

Squalls out on the gulf stream, **big** storm is coming **soon**
I **passed** out in my **hammock...** and **God**, I slept till way past **noon**
Stood up and tried to **focus**, I hoped I wouldn't have to look **far ...**
I **knew** I could use a Bloody **Mary**, so I **stumbled** next door to the **bar**
/ D - G D / G D E7 A / G D - C A / G D A D /

And now I **must** confess, I could **use** some rest
I can't run at **this** pace very **long**
Yes, it's **quite** insane, I think it **hurts** my brain
But it **cleans** me out, and **then** I can go **on**
/ Bm - F#m - / G A D - / :

There's something about this Sunday, it's a most peculiar gray
Strollin' down the avenue that's known as A1A
Feelin' tired then I got inspired, 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 ... *chorus*

Interlude

/ G A D - / :

Well, the wind is blowing harder now, fifty knots, or thereabouts
There's whitecaps on the ocean, and I'm watching for water-spouts
It's time to close the shutters, it's time to go inside
In a week I'll be in gay Paris, that's a mighty-long airplane ride ... *chorus*