

# Jimmy Buffett, Prince Of Tides

African drums are silent and the Wingos  
are poets at last  
Out on Dafuskie Island, the bulldozers  
bury the past  
And the low country sinks, she cannot swim  
the dogwood feels the hurt  
While the foursome plays on borrowed days in  
their alligator shirts

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

One night they put a price on the sunset and that  
got the whole earth shakin'  
Those rose from the grave both the weak and the brave  
'cause history was there for the makin'  
And the winos surrounded the condos forming  
a frail human fence  
And they shouted out loud to the roar of the crowd  
"Same old story, more dollars than sense"

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see  
Paperback novels make young girls dream and  
Judy's spending quieter days in the stream  
With Giovinno, Goodman, Phil and Mac D, they were  
such good friends to me

Now I realize who killed the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

Heaven knows but God decides  
When to kill the Prince of Tides  
How can you tell how it used to be  
When there's nothing left to see

Nothing left to see  
And beach music beach music beach music  
just plays on