

Buffett Jimmy

"Twelve Volt Man"

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The Twelve Volt Man
by Jimmy Buffett

Never got a grip on penmanship, could never make the words just flow
Seldom got the trick to arithmetic, two plus two is four
But ask for some Palm Trees, and tales from the South Seas
And I just might turn round your head.

I never had the clout to knock one out, but hitting was the name of my game
Standin on third while the coaches confer, close as my own claim to fame
Just give me the steal sign, and I'll make Home Plate mine,
And I just might turn some heads.

Sometimes I may be a little drastic,
Sometimes I just let my feelings show,
Sometimes I may be a bit sarcastic,
most times that's the way the story goes.

Now I now this Joe down in Mexico, he went there just to work on his tan
For years he's been loved and blendered in songs, they call him The Twelve Volt
M
He don't need no charge card, just give him a Die Hard
and he'll makes sparks, fly Round your head
So just give me some Palm Trees, and tales from the South Seas
And I'll make sparks fly round your head
Round your head Round your head

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