Trying To Reason Jimmy Buffett

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#----#
#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. #
#----#
<9303092225.AA01920@moe.coe.uga.edu>
Subject: song -TryingToReasonWithHurricaneSeason- Jimmy Buffett
To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu
Date: Tue, 9 Mar 93 17:25:10 EST
Cc: mike@ah.ucns.uga.edu
X-Mailer: ELM [version 2.3 PL11]
This one is published in the book "The Songs of Jimmy Buffett"
CPP/Belwin Inc., 1978. Enjoy.
// Mike A. Hall
               // "If I don t die by Thursday, //
// mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu // I ll be roarin Friday night." //
                                     --J.Buffett //
                      //
Trying to Reason with Hurricane Season
_____
[Words and Music by Jimmy Buffett, (c) 1974 Duchess Music Corp.]
[tab] D
                              G
                                                 D
Squalls out on the gulf stream, big storms comin soon.[/tab]
                    D
                          E7
I passed out in my hammock, God, I slept till way past noon.[/tab]
[tab]G
Stood up and tried to focus, [/tab]
                                   G
                                       Α
I hoped I wouldn t have to look far.[/tab]
I knew I could use a Bloody Mary, [/tab]
so I stumbled next door to the bar.[/tab]
Chorus:
[tab]
       D
                Bm
   And now I must confess, I could use some rest.[/tab]
                       A7
[tab]
   I can t run at this pace very long.[/tab]
                                    F#m
   Yes it s quite insane, I think it hurts my brain.[/tab]
[tab]
              G
                               A7
   But it cleans me out and then I can go on.[/tab]
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There s something about this Sunday, it s a most peculiar gray. Strolling down the avenue that s known as AlA.

I was feeling tired, then I got inspired.

And I knew that it wouldn t last long.

So all alone I walked back home, sat on my beach and then I made up this song.

(repeat chorus)

3.

Well, the wind is blowin harder now, fifty knots or there about the same on the ocean and I meats this for waterspoons.
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Well, the wind is blowin harder now, fifty knots or there abouts. There s white caps on the ocean, and I m watchin for waterspouts. It s time to close the shutters, it s time to go inside. In a week I ll be in gay Paris;
Well that s a mighty long airplane ride.
(repeat chorus and fade)

Chord diagrams: