BOAT DRINKS

Words and Music by JIMMY BUFFETT

Moderately bright

Boat Drinks

Boys in the band ordered boat drinks.
I should be leaving this climate.

Visitors scored on the home rink.
I got a verse but can't rhyme it.

Ev'rything seems to be
I got ta go where it's

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wrong.

(a)

A

Late-

D

ly,

Boat

D

drinks.

G

A

news-pa-

per men-
tioned cheap air-

fare.

D

Wait-

ress, I need two

more boat-

drinks.

G

A

I've got-
ta fly to Saint

D

Then I'm head-
in' south 'fore my

G

A

Some-

where.

dream shrinks.

I'm close to bod-

i-ly harm.

To Coda

D

I gotta go where it's

G

A

twenty de-

grees.

A

and the hock-

ey game's on.

A

No-

bod-

cy cares; they are way-

G

A

Boat Drinks - 5 - 2
too far gone, scream'in, "Boat drinks," some-thin' to keep 'em all warm.

This morn-ing

I shot six holes in my freez-er. I think I've got cab-in fe-

ver. Some-bod- y sound the a-larm.
I'd like to go where the pace of life's slow. Could you beam me somewhere, Mister Scott? Any old place here on Earth—or in space. You pick the century and

D.S. \at Coda

I'll pick the spot. I

Coda

I gotta go where it's warm.
I gotta go where it's warm.

I gotta go where it's warm.

I gotta go where there ain't any snow, where there ain't any blow, 'cause my fin sinks so low.

I gotta go where it's warm.