SMILING OUT LOUD

He moved down from Long Island
And he’s living in Pelican Bay
He’s got a spot right on the water
And he’s got no rent to pay
He’s got no fussy neighbors
No gate or security guard
He fishes from his front porch
The beach is his backyard

CHORUS
It always seemed like a good idea
Buy a little house boat free and clear
Living on shrimp and Nav-A-Gator beer
Every day goes by without a cloud
And every time you see him
He’s smiling out loud

He’s got a life without distractions
He’s living in his own world
He’s looking for buried treasure
And hitting on the tourist girls
A kayak through the mangroves
Is as peaceful as can be
For a night out on the town
He makes the run down to Cabbage Key

REPEAT CHORUS

From the bars along the water
There’s music every day
At night there’s a hell of a light show
Direct from the Milky Way

REPEAT CHORUS

HERE TODAY…FIJI TOMORROW

When he stopped in California the message on the phone
Said so long friend I hope you’re satisfied
He thought he had it all,
But he had nothing that he wanted
Just a few things in the backpack by his side

CHORUS
Beg steal or borrow
Cause his life is wearing thin
He needs to start a brand new episode
Here today… Fiji tomorrow
It’s time to take his daydreams on the road.

Next stop Papeete on the harbor right downtown
In a local’s bar with cold Hinano beer
Way out to the west
You can catch a Bora Bora sunset
So far life is pretty good down here

REPEAT CHORUS

He’s got a case of Polynesia
And he working on the cure
Sometimes you get what you deserve
He sent back a photo
A beach full of topless women
Said the people sure are getting on my nerves

The last note that he sent
Said it was hard to leave Moorea
He thought he’d like to stay here for a while
He sent a souvenir from Fiji and a postcard from Australia
He’s island hopping living life in style

REPEAT CHORUS

LIVING ON THE COAST

Someone said you looked for me
But I was nowhere to be found
Sometimes it just makes sense
To spread myself around
Our big reunion is so long overdue
But all this concern about my life
Doesn’t sound a bit like you
I planned to write a letter
But I preferred to stay a ghost
You’ll always find me where the sun is
I’m living on the coast
Good mail never comes on Tuesdays
And I seldom take advice
Through the years I’ve learned
There’s always a gnat in paradise
And I’m much too old to care
What other people think
Sometimes I drink like I’m afraid
That I won’t get enough to drink
And when I write that letter
I’ll try not to boast
I’m happy where the sun is
I’m living on the coast

You drift in and out of my life
Like a cold summer storm
From now on I decided
I really need to be where it’s warm

And if it really matters
I’m fine don’t you worry
Fishing might be slow
But I’m seldom in a hurry
You’re still a moving target
No matter what you say
Always a little serious
Until I start to feel that way
If I write that letter
The thing that matters most
I’m happy where the sun is
I’m living on the coast

I’ll probably never write you that letter
But what I think about the most
I’m better off without you
And I’m living on the coast

Oh those sly Yankee strangers
That you meet down at the bar
Let me warn you of the dangers
Before you go too far
They charm the local girls
With a promise of romance
They are not what they appear
They come here every year
From the land of long pants

CHORUS

Oh those sly Yankee strangers
Lusting for your touch
Let me warn you of the dangers
Before you do too much
They are sneaky like the snake
And clever like a fox
They are not what they appear
They come here every year
From the land of shoes and socks

He’s not a polo player
He can’t even ride a horse
There’s no plane at the airport
And he doesn’t drive a Porsche
He sips on sissy drinks
He doesn’t like that Fish Head Beer
He doesn’t like that Fish Head Beer
Hey, what the hell is he doing here

REPEAT CHORUS

LITTLE BIRD

Little bird come sit upon my window sill
Sat there through the pouring rain
I watched that little bird upon my window sill
I saw my thoughts of you go by again

A picture of my face reflected on the pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain

I remember how we talked before we said good-bye
Too young to know the world outside our door
How we laughed and said our love was free
Like the birds that fly the wind
The rain today made me think of you once more
A picture of my face on the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain

I have no regrets about the past I see how young we were
When the world was love and life was but a thought
Many things go many ways many times but once
Our lives have past and our love is but a thought

A picture of my face reflected on the pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain

So as my thought go tumbling back
I wonder how you look
I wonder if you’ve seen that little bird
I wonder if he sat upon your window sill
I wonder if you’ll ever hear these words

A picture of my face on the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain
A picture of my face reflected on the pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain
Is it tears I see or is it rain

**BEACH PARTY TONIGHT**

The moon is full and the weather is clear
Fire up the boat and load up the beer
It’s been so long since summer was here
Beach party tonight
The sun goes down at 7 o’clock
Pack up some food and meet at the dock
We’ve got the tunes and we’re ready to rock
Beach party tonight

I’ve got my guitar and I’m ready to play
Ed’s at the helm to show us the way
Bob’s gonna dress like he wants to be gay
It’s alright, nobody cares about it

We’re gonna stay till way past dawn
Or at least till the liquor is gone
But Crazy Mark is bringing us a case of Patron
Beach party tonight

The music is loud and we’re singing along
Dancing in the sand to our favorite song
Nobody wants to put their clothes back on
It’s alright...nobody cares about it

The sun comes up and we’re headed back in
Oh what a hell of a night it has been
The next full moon we’re gonna do it again
Beach party tonight

**MEXICAN JAIL**

Through the bars on the window
I saw the glow of the moon
I heard Mexican singers singing Mexican tunes
Dogs barked in Spanish
A strange serenade
I don’t know the language
Or the sounds that they made

**CHORUS**

South of the border
They say look but don’t touch
But they served me tequila
And they served me too much
I thought she was pretty
And her love was for sale
So I spent my vacation
In a Mexican jail

Her dad was the sheriff
Her uncle the judge
Her brother the lawyer
Who carried a grudge
They chattered in Spanish
A deal was soon made
A first class excursion
To the local stockade
REPEAT CHORUS

South of the border
They say look but don’t touch
But they served me tequila
And they served me too much
I tried to persuade them
But my arguments failed
Now I’m bunking with Carlos
In a Mexican jail
Why, why, why, why
I ask myself why
Do a Mexican song
With no aye, yi, yi
Aye, yi yi, yi
Aye, yi yi, yi
Aye, yi, yi, yi
Aye, yi, yi, yi

I WISH I’D KNOWN HER THEN

Her friends say she was the only the girl everyone
looked up to
She was always the first to ask, “What would
Jesus do?”
Loving, kind, compassionate, as gentle as the
wind
She sounds almost perfect
I wish I’d known her then

Now I’m sneaking beers, dodging spears and
bouncing off the wall
Every night she starts a fight for no damned rea-
son at all
Her friends tell me about a time when she even
desired men
That sure hasn’t happened lately I wish I’d known
her then

For almost 30 minutes I was so happy with my
bride
But it looks like I hooked up with Dr Jekyll and
Mrs. Hyde
She always scored a 12 on a scale from one to ten
But tonight you bet I’ll be callin’ 9-1-1 again

Now I’m sneaking beers, dodging spears and
bouncing off the wall
Every night she starts a fight for no damned rea-
son at all
Her friends tell me about a time when she even
desired men
That sounds so unlike her I wish I’d known her
then
I doubt I’d be so miserable I wish I’d known her
then

TURNING NIGHTS INTO STORIES

I’m in Chicago
And I don’t get here that much
I’m just passing through and I thought of you
So I tried to get in touch
It’s another weekend and I’m on another plane
But I’m playing music so you won’t hear me
complain

Life is complicated
Somebody needs to turn the light back on
I’m just turning nights into stories when I can
And it’s the sweetest life I’ve ever known

The old gang is scattered
And we never keep in touch
It was long ago so I don’t know
If it matters all that much
We say we’ll get together but we never even try
We have good intentions as another year goes by

Life is so uncertain
One day you’re here the next day you’re gone
And me, I’m turning nights into stories
It’s the coolest life I’ve ever known

I must be going
I’m off to sing my songs
It’s a constant race from place to place
And I never stay that long
If my sudden phone call seems a little weird
I though I’d let you know that I haven’t disappeared

Life is pretty simple
You make your choice
Then you move along
And me, I’m turning nights into stories
It’s the coolest life I’ve ever known

Life is so uncertain
One day you’re here the next day you’re gone
And me, I’m turning nights into stories
It’s the coolest life I’ve ever known

THE BACKROOM AT BERT’S

CHORUS 1
Some folks come for the music
Some folks come for the view
Some come to play in Matlacha
And stop by for a beer or two
From fishermen in tank tops
To dudes in flowered shirts
They all hang out together
In the backroom down at Bert’s

The road out to Pine Island
Has this funky little bar
If you make it to the bridge
Then you’ve gone a bit too far
Head into the backroom and order up a beer
If the walls could talk there’s no telling what you’d hear

CHORUS 2
Some folks come for the music
Some folks come for the view
Some come to play in Matlacha
And stop by for a beer or two
From fishermen in tank tops
To dudes in flowered shirts
They all hang out together
In the backroom down at Bert’s

NONSENSE

I’m off the coast of Scotland in a fiberglass canoe
And I’m on the way to Iceland to put the moves on you
The water’s cold and bergy and thick as chocolate malt
The fish pee in the water and that’s why it tastes like salt

CHORUS
Unless I heard it wrong, they’re gonna pay me for my songs
So I thought I’d make some money right away
I wrote down all my thoughts on a big ol’ yellow pad
And it all seems like nonsense to me

In the backroom down at Bert’s
The Yard Dogs play the swamp rock
And Debbie sings the blues
I stop by on Sundays
Just to do the thing I do
One night in December everybody sang along
Cause the room was filled with Hookers
Singing Christmas songs

REPEAT CHORUS 1
REPEAT CHORUS 1
REPEAT CHORUS 1

These old Florida joints
Are getting pretty rare down here
Offer enough condo money
And they start to disappear
Stop by in the morning
And stay till after dark
Tell Bernard I sent you
If you find a place to park

REPEAT CHORUS 2
REPEAT CHORUS 2
REPEAT CHORUS 2
He had a lot of money but he wanted more  
So he went off to New Delhi and opened a convenience store  
He planned to make a fortune but he lost it all instead  
The Indians couldn’t understand a single word he said  

REPEAT CHORUS

They said it was amazing that he looked just like the king  
He had all the moves, but the boy just couldn’t sing  
But he looked like a million bucks in his fancy sequined clothes  
He looked like Elvis with a booger in his nose.

REPEAT CHORUS

The old dude at the bar was looking mighty slick  
He said my name is Richard Head, but please don’t call me Dick  
I’m looking for a girl who comes across as loose  
Her name is Joy Hancock, a professional masseuse

REPEAT CHORUS

She called from Colorado and said I want you bad  
Get here right away you’re the best I ever had  
The mountains are so pretty it’s nice and cold out here  
I said nice and cold only works with beer

REPEAT CHORUS