

White Sport Coat
Jimmy Buffett

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#-----#

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

@ALBUM: A White Sport Coat And A Pink Crustacean
@SONG: Great Fillin Station Holdup
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Great Fillin Station Holdup
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

Intro: G D A D
[tab]D
I pulled into the regular pump[/tab]
[tab] G D
I was feelin quite at ease[/tab]
[tab] E A
I rolled down my window and told the man, "Fifty cents worth please"[/tab]
[tab] G D
Then out jumped my partner with his trusty pellet gun[/tab]
[tab] D D A D
He said, "Boy, this is a holdup, keep a pumpin and don t run"[/tab]

Chorus:
[tab] G A D
And now I wish I was somewhere other than here[/tab]
[tab] G A E A
Down in some honky tonk, sippin on a beer[/tab]
[tab] G A D
Yes I wish I was somewhere other than here[/tab]
[tab] G D
Cause that great fillin station holdup[/tab]
[tab] A D
Cost me two good years[/tab]

We got fifteen dollars and a can of STP
A big ole jar of cashew nuts and a Japanese TV

Feelin we had pulled the biggest heist of our career
We re wanted men, we ll strike again
But first let s have a beer

(Repeat chorus)

We were sittin in the Krystal
About as drunk as we could be
In walked the deputy sheriff
And he s holdin our TV
He roughed us and he cuffed us
And he took us off to jail
No picture on a poster
No reward and no bail

(Repeat chorus and fade)

@SONG: Railroad Lady

Railroad Lady

By: Jimmy Buffett, Jerry Jeff Walker

1973

Chorus:

[tab] **F**
She s a railroad lady[/tab]
[tab] **C**
Just a little bit shady[/tab]
[tab] **G7** **C**
Spendin her days on the train[/tab]
[tab] **F**
She s a semi-good looker[/tab]
[tab] **C**
But the fast rails they took her[/tab]
[tab] **G7** **F** **G** **C**
Now she s tryin , just tryin to get home again[/tab]

[tab] **C** **C7** **F** **C**
South Station in Boston to the freightyards of Austin[/tab]
[tab] **G7**
>From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans rain[/tab]
[tab]**C** **C7**
Now that the railpacks[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
Has taken the best tracks[/tab]
[tab] **G7** **C**
She s tryin , just tryin to get home again[/tab]

Chorus:

She s a railroad lady
Just a little bit shady
Spendin her life on a train

Once a pullman car traveller
Now the brakeman won't have her
She's tryin', just tryin' to get home again

Once a high ballin' loner he thought he could own her
Bought her a fur and a big diamond ring
She hocked 'em for cold cash
Left town on the Wabash
Never thinkin', never thinkin' of home way back then

But the rails are now rusty
The dinin' car's dusty
Gold plated watches have taken their toll
Yeah the railroads are dyin'
And the lady she's cryin'
On a bus to Kentucky and home that's her goal

Chorus:

She's a railroad lady
Just a little bit shady
Spendin' her life on a train
She's a semi-good looker
But the fast rails they took her
Now she's tryin', just tryin' to get home again

[tab]**C** **G7** **F** **G** **C**
Yes on a bus to Kentucky and home once again[/tab]

@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: Grapefruit-Juicy fruit

Grapefruit-Juicy fruit

By: Jimmy Buffett

1973

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: Cuban Crime of Passion
@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)
Cuban Crime of Passion
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

Intro: D G(alt) D(alt) A(alt) G(alt) D(alt2)

[tab] D G D
Well now Billy Voltaire was a piano player up from Miami way[/tab]
He used to play in the bars, he could sound like the stars

[tab] **E7** **A7**
 The ladies would pay and pay[/tab]
 [tab] **G** **D** **C** **G**
 But one night he did wind up playin in Havana town[/tab]
 [tab] **D** **A** **D**
 Nobody knew, least Billy Voltaire that these were his final sounds[/tab]

He met up with Merrita, a dancer in from the coast
 Half woman, half child she drove him half wild
 He loved that lady the most
 But one night he did find her in the arms of shrimper Dan
 So he pulled a knife, took poor Danny s life
 Then he turned his own cold hand

Chorus:

[tab] **D** **G**
 It s just a Cuban crime of passion[/tab]
 [tab] **D**
 Messy and old-fashioned[/tab]
 [tab] **A** **D**
 Yeah, that s what the papers did say[/tab]
 [tab] **G**
 It s just a Cuban crime of passion[/tab]
 [tab] **D**
 Anjejo and knives a-slashin [/tab]
 [tab] **A** **A-B-C**
 But that s what the people like to read about[/tab]
 [tab] **A-B-C** **D**
 Up in America, up in America[/tab]

(Repeat Intro chords)

Well now, they never found Merrita
 Some people say she got ill
 Billy Voltaire had no one to claim him
 He was buried on Pauper s Hill
 And no one talks about him no more, it happened just a week ago
 But people get by and people get high,
 In the tropics they come and they go

(Repeat chorus)

(Repeat Intro chords and fade)

[tab]Chord diagrams:

 |xx0787| - **G**(alt)
 |xx0-11-10-10--| - **D**(alt)
 |xx09-10-9-----| - **A**(alt)[/tab]
 [tab]|xx0775| - **D**(alt2)
 *****[/tab]

@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

[tab] **D** **D7** **G** **D**
I really do, appreciate the fact you re sittin here[/tab]

Your voice sounds so wonderful

[tab] **E7** **A7**
But your face don t look too clear[/tab]

[tab] **G** **D**
So barmaid bring a pitcher, another round a 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: Peanut Butter Conspiracy
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
Peanut Butter Conspiracy
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

[tab]**C** **G**
Looking back at my hard luck days[/tab]

[tab] **F** **C**

I really do have to laugh[/tab]
[tab]**C** **G**
Working in a dive for twenty six dollars[/tab]
[tab]**F** **G**
Spending it all on grass[/tab]

[tab]**F** **C**
We were hungry hard luck heros[/tab]
[tab]**F** **G**
Trying just to stay alive[/tab]
[tab]**F** **C**
We d go down to the corner drug[/tab]
[tab]**D** **G**
This is how we d survive[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **C**
Who s going to steal the peanut butter?[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
I ll get a can of sardines[/tab]
[tab] **C**
Running up and down the aisle of the mini mart[/tab]
[tab] **F** **G**
Sticking food in our jeans[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
We never took more than we could eat[/tab]
[tab] **F** **G**
There was plenty left on the rack[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
We all swore if we ever got rich[/tab]
[tab] **G** **C**
We would pay the mini mart back[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C** **F** **C**
Yes sir! Yes sir![/tab]
[tab] **G** **C**
We would pay the mini mart back[/tab]

It was a two man operation
Had it all down on a note
Ricky would watch that big round mirror
And I d fill up my coat

Then we d head for the checkout aisle
With a lemon and a bottle of beer
Into to the car, got to make it on home
Supper time s gettin near

(Repeat chorus)

I guess every good picker has had some hard times
I sure had my share
It s really kind of funny to laugh at it now

But I don t want to go back there

So every now and then when I m in the grocery
I take a little but not much
You never know when those hard times will hit you
And I don t want to lose my touch

(Repeat chorus)

@SONG: They Don t Dance Like Carmen No More
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
They Don t Dance Like Carmen No More
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

Intro: (see tab) **C A F G C A F G**

[tab](Intro Tab:)	("Run" tab:)	
e-----	e -----	
b-----	b -----2--3--2-----	
g-----	g -----2-----2-----	
d-----	d -----2-----2-----	
a-----0--3--0-----	a -3-2-1-----	
E---3-----	E -----	[/tab]

[tab]**C A F G**
Walkin down new streets the music is loud[/tab]
[tab]**C A F G**
Neon signs bring in tumultuous crowds[/tab]
[tab] **F G "Run" A**
But I m just an old man, I d probably get sore[/tab]
[tab] **F G C C A F G**
Cause they don t dance like Carmen no more[/tab]

She and old Cogie, my what a pair
Just doin the Rhumba as no one else dared
Slidin and glidin past Hollywood floors
But they don t dance like Carmen no more

She had a big hat, my it was high
Had bananas and mangos all piled to the sky
And how she could balance it, I wouldn t dare
Cause they don t dance like Carmen nowhere

But the lady s not with us, she died long ago
And they don t run her movies on late midnight shows
Cause the kids would get restless, and the grown-ups would snore
Cause they don t dance like Carmen no more

(Repeat second verse w/ "hardwood waxed floors")

No more, no more
And I m just an old man, I d probably get sore
But they don t dance like Carmen no more
10 cents a dance, might take a chance (fade)

@SONG: I Have Found Me A Home
@CHORDS: (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)/(mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)
I Have Found Me A Home
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

[tab] **A** **D**
Days drift by, they don t have names[/tab]
[tab]**A** **D**
None of the streets here look the same[/tab]
[tab]**G** **Em** **A** **D**
There s so many quiet places[/tab]
[tab]**E7** **A7**
Smilin eyes match the smilin faces[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **G** **Em** **A** **D** **G** **Em** **A** **Bm**
And I have found me a home, I have found me a home[/tab]
[tab] **G** **D** **E7** **A7**
You can have the rest of everything I own[/tab]
[tab] **G** **Em** **A** **D**
Cause I have found me a home[/tab]

My old red bike gets me around
To the bars and the beaches of my town
There aren t many reasons I would leave
Cause I have found me some peace
[tab] **Bm**
And the ladies aren t demanding here, [/tab]
[tab] **D**
They ll never ask too much[/tab]
[tab] **Bm** **E7**
When you re comin off a cold love, that s sure[/tab]
[tab] **A7**
A nice warm touch[/tab]

(Repeat Chorus)

And the days drift by, they don t have names
And none of the streets here look the same
There aren t many reasons I would leave
Cause I have found me some peace

(Repeat chorus)

@SONG: My Lovely Lady

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

My Lovely Lady

By: Jimmy Buffett

1973

[tab] **C** **G**
When I pay my bills[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
Gonna leave these Tennessee hills[/tab]
[tab]**Am**
Take my lady to the sea[/tab]
[tab] **C** **G**
That s where we both come from[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
That s where we both belong[/tab]
[tab]**Am** **G**
Think I ll go back to the Keys[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **F** **C**
Cause I don t want the fame that brings confusion[/tab]
[tab] **F** **G** **Am**
Where people recognize you on a plane[/tab]
[tab] **F** **C**
All I want s the quiet and the comforts[/tab]
[tab] **D** **G** **C**
That livin with my lovely lady brings[/tab]

Somehow we survived the double talk and jive
Things are looking better all the time
I owe her all I can cause she made me understand
The simple way that we should live our lives

Chorus:

And I don t want the fame that brings confusion
Where people recognize you on a plane
All I want s the quiet and the comforts
That livin with my lovely lady brings

Let me tell you now she can eat her own weight up in crab meat
And there s plenty of that down there by the sea
Well we re sailin in those warm December breezes
Sendin picture postcards back to Tennessee

Chorus:

Yes and I don t want the fame that brings confusion
Where people recognize you on a plane
All I want s the quiet and the comforts
That livin with my lovely lady brings
Yeah that livin with my lovely lady brings

@SONG: Death of an Unpopular Poet
@CHORDS: Sean Costello (costells@guvax.georgetown.edu)
Death of an Unpopular Poet
By: Jimmy Buffett
1973

Note:

- ** This song is played capoed on the 5th fret. The key is generally
- ** "D" in the verse, but with a bassnote run.
- ** It s fingerpicked, so play with it a little to get the right sound.

Intro: D D/C# D/B D/A G A D Dsus4 D

[tab]D D/C# D/B D/A G A
I once knew a poet who lived before his time[/tab]

[tab]D D/C# D/B D/A G A
He and his dog Spooner listened while he d rhyme[/tab]

[tab]Bm F#m Bm C C/B Am7 A Asus4 A
Words to make you happy, words to make you cry[/tab]

[tab]D D/C# D/B D/A G A D Dsus4 D
Then one day the poet suddenly did die[/tab]

[tab] D D/C# D/B D/A G A Asus4
But he left behind a closet filled with verse and rhyme[/tab]

[tab]D D/C# D/B D/A G A Asus4
Through some strange transaction, one was printed in the Times[/tab]

[tab]Bm F#m Bm C C/B Am7 A Asus4 A
And everybody s searchin for the king of underground[/tab]

BRIDGE:

[tab] D D/C# D/B D/A G A D Dsus4
Well they found him down in Florida with a tombstone for a crown[/tab]

[tab]G D/F# A G D/F# A
Every-body knows the line from his book that cost \$4.99[/tab]

[tab]G D/F# A G D Dsus4 D
I wonder if he knows he s doin quite this fine[/tab]

Cause his books are all bestsellers
And his poems were turned to song
Had his brother on the talk shows
Though they never got along
And now he s called immortal, yes he s even taught in school
They say he used his talents, a most proficient tool

But he left all of his royalties to Spooner his old hound
Growin old on steak and bacon in a doghouse ten feet round
And everybody wonders did he really lose his mind?
No he was just a poet who lived before his time
He was just a poet who lived before his time

[tab]-----|

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Thank you,
The GCC authors
[end of disclaimer]

- end of AWSPAAPC section - MAH 9/8/94