

Songs You Know By Heart
Jimmy Buffett

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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#-----#

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

@ALBUM: Songs You Know By Heart
@SONG: Cheeseburger in Paradise
Cheeseburger in Paradise
By: Jimmy Buffett
1978
>From "Son of a Son of a Sailor"

Intro: ** Play "|" as strums or beats

Bm |||| **A** |
Bm |||| **G** |
Bm |||| **A** | **D** |

[tab] **G** **A** **D**
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits[/tab]
[tab]**G** **A** **D**
Made it nearly seventy days[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D**
Losin weight without speed, eatin sunflower seeds[/tab]
[tab]**E** **A**
Drinkin lots of carrot juice and soakin up rays[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D** **G**
But at night I d have these wonderful dreams[/tab]
[tab]**G** **A** **Bm**
Some kind of sensuous treat[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **G** **D**
Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **A** **D**
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **G** **A** **D**
Cheeseburger in paradise[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D**

Heaven on Earth with an onion slice[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D**
Not too particular, not too precise[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **A** **D**
I m just a Cheeseburger in paradise[/tab]

Heard about the old time sailor men
They eat the same thing again and again
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the dead
Well it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn

But times change, sailors these days
When I m in port I get what I need
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris
But that American creation on which I feed

Chorus:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Medium rare with mustard be nice
Heaven on Earth with an onion slice
I m just a Cheeseburger in Paradise

** (Guitar Tacet throughout)
** I like mine with lettuce and tomato
** Heinz 57 and French fried potatoes
** Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer
** Well good God almighty which way do I steer for my

Chorus:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Makin the best of every virtue and vice
Worth every damn bit of sacrifice to get a
Cheeseburger in Paradise
I need a Cheeseburger in Paradise
I m just a Cheeseburger in Paradise

Repeat intro
Repeat Guitar Tacet part (above)

@SONG: He Went To Paris
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
He Went To Paris
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973
>From "A White Sport Coat And A Pink Crustacean"

[tab]**A**
He went to Paris lookin for answers[/tab]
[tab] **D** **A**
To questions that bothered him so[/tab]

He was impressive, young and aggressive
[tab]**D** **E7**
Savin the world on his own[/tab]

```
[tab]          D
But the warm summer breezes[/tab]
[tab]          A
The French wines and cheeses[/tab]
[tab]D                                E7
Put his ambition at bay[/tab]
[tab]          A
The summers and winters[/tab]
```

Scattered like splinters
[tab] **D** **E7** **A**
And four or five years slipped away[/tab]

Then he went to England, played the piano
And married an actress named Kim
They had a fine life, she was a good wife
And bore him a young son named Jim

And all of the answers and all of the questions
Locked in his attic one day
Cause he liked the quiet clean country livin
And twenty more years slipped away

Well the war took his baby, the bombs killed his lady
And left him with only one eye
His body was battered, his whole world was shattered
And all he could do was just cry

While the tears were a-fallin he was recallin
Answers he never found
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean
And left England without a sound

Now he lives in the islands, fishes the pilin s
And drinks his Green Label each day
Writing his memoirs, losin his hearin
But he don t care what most people say

Through eighty-six years of perpetual motion
If he likes you he ll smile and he ll say
"Jimmy, some of it s magic, some of it s tragic
But I had a good life all the way"

[tab] **A**
And he went to Paris lookin for answers[/tab]
[tab] **D** **E7** **A**
To questions that bothered him so[/tab]

@SONG: Fins
@CHORDS: Brian Michalowski (bam@wam.umd.edu)
Fins
By: Jimmy Buffett, Deborah McColl, Barry Chance, Tom Corcoran
1979
>From "Volcano"

(needs work)

[tab]Intro tab: (repeat three times???) last part of tab missing

E-----	-----	-----	-----
B-----	-----	-----	-----
G-----	-----	-----	-----
D-----	-----	-----	-----
A--0--	-----1-2-3-----3-	-----2-1-0-----0-	-----1-2-3-----
E-----	-----	-----	-----

& 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &[/tab]

[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
She came down from Cincinnati[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
It took her three days on the train[/tab]
[tab]**Bb** **C** **F**
Lookin for some peace and quiet[/tab]
[tab]**Bb** **C** **F**
Hoped to see the sun again[/tab]

[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
But now she lives down by the ocean[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
She s takin care to look for sharks[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
They hang out in the local bars[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
And they feed right after dark[/tab]

[tab]**Am7** **Dm7**
Can t you feel em circlin honey?[/tab]
[tab]**Am7** **Dm7**
Can t you feel em swimmin around?[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **Bb** **C**
You got fins to the left, fins to the right[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
And you re the only bait in town[/tab]
[tab]**Am7** **Dm7** **Am7** **Dm7**
Oh whoa, Oh whoa[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **Bb** **C**
You got fins to the left, fins to the right[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **C** **F**
And you re the only bait in town[/tab]

She s saving up all of her money
Wants to head it south in May

Maybe roll in the sand with a rock n roll man
Somewhere down Montserrat way
But the money s good in the season
Helps to lighten up her load
Boys keep her high as the months go by
She s gettin postcards from the road

Chorus:

Can t you feel em closin in honey?
Can t you feel em schoolin around?
You got fins to the left, fins to the right
And you re the only girl in town

(harmonica solo)
Repeat Intro tab

Sailed off to Antigua
It took her three days on a boat
Lookin for some peace and quiet
Maybe keep her dreams afloat
But now she feels like a remora
Cause the school s still close at hand
Just behind the reef are the big white teeth
Of the sharks that can swim on the land

Repeat first chorus
Repeat Intro tab and fade

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[tab]-----|
Chord diagrams:  Bb - |x13331|  Am7 - |xo2o1o|  Dm7 - |xxo211-----|
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@SONG: Margaritaville
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Margaritaville
By: Jimmy Buffett
1977
>From "Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes"

```
[tab]D
Nibblin on sponge cake[/tab]
```

Watchin the sun bake
[tab] A
All of those tourists covered with oil[/tab]

Strummin my six-string

On my front porch swing
[tab] D D7
Smell those shrimp, they re beginnin to boil[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **G** **A** **D** **D7**
 Wastin away again in Margaritaville[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D** **D7**
 Searching for my lost shaker of salt[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D** **A** **G**
 Some people claim that there s a wo-man to blame[/tab]
[tab] **A** **G** **D**
 But I know it s nobody s fault[/tab]

I don t know the reason
I stayed here all season
Nothin to show but this brand new tattoo
But it s a real beauty
A Mexican cutie
How it got here I haven t a clue

Chorus:

Wastin away again in Margaritaville
Searchin for my lost shaker of salt
Some people claim that there s a woman to blame
Now I think
Hell, it could be my fault

Solo (based on verse chords and chorus)

I blew out my flip-flop
Stepped on a pop-top
Cut my heel had to cruise on back home
But there s booze in the blender
And soon it will render
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

Chorus:

Wastin away again in Margaritaville
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
Some people claim that there s a woman to blame
But I know
It s my own damned fault

[tab] **G** **A** **D** **A** **G**
Yes and, some people claim that there s a wo-man to blame[/tab]
[tab] **A** **G** **D**
And I know it s my own damned fault[/tab]

@SONG: Son Of A Son Of A Sailor
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Son of a Son of a Sailor
By: Jimmy Buffett
1978
>From "Son of a Son of a Sailor"

[tab]G
 As the son of a son of a sailor[/tab]
 [tab] F C G
 I went out on the sea for adventure[/tab]
 [tab] C G
 Expanding the view of the captain and crew[/tab]
 [tab] D G
 Like a man just released from indenture[/tab]

[tab] G
 As a dreamer of dreams and a traveling man[/tab]
 [tab] F C G
 I have chalked up many a mile[/tab]
 [tab] C G
 Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks[/tab]
 [tab] D G
 And I learned much from both of their styles[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] F C
 Son of a son, son of a son[/tab]
 [tab] G
 Son of a son of a sailor[/tab]
 [tab] F C
 Son of a gun, load the last ton[/tab]
 [tab] C
 One step ahead of the jailer[/tab]

Now away in the near future
 Southeast of disorder
 You can shake the hand of the Mango man
 As he greets you at the boarder

And the lady she hails from Trinidad
 Island of the spices
 Salt for your meat and cinnamon sweet
 And the rum is for all your good vices

[tab] F C
 Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind[/tab]
 [tab] G
 That our forefathers harnessed before us[/tab]
 [tab] F C
 Hear the bells ring as the tide ringing sings[/tab]
 [tab] G
 It s a son of a gun of a chorus[/tab]

Where it all ends I can t fathom my friends
 If I knew I might toss out my anchor
 So I ll cruise along always searching for songs
 Not a lawyer a thief or a banker

If it suddenly ended tomorrow
I could somehow adjust to the fall
Good times and riches and son of a bitches
I ve seen more than I can recall

Chorus:

These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes
Nothing remains quite the same
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands
If we couldn t laugh we would all go insane

(Repeat Intro chords)

I think about Paris when I m high on red wine
I wish I could jump on a plane
So many nights I just dream of the ocean
God I wish I was sailin again
Oh, yesterday s over my shoulder
So I can t look back for too long
There s just too much to see waiting in front of me
And I know that I just can t go wrong

Chorus:

With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes
Nothing remains quite the same
With all of my running and all of my cunning
If I couldn t laugh I just would go insane
If we couldn t laugh we just would go insane

[tab] **A** **F** **C** **G** **D** **A** **D**
If we weren t all crazy we would go insane[/tab]

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams: Bm - |xxo432| F#m - |xx4222|
-----|
-----|[/tab]

@SONG: Come Monday

@CHORDS: Kevin Shuholm

Come Monday

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

>From "Living and Dying in 3/4 Time"

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]
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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]
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@SONG: Pirate Looks at Forty
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Pirate Looks at 40
By: Jimmy Buffett
1974
>From "AlA"

[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: Why Don t We Get Drunk
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Why Don t We Get Drunk
By: Marvin Gardens (A.K.A. Jimmy Buffett)
1973
>From "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean"

[tab]D D7 G D
I really do, appreciate the fact you re sittin here[/tab]
[tab]D G E7
Your voice sounds so wonderful[/tab]

[tab] **E7** **A7**
But your face don t look too clear[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D**
So barmaid bring a pitcher, another round o brew[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D** **D7**
Honey why don t we get drunk and screw[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **G** **A** **D**
 Why don t we get drunk and screw?[/tab]
[tab] **E7** **A7**
 I just bought a waterbed filled up for me and you[/tab]
[tab] **G**
 They say you are a snuff queen[/tab]
[tab] **D**
 Honey I don t think that s true[/tab]
[tab] **G** **A** **D**
 So, why don t we get drunk and screw[/tab]

Spoken: "Pick it Coral Reefers, here we go..."

Solo (violin)

Chorus:

 Why don t we get drunk and screw?
 I just bought a waterbed filled up for me and you
 They say you are a snuff queen
 Honey I don t think that s true
 So, why don t we get drunk and screw?
 Yeah, now baby I say, "Lord!,"
 Why don t we get drunk and screw

@SONG: Boat Drinks

Boat Drinks

By: Jimmy Buffett

1979

>From "Volcano"

Intro: **D G A D G A**

[tab]**A D**
Boat drinks[/tab]
[tab]**G A D**
Boys in the band ordered boat drinks[/tab]
[tab]**G A D**
Visitors scored on the home rink[/tab]
[tab]**G A D G A**
Everything seems to be wrong[/tab]

[tab]**A D G A D**
Lately newspapers mentioned cheap airfare[/tab]

[tab]G A D
I gotta fly to St. Somewhere[/tab]
[tab]G A D
I m close to bodily harm[/tab]

20 degrees and the hockey game s on
Nobody cares, they re all way too far gone, screaming
Boat drinks, something to keep em all warm

This morning I shot six holes in my freezer
I think I ve got cabin fever
Somebody sound the alarm

Bridge:

[tab] Fmaj7 C
I d like to go where the pace of life s slow[/tab]
[tab] G C
Could you beam me somewhere, Mr. Scott?[/tab]
[tab] Fmaj7 C
Any old place here on Earth or in space[/tab]
[tab] E F#m7 A G F#m A
You pick the century and I ll pick the spot[/tab]

But I know I should be leaving this climate
I ve got a verse and can t rhyme it
I gotta go where it s warm

Boat drinks
Waitress, I need two more boat drinks
Then I m heading south fore my dream shrinks
I gotta go where it s warm [I gotta go where it s]
I gotta go where it s warm [I gotta go where it s]
I gotta go where it s WARM!

[tab]G A G A
I gotta go where there ain t any snow[/tab]
[tab] G A G A
Where there ain t any blow, cause my fin sinks so low[/tab]
[tab]G A D
I gotta go where it s warm[/tab]

@SONG: Grapefruit-Juicy fruit
Grapefruit-Juicy fruit
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973
>From "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean"

Intro: B C B C F# G B C

[tab]B C B C
Grapefruit a bathin suit[/tab]

[tab] **F# G**
Chew a little juicy fruit[/tab]

[tab] **C**
Wash away the night[/tab]

[tab]**B C B C**
Drive-in you guzzle gin[/tab]

[tab] **F# G**
Commit a little mortal sin[/tab]

[tab] **C**
It s good for the soul[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 C6**
And oh it gets so damn lonely[/tab]

[tab] **Dm7 G7 Cmaj7**
When you re on a plane alone[/tab]

[tab] **Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 C6**
And if I had the money honey I d strap you in beside me[/tab]

[tab] **D7 G7**
And never ever leave you leave you at home all alone and cryin [/tab]

Ten speed no need
My pickup gets me where I please
Chuggin down the street

But I ll be leavin
In a little while
So close your eyes and I ll
I ll be back real soon

Spoken: "Ah, take it Refers... Lady s choice, everybody dance..."

Repeat chorus

[tab]-----|
Chord diagrams: F# - |xx4322| D7 - |xxo212| Dm7 - |xxo211-----|
 G7 - |32ooo1| Cmaj7-|x32ooo| C6 - |xx2213-----|
-----|
-----|[/tab]

@SONG: Pencil Thin Mustache

Pencil Thin Mustache

By: Jimmy Buffett

1974

>From "Living and Dying in 3/4 Time"

[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]

[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]

(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 Araby
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]

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams: E7 - |o2o1oo| A7 - |xo2o2o|
 B7 - |x212o2| **F#7-** |xx432o|
 F#m - |244222| Bb - |113331| C7 - |x3231o|-----

-----[/tab]

@SONG: Volcano
Volcano
By: Jimmy Buffett, Keith Sykes, Harry Dailey
1979
>From "Volcano"

Chorus:
[tab] **F**
I don t know[/tab]
[tab] **C7**
I don t know[/tab]
[tab] **F** **Bb**
I don t know where I m a gonna go[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C7** **F**
When the vol-cano blow[/tab]

[tab]**F** **Bb** **F**
Ground she s movin under me[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **F**
Tidal waves out on the sea[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **F**
Sulphur smoke up in the sky[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **F**
Pretty soon we learn to fly[/tab]

(Repeat chorus)

My girl quickly say to me
Mon you better watch your feet
Lava come down soft and hot
You better lava me now or lava me not

(Repeat chorus)

No time to count what I m worth
Cause I just left the planet earth
Where I go I hope there s rum
Not to worry mon soon come

(Repeat chorus)

[tab] **F** **Bb** **F**
But I don t want to land in New York City[/tab]
[tab] **C7** **F**
Don t want to land in Mexi-co[/tab]
[tab] **Bb** **F**
Don t want to land on no Three Mile Island[/tab]
[tab] **C7** **F**
Don t want to see my skin aglow[/tab]

Don t want to land in Commanche Sky park
Or in Nashville, Tennessee
Don t want to land in no San Juan airport
Or the Yukon Territory

Don t want to land no San Diego
Don t want to land in no Buzzards Bay
Don t want to land on no Eye-Yatollah
I got nothin more to say

(Repeat chorus)

[tab]-----

Disclaimer -(please read)-:[/tab]

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laws. We claim no responsibility for what others do with these
lyrics and chord arrangements.

Thank you,
The GCC authors
[end of disclaimer]

- End of the SYKBH GCC section...