

Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes – Jimmy Buffett

I took off for a weekend last month just to try and recall the whole year
All of the faces and all of the places, wond'rin' where they all disappeared
I didn't ponder the question too long, I was hungry and went out for a bite
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum and we wound up drinking all night

/ D G A D / / Bm F#m G A / G D A D /

It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes – nothing remains quite the same
With all of our running and all of our cunning, if we couldn't laugh we would all go insane

/ G D A D / G D A GD - - /

Reading departure signs in some big airport, reminds me of the places I've been
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure, makes me want to go back again
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

These changes...

Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh we would all go insane

I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine, I wish I could jump on a plane
But so many nights I just dream of the ocean, God I wish I was sailin' again
Whoa, yesterdays are 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

With these changes...

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, if we weren't all crazy we just would go insane