

Living And Dying
Jimmy Buffett

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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#
#

From: mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu (Mike Hall)
Subject: CRD: Living and Dying in 3/4 Time (album- long)

GCC of the "alt.fan.jimmy-buffett" Internet Usenet newsgroup. Send all
comments and questions to Mike A. Hall <mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu>.

(please see - Disclaimer statement at end of document -)

@SONG: Pencil Thin Mustache
Pencil Thin Mustache
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

[tab]D F#7 B7
Now they make new movies in old black and white[/tab]
[tab]E7 A7
With happy endings, where nobody fights[/tab]
[tab] D F#7 B7
So if you find yourself in that nostalgic rage[/tab]
[tab] E7 A7
Honey, jump right up and show your age[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] D F#7 B7
I wish I had a pencil thin mustache[/tab]
[tab] E7 A7 D
The "Boston Blackie" kind[/tab]
[tab] D F#7 B7
A two toned Ricky Ricardo jacket[/tab]
[tab] E7 A7
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine[/tab]

[tab] D D7
Oh I remember bein buck-toothed and skinny[/tab]
[tab] G Bb
Writin fan letters to Sky s niece Penny[/tab]
[tab] D F#7 B7
Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache[/tab]
[tab] E7 A7 D
Then I could solve some mysteries too[/tab]

Bridge:

```
[tab]          Em          B7          Em          B7
Oh it s Bandstand, Disneyland, growin up fast[/tab]
[tab]Em          B7          Em
Drinkin on a fake I.D. [/tab]
[tab]          F#m          C7          F#m          C7
And Rama of the jungle was everyone s Bawana[/tab]
[tab]          E7          A7
But only jazz musicians were smokin marijuana[/tab]
[tab]          D          F#7          B7
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache[/tab]
[tab]          E7          A7          D
then I could solve some mysteries too[/tab]
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(same as above chords with this verse)

But then it s flat top, dirty bob, coppin a feel
Grubbin on the livin room floor (so sore)
Yeah, they send you off to college, try to gain a little knowledge,
But all you want to do is learn how to score

```
[tab]          D          F#7          B7
Yeah, but now I m gettin old, don t wear underwear[/tab]
[tab]          E7          A7
I don t go to church and I don t cut my hair[/tab]
[tab]          D          F#7          B7
But I can go to movies and see it all there[/tab]
[tab]          E7          A7          D
Just the way that it used to be[/tab]
```

Chorus:

That s why I wish I had a pencil thin mustache
The "Boston Blackie" kind, a two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be
Maybe suave Errol Flynn or a Sheik of Arabie
If I only had a pencil thin mustache
Then I could do some cruisin too

```
[tab]          D
Yeah, Bryl-cream, a little dab ll do yah[/tab]
[tab]          E7          A7          D
Oh, I could do some cruisin too[/tab]
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[tab]-----
Chord diagrams:      E7 - |o2o1oo|  A7 - |xo2o2o|
                    B7 - |x212o2|  F#7- |xx432o|
                    F#m - |244222|  Bb - |113331|  C7 - |x3231o-----|
                    -----|
                    -----|[/tab]
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@SONG: Come Monday

@CHORDS: Kevin Shuholm

Come Monday

By: Jimmy Buffett

Note: play in G, capo 2nd fret

[tab] **G** **C**
 Headin up to San Francisco[/tab]
[tab] **D** **G**
 For the Labor Day week-end show, [/tab]
[tab] **C**
 I ve got my hush-puppies on I guess I[/tab]
[tab] **D** **G**
 Never was meant for glitter rock and roll[/tab]
[tab] **Am** **C** **D** **D7**
 And, honey, I didn t know, that I d be missin you so[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C** **G**
 Come Monday it ll be all right[/tab]
[tab] **C** **D**
 Come Monday I ll be holdin you tight[/tab]
[tab] **G** **Bm** **C** **D**
 I spent four lonely days in a brown L. A. haze[/tab]
[tab] **C** **D** **G**
 And I just want you back by my side[/tab]

Yes, it s been quite a summer
Rent-a-cars and west-bound trains
And now you re off on vacation
Somethin you tried to explain
And darlin , it s I love you so
That s the reason I just let you go

(Repeat chorus)

Bridge:

[tab] **Amaj7** **Dmaj7** **Amaj7** **Dmaj7**
 I can t help it honey, you re that much a part of me now[/tab]
[tab] **Amaj7** **Dmaj7**
 Remember that night in Montana[/tab]
[tab] **C** 5/2 5/0 **C** 5/2 5/0 **D** **F** **C** **G**
 when we said there d be no room for doubt[/tab]

I hope you re enjoyin the scen ry
I know that it s pretty up there
We can go hikin on Tuesday
With you I d walk anywhere
California has worn me quite thin
I just can t wait to see you again

(Repeat chorus)

[tab] **G** **Bm** **C** **D**
 I spent four lonely days in a brown L. A. haze[/tab]
[tab] **C** **D** **F** **C** **G**
 And I just want you back by my side...[/tab]

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[tab]-----  
Chord diagrams:  Amaj7=|x02120|      Dmaj7=|xx0222|  
-----|  
-----|[/tab]
```

@SONG: Ringling, Ringling

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

RINGLING, RINGLING

By: Jimmy Buffett

Intro: **D D/C D/B D/A E7 A7 D**
 D D/C D/B D/A E7 A7 D

Chorus:

```
[tab]  D                                E7  
    Ringling, Ringling slippin  away[/tab]  
[tab]  G                                D  
    Only forty people livin  there today[/tab]  
[tab]  D                                E7  
    Streets are dusty, and the bank has been torn down[/tab]  
[tab]  G      A7                        D  
    It s a dyin  little town[/tab]
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[tab]D                                E7  
Church window s broken, that place ain t been used in years[/tab]  
[tab]G                                A7      D  
Jail don t have a sheriff or a cell[/tab]  
[tab]                                E7  
And electric trains, they run by maybe once or twice a month[/tab]  
[tab]G      A7                        D  
Easin  it on down to Mussel Shell[/tab]
```

(Repeat chorus)

Bridge:

```
[tab]                                A  
    And across from the bar there s a pile of beer cans[/tab]  
[tab]                                D  
    Been there twenty seven years[/tab]  
[tab]                                E7                                A7  
    Imagine all the heartaches and tears in 27 years of beer[/tab]
```

So we hopped back in the rent-a-car and we hit the cruise control
Pretty soon the town was out of sight
But we left behind a fat barmaid, a cowboy and a dog
Bracin for a Ringling Friday night

Chorus:

```
    Ringling, Ringling you re just slippin  away  
    I wonder how many people will be there a year from today  
    Cause the streets are dusty and the bank has been torn down  
    It s a dyin  little town  
[tab]                                G      A7                        D  (intro chords)
```

Yeah, it s a dyin little town[/tab]

@SONG: Brahma Fear

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

Brahma Fear

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

Intro: **G Am7 D G Am7 D**

[tab]**G Am7 D G Am7 D**
I d like to ride the rodeo, but I ve got brahma fear[/tab]

[tab]**G Am7 D G Am7 D**
So I ll just stick to aeroplanes, gently pop my ears[/tab]

[tab]**F C G F C D**
Drink a lot of whiskey, it gives me such a glow[/tab]

[tab]**G Am7 D Am D G**
It makes me quite immobile, but it lets my feelings show[/tab]

[tab]**C D G**
And I m somewhere below the spotlight[/tab]

[tab]**C D Em**
Somewhere below the ground[/tab]

[tab]**C A7**
You dig deep enough you might find me[/tab]

[tab]**C D G**
Find me and you ve found my sound[/tab]

Yes I own a whaler boat, it slides across the sea
And some folks say I m part of it
And I know it s part of me
When I m feeling solitaire, it lets me be alone
And when I want to habitate, it carries me back home

Chorus:

And I m somewhere below the sunlight
Somewhere upon the sea
You dig deep enough, you might find me
Find me, cause that s where I ll be

Yes I ll drink a lot of whiskey
It gives me such a glow
It makes me quite immobile, but it lest my feelings show
Yes, it makes me quite immobile,
But it lets my feelings show

@SONG: Brand New Country Star

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

Brand New Country Star
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

Intro: **G D G**

[tab] **C** **G**
Well he outgrew his sequined suit, sold his Trailways bus[/tab]
[tab]**A**
Let his hair get a little too long[/tab]
[tab] **D** **G** **D**
His ducktail s bit the dust[/tab]
[tab] **C** **G**
His custom made, pearl-inlaid guitar slipped from his hand[/tab]
[tab]**A** **D** **G** **D**
And in its place a new electrical one he had flown in from Japan[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C**
Cause he s a cheeseburger eatin , abandoned Sunday meetin [/tab]
[tab] **G**
Brand new country star[/tab]
[tab] **A**
He rides around in a Lincoln Continental[/tab]
[tab] **D** **G** **D**
Those steer horns on his car[/tab]
[tab] **C**
Oh, the record men say he s livin end[/tab]
[tab] **G**
They re gonna spin him right to the top[/tab]
[tab] **A**
Yeah he s a hot roman candle from the Texas panhandle[/tab]
[tab] **C** **D** **G**
He can either go country or pop[/tab]

Got a good old friend name of Texas Ben,
Tells him all the spots to play
And a sweet little lady, he calls her Sexy Sadie
She s with the boy night and day

They re gonna open up a chain of fancy bowlin lanes
The first one in his old hometown
And on ribbon-cuttin day they ll come from miles away
The folks ll all gather round and sing

(Repeat chorus)

@SONG: Livingston s Gone to Texas
@CHORDS: (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)
Livingston s Gone to Texas

By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

Intro: **E**

[tab]**B7** **E** **B7** **E**
Nothing is different, nothing s changed at all[/tab]
[tab]**D#m** **E** **B7** **A** **E**
Livingston s gone to Texas, they say he had a ball[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **A** **G** **D**
They say he learned to be a cowboy[/tab]
[tab] **A** **G** **D**
They say he learned to rope and ride[/tab]
[tab] **Bm** **G** **A7** **D**
But I wonder if he ever thinks about the tears his woman cried[/tab]

Now Holly, won t you let me
Try and make you smile
You loved him as if he were your husband
Now he ll be gone awhile

Chorus:

Wrote he had to see the country
On starry nights he wished you were there
And so would show wherever he goes
Deep inside you know he really cares

And nothin is different, nothin s changed at all
Livingston s still in Texas
Snow s about to fall

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams: D#m - |xx4342|
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-----|[/tab]

@SONG: The Wino And I Know
The Wino and I Know
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974

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

[tab]**G**
The ice cream man he s a hillbilly fan[/tab]

He s got seventy-eights by Hank Snow
[tab]**C**
Walks down the street, shufflin his feet[/tab]
[tab] **G**
To the rhythm that only he knows[/tab]
[tab] **Bm** **C**

And I ve seen him in so many places[/tab]
[tab] **Bm** **F** **D**
I saw him on the night I was born[/tab]
[tab]**D** **G**
In a Bourbon Street bar, I received my first scar[/tab]
[tab] **D** **C** **G**
From an old man so tattered and torn[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C**
And the wino and I know the pain of street singin [/tab]
[tab] **G**
Like the door-to-door salesman knows the pains of bell ringin [/tab]
[tab] **D** **C**
Strange situation, wild occupation[/tab]
[tab] **G**
Livin my life like a song[/tab]

The coffee is strong at the Cafe Du Monde
And the donuts are too hot to touch
But just like a fool, when those sweet goodies cool
I eat till I eat way too much

Cause I m livin on things that excite me
Be they pastry or lobster or love
I m just tryin to get by being quiet and shy
In a world full of pushin and shove

Chorus:

And the wino and I know the pain of back bustin
Like the farmer knows the pain of his pickup truck rustin
Strange situation, wild occupation
Livin my life like a song

[tab]**D** **C** **G**
Sweet sen~orita won t you please come with me[/tab]
[tab]**D** **C** **G**
Back to the island honey, back to the sea[/tab]
[tab]**D** **C** **D**
Back to the only place that I want to be[/tab]

Chorus:

And the wino and I know the joy of the ocean
Like a boy knows the joy of his milkshake in motion
Strange situation, wild occupation
Livin my life like a song
Yes it s a strange situation, wild occupation
Livin my life like a song

@SONG: West Nashville Grand Ballroom Gown
@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)

West Nashville Grand Ballroom Gown

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

Intro: C F G C F G

[tab]C F G C

Standin on side of the Highway 4 exit[/tab]

[tab]C F G C

A Lady in a tie-dye with a bag by her side[/tab]

[tab]C F G C

Not really lookin like anything special[/tab]

[tab]C F G C

Saw Tennessee tags and she waved for a ride[/tab]

Sat right beside me as the meter hit sixty

Splainin her travels and her family background

When she got through, I could not help but thinkin

She s a long way from the west Nashville grand ballroom gown

Chorus:

[tab] G D G

Father had money and her mother had love[/tab]

[tab] D G

Channeled entirely to her dear sister Dove[/tab]

[tab] D G

Twenty-two years in society s plan[/tab]

[tab] F D

Was cancelled with a swing of her dear mother s hand[/tab]

Six hours later, we hit Cincinatti

Yawnin she woke and then asked where we were

When she found out, she said, "I must be goin "

This close to Nashville was too close for her

So I stopped by the roadside and I gave her five dollars

She took it then kissed me and gave me a note

She told me just to read it and mail it Nashville

On old looseleaf paper to her mother she wrote:

Chorus:

She said: Mama, I m fine, if you happen to wonder

I don t have much money but I still get around

I haven t made church in near thirty-six Sundays

So fuck all those west Nashville grand ballroom gowns

(she s a long way from the west Nashville grand ballroom gown)

@SONG: Saxophones

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

Saxophones

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

[tab]**E** **A** **E**
I cut my teeth on Gumbo rock, Benny Spellman and Dr. John[/tab]

Sweet Erma Thomas and Frogman Henry
[tab] **B**
Used to boogie woogie all night long[/tab]

[tab]**A**
Though I love rock n roll the acoustic guitar[/tab]

[tab] **E**
Was the only way I had of becomin a star[/tab]

[tab] **A**
I m doin really nice and travellin around[/tab]

[tab] **B** **A** **B**
But they won t play my record in my old home town[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **E** **A**
But if I had saxophones[/tab]

[tab] **E**
Yeah, big baritone cleanin up the muddy breaks[/tab]

[tab] **A**
If I had saxophones[/tab]

[tab] **B** **A**
I could get some recognition from that Mobile, Alabama D.J. [/tab]

Livin by the ocean, sometimes I get the notion
To take my Janey downtown
We hang out in a funky little bar
They call it the "Shipwreck Lounge"
Well we get kind of drunk and we play rock n roll
Grabbin everybody right down in his soul
When we get to cookin somethin s still wrong
There s still somethin missin from them good ole songs

Chorus:

But if we had saxophones
Big baritone cleanin up the muddy breaks
If we had saxophones
I could make that joint shimmy like a big California earthquake

Yeah if we had saxophones
Yeah, big baritone cleanin up the muddy breaks
If we had saxophones
I could get some recognition from that Mobile, Alabama D.J.

@SONG: God s Own Drunk
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
God s Own Drunk
By: Lord Buckley
1974

"Well, like I explained to y all before I ain t no drinkin man.
I tried it once, and it got me highly irregular
and I swore I d never do it again.
But I promised my brother-in-law that I d go up and watch
his still while he went into town to vote.

It was right up on the mountain where the map said it would be.
Friends let me tell you one thing though,
it wadn t no ordinary still.
It stood up that mountainside like...
like a huge golden opal,

God s yellar moon was a shinin on the cool clear evenin ,
God s little lanterns just a twinklin on and off in the heavens
and, like I explained to you once before, I ain t no drinkin man,
But, temptation got the best of me, and I took a slash...
(wshew!... woah...)

That yellar whiskey runnin down my throat like
honeydew vine water, and I took another slash.
Took another and another and another,
fore you knew it I d downed one whole jug o that shit
and commenced to get hot flashes.

Goosepimples was runnin up and down my body and a feelin came
over me like, somethin I d never experienced before,
It s like, like I was in love,

("why don t we have a little love Mike [Utley]")

In love for the first time, with anything that moved.
Animate, in-animate it didn t matter.
It s like there s a great neon sign flashin on and off in my
brain sayin, "Jimmy Buffett there s a great day a comin ..."
Cause I was drunk.

Now I wadn t, uh, knee-crawlin , slip-slidin , reggy-youngin ,
commode-huggin drunk, I was God s own drunk, and a fearless man;
And that s when I first saw the bear.

He was a Kodiak lookin fella bout 19 feet tall
he rambled up over the hill spectin me to do one of two
things: flip or fly, I didn t do either one. It hung him up.
He starts sniffin round my body tryin to smell fear,
but he ain t gonna smell no fear, cause I m God s own drunk
and a fearless man. It hung him up.
He looked me right in my eyes and my eyes was a
lot redder than his was. It hung him up.

So I approached him and I said, "Mr. Bear, I love every hair on
your 27 acre body. I know you got a lotta friends over there on
the other side of the hill. There s ole Rear Bear, Tall Bear,
Freddy Bear, Kelly Jair, Relly Bear, Smelly the Bear, Smokey
the Bear, Pokey the Bear; I want you to go back over there

tonight and tell em I m feelin right. You tell em I love each and every one of em like a brother and a sister; but if they give me any trouble tonight, I m gonna run every Goddamned one of em off the hill."

He took two steps backwards and didn t know what to think.

Neither did I, but, being charitable and cautious, well hell, I approached him again.

I said, "Mr. Bear, you know in the eyes of the Lord, we re both beasts when it comes right down to it. So I want you to be my buddy, Buddy Bear. "

So I took ole Buddy Bear by his island sized paw and I led him over to the still.

Now he s a sniffin around that thing cause he s smellin somethin good.

I gave him one of them jugs of honeydew vine water, he downed it upright, (looked like a big damn bear in the circus sippin sasparilly in the moonlight.)

I gave him another and another and another fore I knew it, he d downed eight of em and commenced to do the "bear dance." Two sniffs, a snort, a fly, a turn and a grunt; and it was so simple like the jitterbug it plumb evaded me.

And we worked ourselves into a tumultuous uproar and I s awful tired, went over to the hillside, and I laid down, went to sleep, slept for 4 hours, and dreamt me some tremulous dreams And when I woke up, Oh, there was God s yellar moon a shinin on the clear cool evenin . And God s little lanterns just a twinklin on and off in the heavens, And my buddy the bear was a missin ...

Yeah, you want to know somethin else friends and neighbors,

so was that still.

-- Spoken:

"that s a take..."

[tab]-----|

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Thank you,

The GCC authors

[end of disclaimer]

- End of the LADI34T GCC section - 9/8/94