Buffett Jimmy"Thats What Living Is To Me"

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That's What Living is to Me

by Jimmy Buffett

Jason Mason hears a sound
A whistle blows in Congo town
And the mail boat's in, the mail boat's in
It brings him things from oh so far
Old magazines and snickers bars
A simple man, a simple land
The world's too big to understand

Be good and you will be lonesome Be lonesome and you will be free Live a lie and you'll live to regret it That's what living is to me That's what living is to me

On a timeless beach on Hisanola A young sips a diet cola She's worlds apart, worlds apart The spirit of the black king still Reverberates through Haitian hills He rules the sea and all the fish What if he had a TV dish?

In some far off regions the foriegn legions Keep the theives and the preditors at bay While closer to home some bad boys still roam The streets aren't safe but give it one more day One more day . . .

The stories from my favorite books
Still take on many different looks
And now I'm gone, home again
The time has come the walrus said
And little oysters hide their head
My Twain of thought is loosely bound
I guess it's time to Mark this down

- Patrick E. Fleming ------

- Department of Chemistry ------ Visitors scored on the home rink -- Ohio Wesleyan University ------ Everything seems to be wrong... --- pfleming@magnus.acs.ohio-state.edu -------

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