

## He Went to Paris – Jimmy Buffett

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He went to Paris lookin' for answers to **questions** that bothered him so

He was impressive, young and aggressive **savin'** the world on his **own**

But the **warm** summer breezes the **French** wines and cheeses **put** his ambition at **bay**

The **summers** and winters scattered like splinters and **four** or five **years** slipped away

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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

### *Instrumental Break*

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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**”

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