Foreword

A big book these days is a big thing, but a big songbook is really a big thing. I started playing guitar in the day when you went into a music store and bought sheet music for just one song. I bought plenty. Then occasionally you would spend your hard-earned money, if you had any, on a book of songs that were on a particular album. My first one of those was a Gordon Lightfoot book and I learned every song and I can still play them today. Joni Mitchell was my next one. I guess I was in my Canadian period, but I did the same thing and then tried to figure out her tunings. So, when the folks from Alfred approached us about a huge book of songs, I really couldn’t quite grasp the conception. How big was big?

Well that question was soon answered when a large FedEx box arrived at my house and inside was the Joni songbook Complete So Far. Boy did that bring back memories, and my knee-jerk reaction was to open to a song and start playing. It was “Amelia,” one of my favorites, as a flier and long-time Joni fan. Then I just thumbed through the pages. A lot of songs brought back a lot of memories, for to me that is what a song should do. It should tell your story as the writer, but more importantly should be part of the life of the person who is listening as well, whether they are learning or just enjoying the simple magic music brings. I am honoured to have been chosen by Alfred to have a book. My hope is that a collection like this inspires others, as the Joni book did for me. Have fun—that is what living is all about to me.

JIMMY BUFFETT
WAIKIKI BEACH
HONOLULU, HAWAII
MARCH 29, 2016
Who is this man still building on a 40-plus-year career, with 50 greatest hits you’ve never heard on the radio? How does an “unknown” artist pack major concert venues year after year, coast to coast, and around the globe? Magnetism? A vast magic trick? Has he cast a spell on his audience?

It’s more like he’s given his listeners incentive to dream.

Here’s the legend: His command post is a beach hammock between two palm trees with a sunrise to one side, a heart-stopping sunset on the other. He’s surfing in Hawaii, navigating a traditional schooner, piloting a Cessna Caravan floatplane, or wandering the Bahamas’ Out Islands in search of historic lighthouses. He is burning up a laptop with a 90,000-word novel. Bringing 40,000 people to their feet within the first 10 seconds of a song called “Fins.”

From time to time, year after year, all of this is true.

People have called him a tropical troubadour, a balladeer with a country feel, an easy-rocker with a Caribbean back beat. None of that captures it.

Jimmy, with a Capital L
He’s always been impossible to classify, in his music and lifestyle. Author P. J. O’Rourke once described him as a “one-man Spring Break.” Even Jimmy has trouble defining himself. In A Pirate Looks at Fifty he told his life story in 400 words, then thought again and wrote 400 pages. Where did that get him? He is one of fewer than ten authors in the history of The New York Times bestsellers to have had a No. 1 in both fiction and non-fiction. Three others were Steinbeck, Faulkner, and Hemingway.

Spinning tales always has been his glory. Jimmy’s friends accuse him of expanding the truth, basking in a storybook existence, living a future lyric. His fans simply want more insight, more images, more clues to living the good life. Call his songs fictional poetry, his vignettes musical short stories, his actors true characters, and all of it more than believable.

What kind of life does he lead in this new century? Buffett has learned well from the hectic rock ’n’ roll trail. He approaches every day as a blank slate that must overflow with work, fun, food, and scenery.
Jimmy’s lifestyle absorbs his natural surroundings, his friends, books, travel, art, and parenthood, and layers it with social responsibility. He’s out there paying attention so his lyrics can reflect the world around us all. Always bubbling under the surface is a gleeful stroke of off-the-wall behavior, a spontaneity, and a reminder to kick butt because we’re only here for a little while. To him, it’s Life, capital L.

Here’s the real inside stuff. Jimmy secretly enjoys taking care of business. He’s been that way since before “Margaritaville” hit the charts almost 40 years ago. Amidst the rock craziness of the late ’70s, Jimmy would hide in hotel rooms to organize receipts and invoices, fearful that someone might catch him in the act, might blow the whistle on his already-growing party image. But if he hadn’t done the drudge work behind the scenes, through all these years, he might have wound up a one-hit wonder, getting by on a bushel of rewritten memories. Instead, he gets to host three dozen of the best parties in the nation each year—plus a few in other countries. His concerts are legendary inside the music business and out in the real world.
**DISCOGRAPHY**

*Down to Earth* (Barnaby) .................................................................1970

*High Cumberland Jubilee* (Barnaby) ..............................................1971

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*Rancho Deluxe* (Soundtrack) (United Artists).................................1975

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AFRICAN FRIEND

Moderately \( \frac{1}{2} = 102 \)

Intro:

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
G & C/G & G & D & C & G \\
\end{array}
\]

Play 2 times

Verse:

barking at Duvalier Airport, seeking transportation to town. As the purple ink dried on his passport, he could still feel the eyes lookin' round. "Messieurs, ou est le casino?" he spoke to the cabbie and smiled. The driver replied, "Vieux ou nouveaux?" as he motioned the dark man inside.

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**Verse 2:**
We were rollin' the bones several hours,
Conversing as most gamblers do.
We were calling on all of our powers,
Hoping to see the night through.
But not approving at all of our winning,
The pit boss he tugged at his sleeve.
Through the whole thing my new friend was grinning,
When he motioned it's time we should leave.

**Verse 3:**
But, I woke up on the steps of a whorehouse,
A soldier told me I better leave.
As I stumbled to find me a taxi,
I saw a note pinned to my sleeve.
"It was a pleasure and a hell of an evening,
It truly was our night to win.
But the authorities insist on my leaving
Take care, my American friend."

**To Chorus 2:**

**To Chorus 3:**
AUTOUR DU ROCHER

Words and Music by
JIMMY BUFFETT, HENRI LEDEE, LEON LEDEE,
MARCEL LIMODIN and JEAN-JACQUES KRAIF

Moderately \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{m}} = 90 \) Intro:

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

Verses 1 & 3:

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Em7} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Em7} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

say it was a plan- et, some say it was a rock. For five wild years in L‘Or - i - ent the
Em7
part - y never stopped.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

There were pir - ates from the Indi - es, there were
ev - ry night at mid - night seems the

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

mod - els from Par - is. There were lo - cals and New York - ers and the Bra-

dev - il took con - trol. And the hill be - came a park - ing lot

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

- zil - ian Na - vy. fueled by rock- n’ - roll.

Verses 2, 4, & 6:

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

min - i - smoke and scoot - ers in cabs and sto - len cars came the crea - tures of the eve - ning from St.
talk - ing by the can - non but I could - n’t be - lieve my ears. The Rus - sian had plu - to - ni - um, the
Em7
gen - darness fi - n’ lly closed the joint and the fire it did the rest. But on New Year’s Eve of nine - ty one we

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]


\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

sang one last re - quest. They shook hands in the moon - light and broke out big ci - gar. Just

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*} \]

We were danc-ing in the ash - es, we were danc-ing by the sea. We were
Autour du Rocher - 3 - 2

**Verse 2:**

**Chorus:**


Vien faire un tour au tour du rocher. On croisera les fan-tomes du passe.

**To Coda**

Viens faire un tour au tour du rocher. Sur les souvenirs l'herbe a poussé.

---

**Verse 3:**

3. The

It was better than a painting au Musée de Beaux Arts. And simply what we did for fun back in the old St. Barts. Then the glitz and all the glamour hit like a hurricane._ Or
Hello, everybody. This is a little tale about a hotel in the Caribbean that I used to own a piece of. Well, it wasn't really a hotel; it was a patio bar with funky rooms and an outdoor disco with bad wiring. Some people said, if you looked between the cracks of the floor boards of our dance floor, you would see Hell. If you ever went there, you know what I'm talking about. If you never did, then we thought we'd send you a little musical souvenir about another place and another time.

Back in the old St. Barts. You know, in the beginning of rock 'n' roll, Bill Haley used to rock around the clock.

After Chorus:
(Spoken:) Yeah, you could see 'em coming up the hill. Headlights on those mini-mokes trying to find a parking place in our parking lot. Sometimes the party just started out there and never made it into the building. You never just knew.

(To Verse 1:)

(Spoken:) Yeah, all good things have to come to an end sometime. Some say it was a grease fire in the kitchen. Some say the turntable and the disco melted down. And like a lot of good things in this world, how it went down is still a mystery.

(To Verse 6:)

(Spoken:) Yeah, those ruins are still up there. I get back to St. Barts every now and then. I can drive down that little road next to L'Orient, look up that hill full of memories.

(To Verse 3:)

(Spoken:) Wild memories.

(To Verse 3:)

Autour du Rocher - 3 - 3
BANK OF BAD HABITS

*To match recording, tune down 1/2 step:
⑥ = Eb  ③ = Gb
⑤ = Ab  ② = Bb
④ = Db  ① = Eb

Moderately \( \frac{3}{4} = 102 \)

Intro:

A

*Recording sounds a half step lower than written.

Verse:

D

ru - mors and the sto - ries of my past I can’t de - ny,

2.3. See additional lyrics

D

I’m no Saint Ig - na - tius, but a - gain, I’m no bar - fly,

Fm

wrong thing is the right_ thing un - til you lose con - trol_ I’ve got this

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BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US LLC, THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC.,
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Bank of bad habits in a corner of my soul.

Chorus:
Bank of bad habits, the price of vice foretold.

One by one, they'll do you in, they're bound to take their toll.

Wrong thing is the right thing until you lose control, I've got this bank of bad habits in a corner of my soul.

To Coda

I've got this bank of bad habits in a corner of my soul.

That bank of bad habits is worth its weight in gold.
Bridge:

Time for you to spend that dough, you're the only one you owe. So, put away those alibis, you can’t fool that banker in the sky. Now,

Interlude:

let me tell you about the seven deadly sins.

Play 7 times

Spoken:
One: Pride... Thou shalt not have pride in thy neighbor.
Two: Coveting... Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife.
Three: Lust... Thou shalt not lust after his neighbor’s wife.
Four: Anger... Do not be angry with your neighbor’s wife.
Five: Gluttony... Do not eat thy neighbor’s wife’s popcorn.
Six: Envy... Do not envy your neighbor’s wife.
Seven: Sloth... Do not be a slob.
And the eighth deadly sin is...

Coda

bank of bad habits, it’s worth its weight in gold.

Play 3 times

Spoken:
Yeah, we’re talkin’ Kruggerrands, doubloons. I was wonderin’, ya think they have an ATM machine for bad habits?

Verse 2:
Last night I said goodbye to a dear old friend of mine, Just a throwback shell beach party, nothin’ really asinine. Rum and cooked animals and bullshit by the ton, That party lasted way too long and I had too much fun.

To Chorus:

Verse 3:
A picture’s worth a thousand words, just ask a camera-man, And it’s no sin to stop and look, I do it when I can. But you have to purge that urge to merge, you have to keep your head, Or trouble is what you will find inside some stranger’s bed.

To Chorus: