Tom T. Hall "Down in the Florida Keys"

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(Tom T. Hall)

I bought my ukulele in a pawnshop
I bought a red pair of shorts and a shirt
I left my Gucci loafers and my Brooks Brothers suit
In a trash can out behind the Methodist Church.

I bought me a cooler and a loaf of bologne And a little loaf of whole wheat bread I'm hangin' out on the beach where I can't be reached By the local authorities or Feds.

Oh, I'm down in the Florida Keys Sleepin' in a southern breeze I'm down in the Florida Keys And there ain't nobody down on me.

I got a good credit card and a telephone number Just in case they find me flyin' too low I ordered up a Margarete bout an hour fore lunch Thought I might need it cause the weather's so cold.

It got down to sixty at the early mornin' tide Caught a three pound grouper from the bridge I ain't a hurtin' nobody and I wouldn't hurt me I guess I'd lie about it if I did.

Oh, I'm down in the Florida Keys Sleepin' in a southern breeze I'm down in the Florida Keys And there ain't nobody down on me.

Well, I would a written sooner but I didn't have change A stamp has gone to twenty-two cents I ain't got no pockets I can't carry much I left a lotta baggage at the airport fence.

You can do somethin' for me you can tell all my friends I'm glad of bein' out of their hair I'm sittin' down here sippin' on a Beck beer I got central heat and the air.

'Cause I'm down in the Florida Keys Sleepin' in a southern breeze I'm down in the Florida Keys And there ain't nobody down on me.

I'm down in the Florida Keys Sleepin' in a southern breeze I'm down in the Florida Keys And there ain't nobody down on me.

I'm down in the Florida Keys Sleepin' in a southern breeze I'm down in the Florida Keys And there ain't nobody down on me...

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