

## **Buffett Jimmy**

### **"Jamaica Mistaica"**

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Words and music by: Jimmy Buffett 1996

(1st Verse) Some folks say that I've got the perfect life.  
Three swell  
kids, lots of toys and a lovely wife.  
I fly. I sail. I throw caution to the wind. Drift like a stratus  
cloud  
above the Caribbean.  
But every now and then, the dragons come to call.  
Just when you least expect it, you'll be dodgin' cannon  
balls.  
I've seen too much not to stay in touch with a world  
made of love and luck  
I've got a big suspicion 'bout ammunition. I never  
forget to duck.

(1st Chorus) Come back, come back Back to Jamaica.  
Don chu you know, we made a big mistaica.  
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye  
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky.

(2nd Verse) It was a beautiful day, the kind you want to  
toast.  
We were treetop flyin', movin' west along the coast.  
We landed in the water just about my favorite thrill.  
When some asshole started firin' as we taxied to  
Negril.

(4 bar turnaround)

(3rd Verse) Just about to lose my temper as I  
endeavored to explain.  
We had only come for chicken, we were not the ganja  
plane.  
Well you should have seen their faces when they finally  
realized.  
We were not some coked-up cowboys sportin' guns and  
alibies.

(2nd Chorus) Come back, come back. Back to Jamaica.  
Don chu you know we made a big mistaica.

We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye,  
and we promise not to shoot you out of the sky.

(4 bar turnaround)

They shot from the lighthouse, they shot from the  
highway, they shot from  
the top of the cliff.  
They'd all gone haywire, and we're catchin' fire, and  
there wasn't even a  
spliff, ho!

(16 bar instrumental)

Well, the word got out all over the island.  
Friends, strangers, they were all apologizin'.  
Some thought me crazy for bein' way too nice.  
But it's just another shitty day in paradise.

(3rd Chorus) Come back, come back Back to Jamaica.  
Don chu know, we made a big mistaica.  
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye.  
And we promise not to shoot you out of the sky

(Outro) Come back, come back Back to Jamaica.  
Don't you know, we made a big mistaica.  
We'd be so sad if you told us goodbye.  
And we promise not to shoot you, promise not to shoot  
you,  
Promise not to shoot you out of the sky.

(Transcribed from "Banana Wind" liner by T.R.  
Violante)

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