

# Jimmy Buffett, Floridays (Reggae Version)

I come from where the rivers meet the sea  
That's part of why I'm so wild and fancy free  
I was early into crazy ways  
My folks said, "It's just a phase"  
They were hoping for better days

Now in my line of work I seem to see a lot more than most  
Write 'em down, pas 'em around  
It's the gospel from the coast  
Reflections, not just replays  
Takin' time to escape the maze  
Lookin' for better days

I spent a year of my life one night  
On the beaches in old Beirut  
Seems that all they're aimin' for there  
Is to hang around and shoot  
Each others' lives away  
Bloody winds on a distant bay  
They're lookin' for better days

Looking to the left, looking to the right  
Looking to the stars to shed some light  
Hoping for a breath, hoping for break  
Hopin' for the give without the take

The dreamers line the state road  
Just to watch the runway show  
Slouched behind their steering wheels  
They just watch the big jets go  
Streakin' through the morning haze  
Focal point of a distant gaze  
Lookin' for better days

Pale invaders and tanned crusaders  
Are worshipping the sun  
On the corner of "walk" and "don't walk";  
Somewhere on US 1  
I'm back to livin' Floridays  
Blue skies and ultra-violet rays  
Lookin' for better days

I'm back to livin' Floridays  
Blue skies and ultra-violet rays  
Lookin' for better days, lookin' for better days  
Lookin' for Floridays

Better days, better days  
Everybody's lookin' for better days  
Somewhere beneath the shining star  
Better days, mon't you take me to better days  
Better days, I sure could use a few better days  
Floridays