

A1A

Jimmy Buffett

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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#

From: mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu (Mike Hall)

This is something a few of us are in the process of completing for the Jimmy Buffett newsgroup. Once completed, we ll put his entire compilation of chord arrangements onto an anonymous FTP site and WWW page.

Whoever s interested or likes what they see, please email me for more information.

Great Chords Compilation (GCC) of the "alt.fan.jimmy-buffett" Usenet newsgroup. Comments and questions to Mike A. Hall <mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu>.

(-- please read disclaimer at end of document --)

@ALBUM: A1A
@SONG: Makin Music For Money
@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)
Makin Music For Money
By: Alex Harvey
1974

Intro: E (See below for tab)
[tab]E
When I woke up this mornin [/tab]
[tab] A E
I was tired as I could be[/tab]
[tab] B
I think I was countin my money[/tab]
[tab] A E
When I should a been countin sheep[/tab]

My agent he just called me
And told me what I should be
If I would make my music for money
Instead of makin music for me

Chorus:
[tab] A E
I said, "I know that this may sound funny[/tab]
[tab] A E
But money don t mean nothin to me[/tab]

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[tab]           A           E
      I won t make my music for money[/tab]
[tab]           B           E
      No, I m gonna make my music for me"[/tab]
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He said, "The people only buy the love songs
 Rock n Roll and not too long"
 He said, "Son you got to be commercial
 If you want to turn the people on"

And I said, "Turnin on the people
 Now that s a beautiful place to be
 But if I spend my time makin them up a rhyme
 Well, who s gonna turn on me?"

(Repeat Chorus)

Bridge: (Use bar/power chords)
 D-E D-E D-E-D-B-A---|A-E-G
 D-E D-E D-E-D-B-A---|A-E-G

Well now I went up to Country
 And I ll tell you all about the scene
 I found a place with much charm and much grace
 That wasn t touched by the music machine

Whoa, the people were havin a good time
 Makin music all day long
 And nobody cared if they ever got paid
 One penny for playin a song

[tab]CHORUS (2x)

Intro tab:

```
e|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|-6---9-9-----6---9-9-----6---9-9-----|
A|-7-----9-7---7-----9-7---7-----9-7-9---7---|
E|-----9-----|[/tab]
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 @SONG: Door Number Three
 @CHORDS: Sean Costello <costells@guvax.georgetown.edu>
 Door Number Three
 By: Jimmy Buffett, Steve Goodman
 1974

Intro: C G D G

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[tab]G
Oh I took a wrong turn, it was the right turn[/tab]
[tab]C           G
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My turn to have me a ball[/tab]

[tab]G

Boys at the shop told me just where to stop[/tab]

[tab] A7 D

If I wanted to play for it all[/tab]

[tab]C G C

I didn't know I'd find her on daytime TV[/tab]

[tab] C G D G

My whole world lies waiting behind door number three[/tab]

[tab] G

I chose my apparel, I wore a beer barrel[/tab]

[tab] C G

And they rolled me to the very first row[/tab]

[tab] G

I held a big sign that said, "Kiss me I'm a baker[/tab]

[tab] D G

And Monty I sure need the dough"[/tab]

[tab] C G C

Then I grabbed that sucker by the throat until he called on me[/tab]

[tab] C G D G

Cause my whole world lies waiting behind door number three[/tab]

[tab] C G

And I don't want what Jay's got on his table[/tab]

[tab] C G

Or the box Carol Merrill points to on the floor[/tab]

[tab] C G

No I'll hold out just as long as I am able[/tab]

[tab] D G

Or until I can unlock that lucky door[/tab]

[tab] C G

Well, she's no big deal to most folks[/tab]

[tab] D G

But she's everything to me[/tab]

[tab] C G D G

Cause my whole world lies waiting behind door number three[/tab]

Oh Monty, Monty, Monty, I am walkin' down your hall

Got beat, lost my seat, but I'm not a man to crawl

Though I didn't get rich, you son of a bitch

I'll be back just wait and see

Cause my whole world lies waiting behind door number three

Yes my whole world lies waiting behind door number three

@SONG: Dallas

@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)

Dallas

By: Roger Bartlett

@SONG: Presents to Send You

@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)

Presents To Send You

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

Intro: **G**

[tab]**G**

Well now I m in love with a fast-movin angel[/tab]

[tab]**C** **D** **G**
Dresses like the city girls do[/tab]

[tab]**C** **D** **G** **Em**
When we re apart there s no ache in my heart[/tab]

[tab] **C** **D** **G**
When we re together we re a hell of a crew[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C** **D** **G**
And I got presents to send you[/tab]

[tab] **C** **D** **Em**
Even got money to lend you[/tab]

[tab] **C** **D** **G**
But honey I can never ever pretend[/tab]

[tab] **D**
You re not there on my mind[/tab]

There sits a fifth of Tequila

God I swore I d never drink it again

But my last little bout I had my hair pulled out

By a man who really wasn t my friend

And I know I ll never see him again

(Repeat chorus)

[tab] **F** **C** **G**
Yeah, I thought I might sail down to Bridgetown[/tab]

[tab] **F** **C** **G**
Spend some time in the Barbados sun[/tab]

[tab] **F** **C**
But my plans took a skid when I smoked a whole lid[/tab]

[tab]**A7** **D**
Wound up where I d begun[/tab]

(Repeat chorus)

(instrumental)

(Repeat chorus)

@SONG: Stories We Could Tell

@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)

Stories We Could Tell
By: John B. Sebastian
1974

Intro: **D Dsus2**

[tab]D

Talkin to myself again[/tab]

[tab]

A

Wonderin if this travellin is good[/tab]

Is there somethin else a doin

[tab]

D

We d be doin if we could[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab]

G

A

D

But ah, the stories we could tell[/tab]

[tab]

G

A

D

And if it all blows up and goes to Hell[/tab]

[tab]

G

A

D

G

I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel[/tab]

[tab]

D

A

D

Listen to the stories we could tell[/tab]

[tab]D

Stared at that guitar in that museum in Tennessee[/tab]

[tab]

A

Nameplate on the glass brought back twenty melodies[/tab]

[tab]D

G

Scars upon the face told of all the times he fell[/tab]

[tab]D

A

D

Singin all the stories he could tell[/tab]

Chorus:

Ah, the stories he could tell

And I ll bet you it still rings like a bell

I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel

And listen to the stories it could tell

So if you re on the road trackin down your every night

Playin for a livin beneath brightly colored lights

And if you ever wonder why you ride the carousel

You do it for the stories you can tell

Chorus:

Ah, the stories we could tell

And if it all blows up and goes to Hell

I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel

And listen to the stories it could tell

@SONG: Life is Just a Tire Swing

Life is Just a Tireswing

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

[tab] **G** **A** **D**
I remember the smell of the creosote plant[/tab]
[tab] **E** **F#m** **Gdim** **E7** **A** **Bm** **Cdim** **A**
when we d have to eat on Easter with my crazy old uncle and aunt[/tab]
[tab]**G** **A** **D**
They lived in a big house Antebellum style[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **G** **D**
and the wind would blow across the old bayou[/tab]
[tab] **A** **D**
and I was a tranquil little child[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **D** **Bm**
Life was just a tire swing[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D**
Jambalaya was the only song I could sing[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D**
Black-berry pickin , eatin fried chicken[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **A**
and I never knew a thing about pain[/tab]
[tab] **Bm**
Life was just a tire swing[/tab]

In a few summers my folks packed me off to camp
yeah, me and my cousin Baxter in our pup tent with a lamp
And in a few days Baxter went home, and he left me by myself
And I knew that I d stay, it was better that way
and I could get along without any help

(2nd chorus)

Life was just a tire swing
Jambalaya was the only song I could sing
Chasin after sparrows with rubber-tipped arrows
knowin I could never hurt a thing
and life was just a tire swing

[tab]**Bm** **G** **F#m** **Em** **D**
And I ve never been west of New Orleans nor east of Pensacola[/tab]
[tab] **G** **F#m** **E7** **A**
My only contact with the outside world was an R.C.A. Victrola[/tab]
[tab] **Bm** **A**
And Elvis would sing and then I d dream about expensive cars[/tab]
[tab] **E7**
and who would ve figured twenty years later[/tab]
[tab] **A** **E7** **F#m7**
I d be rubbin shoulders with the stars[/tab]
[tab] **Bm**
Life was just a tire swing[/tab]

Then the other morning on some Illinois road
I fell asleep at the wheel
But was quickly wakened up by a Ma Bell telephone pole
and a bunch of Grant Wood faces screaming Is he still alive?
But through the window I could see it hangin from a tree
and I knew that I had survived

Last Chorus:

Life was just a tire swing
Jambalaya s still the best song that I sing
Black-berry pickin , eatin fried chicken
And I finally learned a lot about pain
Cause life is just a tire swing
Life was just a tire swing

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams:
F#m - |xx3222| F#m7 - |xx2222| Gdim - |xx2323-----|
Bm - |xxo432| Cdim - |xx1212| Em7 - |o2oooo-----|
-----|
-----| [/tab]

@SONG: A Pirate Looks at Forty
A Pirate Looks at 40
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

[tab]G
Mother, mother ocean, I have heard you call[/tab]
[tab]C D Am7 G
Wanted to sail upon your waters since I was three feet tall[/tab]
[tab] Am D Am7 G
You ve seen it all, you ve seen it all[/tab]

2)
Watched the men who rode you switch from sails to steam
And in your belly you hold the treasure that few have ever seen
Most of them dreams, most of them dreams

3)
Yes, I am a pirate, two hundred years too late
The cannons don t thunder, there s nothin to plunder
I m an over forty victim of fate
Arriving too late, arriving too late

4)
I ve done a bit of smugglin , I ve run my share of grass
I made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away so fast
Never meant to last, never meant to last

5)
I have been drunk now for over two weeks,
I passed out and I rallied and I sprung a few leaks,

But I ve got stop wishin , got to go fishin
I m down to rock bottom again
Just a few friends, just a few friends

6)

I go for younger women, lived with several awhile
And though I ran away, they ll come back one day
And I still can manage a smile
It just takes a while, just takes a while

7)

Mother, mother ocean, after all these years I ve found
My occupational hazard being my occupation s just not around
I feel like I ve drowned, gonna head uptown

@SONG: Migration
Migration
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

[tab]**C**
Lookin back at my background[/tab]
[tab] **G7**
Tryin to figure out how I ever got here[/tab]

Some things are still a mystery to me
[tab] **C** **C7**
While others are much too clear[/tab]
[tab] **F**
I m just livin in the sunshine[/tab]
[tab] **C** **Am**
Stay contented most of the time[/tab]
[tab] **D7**
Yeah, listenin to Murphy, Walker, and Willis[/tab]
[tab] **G** **G7**
Sing me their Texas rhymes[/tab]

Now most of the people who retire in Florida
Are wrinkled and they lean on a crutch
And mobile homes are smotherin my keys
I hate those bastards so much
I wish a summer squall would blow them
All the way up to fantasy land

[tab]**Am** **D7**
Yeah, they re ugly and square, they don t belong here[/tab]
[tab] **F** **G7** **C**
They looked a lot better as beer cans[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **Am**

Yeah and that s why it s still a mystery to me[/tab]
 [tab] **G**
 Why some people live like they do[/tab]
 [tab] **Am**
 So many nice things happenin out there[/tab]
 [tab] **D7** **G**
 They never even seen the clues[/tab]
 [tab] **F**
 Oh, but we re doin fine, we can travel and rhyme[/tab]
 [tab] **C** **Am**
 I know we been doin our part[/tab]
 [tab] **F** **C**
 Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control[/tab]
 [tab] **G7** **Am** **C**
 And some Texas hidden here in my heart[/tab]

Well, now I might have joined the Merchant Marine
 If I hadn t learned how to sing
 And on top of all that I got married too early
 Cost me much more than a ring
 But now those crazy days are over
 Just gotta learn from the wrong things you ve done
 I came off the rebound, started lookin around
 Figured out it s time to have a little fun

(repeat chorus)

Well, now if I ever live to be an old man
 I m gonna sail down to Martinique
 I m gonna buy me a sweat-stained Bogart suit
 And an African parakeet
 And then I ll sit him on my shoulder
 And open up my trusty old mind
 I gonna teach him how to cuss, teach him how to fuss
 And pull the cork out of a bottle of wine

(repeat chorus, then)

[tab] **F** **C**
 Yeah, got a Caribbean soul I can barely control[/tab]
 [tab] **G7** **F** **G** **C** **C7**
 And some Texas hidden here in my heart[/tab]

 @SONG: Trying to Reason with Hurricane Season
 Trying to Reason with Hurricane Season
 By: Jimmy Buffett
 1974

[tab] **D** **G** **D**
 Squalls out on the gulf stream, big storms comin soon[/tab]
 [tab] **G** **D** **E7** **A7**
 I passed out in my hammock, God, I slept till way past noon[/tab]

Play fiddle tunes under the stars[/tab]

[tab]D A F#m
Petti-coats rustle, working shoes scuffle, [/tab]

[tab]B7 E
Hustle on down to the bars[/tab]

[tab]D A A7
Where the juke-box is blastin and the liquor is flowin [/tab]

[tab] D A E E7
An occasional bottle of wine[/tab]

[tab] D A
That s cause everyone here is just more than contented[/tab]
[tab] E E7 D A
To be living and dying in three quarter time[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] A E7 D A
And it s dance with me, dance with me Nautical Wheelers, [/tab]

[tab] D A E E7
take me to stars that you know[/tab]

[tab] F#m D A
Come on and dance with me, dance with me Nautical Wheelers, [/tab]

[tab] E E7 A
I want so badly to go[/tab]

Well, the left foot it ll follow
Where the right foot has travelled
Down to the sidewalks unglued
And into the street of my city so neat
Where nobody cares what you do
And Sonna s just grinnin and Phil is ecstatic
And Mason has jumped in the sea
And I m hangin on to a line from my sailboat

[tab] E7 A
Oh, Nautical Wheelers save me[/tab]
(repeat Chorus)

Well the sunrise will bring on
The sleep that s escaped us
And everyone s off to their beds
There ll be huggin and squeezin
A little pleazin and teasin
And rubbin of each other s heads
So won t you dream on comrades, seems nothin escapes you,
Nothin , no reason, nor rhyme
That s cause everyone here is just more than contented
To be living and dying in three quarter time
(repeat chorus and fade)

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams: B7 - x212o2 D6 - xxo2o2

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-----| | /t

ab]

@SONG: Tin Cup Chalice
Tin Cup Chalice
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

Intro: **G C G G C G**

[tab]**G C G**
I want to go back to the island, [/tab]
[tab] **C D G**
where the shrimp boats tie up to the pilin [/tab]
[tab]**Em**
Give me oysters and beer [/tab]
[tab] **A7 D**
for dinner every day of the year and I ll feel fine [/tab]
[tab] **D7**
I ll feel fine [/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C D G**
Cause I want to be there [/tab]
[tab] | **D** |
| **C** | 1. lie beside | **Em** [/tab]
I want to go back down and | 2. get high by | the sea there
| 3. die beside |
[tab] **C G B7 Em**
With a tin cup for a chalice, fill it up with good red wine [/tab]
[tab] **A7 D G C G**
and I m a chewin , on a honey-suckle vine [/tab]

Yeah, now, the sun goes slidin cross the water
Sailboats, they go searchin for the breeze
Salt air it ain t thin, I can stick right to you skin
And make you feel fine
It makes you feel fine

(repeat chorus)

Yes, and now you heard my strange proposal
Get that pack gear up and let s move
I want to be there fore the day, tries to steal away
And leave us behind
I ve made up my mind

[tab](repeat chorus and fade)

Chords diagrams:

Em - |o22ooo| D7 - |xxo212| A7 - |xo2o2o| B7 - |x212o2-----|
-----| [/tab]

Disclaimer -(please read)-:

These chord arrangements were created for private use. Anyone who distributes them or copies them is in risk of violating copyright laws. We claim no responsibility for what others do with these lyrics and chord arrangements.

Thank you,
The GCC authors
[end of disclaimer]

-- GCC Author s note: This being IMOHO, THE definitive Buffett album, it was the very first created of the GCC series. So far this has been some serious work, but then just think how long it took Jimmy to write all this material. I got a little bit of understanding helping with the GLC (Great Lyrics Compilation) of Spring 94, but I have really acquired a new respect for Jimmy Buffett s many talents.

MAH, 8/22/94