

# Migration

Jimmy Buffett

Edited 09-04-2023

C C C C

A | -3-3-3-3---3-3-- | -3-3-3-3---3-3-- | -2-2--2--1-0---- |  
E | -0-0-0-1---2-3-- | -0-0-0-1---2-3-- | -0-0--0--0-0---- |  
C | -0-0-0-0---0-0-- | -0-0-0-0---0-0-- | -0-0--0--0-0---- |  
G | -0-0-0-0---0-0-- | -0-0-0-0---0-0-- | -0-0--0--0-0---- |

C C C

A | ----- | ----- | ----- |  
E | --3--2--1--0---- | ----- | ----- |  
C | ----- | ----- | ----- |  
G | ----- | ----- | ----- |

...oh Lookin' back at my back-ground  
Tryin' to figure out how I ever got here  
Some things are still a my-stery to me  
While others are much too clear  
I'm just livin' in the sun-shine  
Stay contented most of the time  
Yeah, listenin' to Murphy, Walker, and Willis  
Sing me their Texas rhymes—

C C  
Now most of the people who re-tire in Florida  
Are wrinkled and they lean on a crutch  
And mobile homes are smo-therin' my keys  
I hate those bastards so much  
I wish a summer squall would blow them  
All the way up to fantasy land  
Yeah, they're ugly and square, they don't belong here  
They looked a lot better as beer cans

## CHORUS

C | Am | Am  
Yeah and that's why it's still a mystery to me  
| G | G |  
Why some people live like they do  
Am | Am  
So many nice things happenin' out there  
| D | G |  
They never even seen the clues  
| F | F |  
Oh, but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme  
| C | Am |  
I know we been doin' our part  
| F | C |  
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
| G | Am | Am | C |  
And some Texas hidden here in my heart

C | C | C |  
Well, now I might have joined the Merchant Marine  
| G | G7 |  
If I hadn't learned how to sing  
| G | G | |  
And on top of all that I got married too early  
C | C |  
'Cost me much more than a ring  
| F | F |  
But now those crazy days are over  
| C | | Am |  
Just gotta learn from the wrong things you've done  
| D | D | |  
I came off the rebound, started lookin' around  
F G | C |  
Figured out it's time to have a little fun

## CHORUS

C | Am | Am  
Yeah and that's why it's still a mystery to me  
| G | G |  
Why some people live like they do  
Am | Am  
So many nice things happenin' out there  
| D | G |  
They never even seen the clues  
| F | F |  
Oh, but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme  
| C | Am |  
I know we been doin' our part  
| F | C |  
Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
| G | Am | Am | C |  
And some Texas hidden here in my heart

Well, now if I ever live to be an old man  
 I'm gonna sail down to Martini-que  
 I'm gonna buy me a sweat-stained Bogart suit  
 And an African para-keet  
 And then I'll sit him on my shoulder  
 And open up my trusty old mind  
 I gonna teach him how to cuss, teach him how to fuss  
 And pull the cork out of a bottle of wine

CHORUS

Yeah and that's why it's still a mystery to me  
 Why some people live like they do  
 So many nice things happenin' out there  
 They never even seen the clues  
 Oh, but we're doin' fine, we can travel and rhyme  
 I know we been doin' our part  
 Got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
 And some Texas hidden here in my heart

Yeah, got a Caribbean soul I can barely control  
 And some Texas hidden here in my he-art

