down to the Banana Republic things aren't as warm as  
they seem  
When none of the natives are buying any second hand  
American dreams

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