

## **Buffett Jimmy**

### **"Prince Of Tides"**

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Prince of Tides

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by Jimmy Buffett and Michael Utley

African drums are silent and the Wingos are poets at last  
Out on Dafuskie island, the bulldozers bury the past  
And the low country sinks, she can not swim  
the dogwood feels the hurt  
While the foursome plays on borrowed days in their  
alligator shirts

Chorus:

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

One night they put a price on the sunset  
And that the got the whole earth shaking  
Those rose from the grave both the weak and the brave  
Because history was there for the making  
And the winos surrounded the condos forming a frail  
human fence  
And they shouted out loud to the roar of the crowd  
"Same old story, more dollars than sense"

Chorus:

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

Paperback novels make the young girls dream  
And Judy's spending quieter days in the stream  
With Giovinno, Goodman and Mac D  
They were such good friends to me

Chorus:

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

Heaven knows but God decides  
When to kill the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

Nothing left to see  
And beach music beach music beach music just plays  
on

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