

A Collection of Hits and Misses From Your Favorite Land-Locked Tropical Rockers!

The
Boat Drunks

Wahine
Man



A Pirate on the Caribbean

Tangy Margaritas

Wind It Up

Wahine Man

Torrid Affair

Hypo-Christian

Hollow Man

Callin In Gone

Leave With the Girl

Big In Japan

Wake Up

A Pirate on the Caribbean (Tatar)

I wanna be where there's coconut trees and the air is salty sweet
Surrounded by the water and the temperature is hotter than a summertime St. Maarten beach
I don't wanna pillage I don't wanna plunder I just wanna spend all day in the sun
With a Cuban cigar, my four-stringed guitar and a case of Puerto Rican rum

I wish I was a pirate on the Caribbean smokin' on my boat and Havaña daydreamin'
Drinkin' margaritas and Jimmy's there singin' I wish I was a pirate on the Caribbean

I'd make my camp with a navigator's lamp underneath a starry sky
And the ocean breeze through the green palm trees will be my lullaby

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Drinkin' margaritas and Jimmy's there singin' I wish I was a pirate on the Caribbean

No sharks no fins no pirate sins no livin' a life of crime
No black eye patch no Captain Jack just Cuervo, salt and lime

The fun would never end unless the Caribbean wind blew in a big hurricane
I'd head for land toss my anchor in the sand and sing "Boat Drinks" in the rain

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Tangy Margaritas (Tatar)

I woke up with a headache that I can't seem to shake
I stayed up watching tv, I stayed up way too late
That tax whore's gettin' horny and those so-called "brilliant minds"
Got one eye on my wallet and the other one is blind
If they're gonna feed me their limes, I'll make tangy margaritas

I've never been a "yes-man" and I've worked for tons of pricks
They say that hell has seven gates and I swear I've been through six
They've sucked out all my energy and pushed me to the brink
I think I'll call in sick today and make myself a drink
If they're gonna kick me their limes, I'll make tangy margaritas

So here is the recipe to get you through your day
It's guaranteed to satisfy if you mix it the right way
Pour Cuervo in your blender don't forget to add the ice
Add bullshit for some color, mix it up and shake it twice
(But the) most important part is the lime if you want tangy margaritas
Tangy margaritas
Tangy margaritas
Tangy margaritas

[{TOP}](#)

Wind it Up (Miller)

I was talking to a waiter who was the shaman of his tribe before he left his home in Paraguay
I'm thinking I was looking just a little worse for wear as he said "Man you must have had an awful day."
I told him lately I just seem to question everything I do like am I working my whole life to end up dead?
And then lay awake at night and worry what tomorrow brings
He put his arm around my shoulder and he said

You're such a silly man everything you try to plan, plan, plan
Just sit back for awhile take some time to smile some things you weren't meant to understand
Forget your self control too much sanity just takes its toll
Let the carnival begin cast your fears into the wind
Wind it up and let it go!

Paralysis by analysis is a modern man's disease it can rob you of your life and steal you blind
We never really know how many choices that we lose when we take too long in making up our mind
That big old mynah bird he never worries 'bout a thing he just sits up in his tree all day and sings
When dwelling on the future it is good to bear in mind
Life's what happens while you're planning for other things

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Just sit back for awhile take some time to smile some things you weren't meant to understand
Forget your self control too much sanity just takes its toll
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Life is a series of random events
And you know any course can go wrong
We spend all our lives seeking out happiness
Before we find it was there all along

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Just sit back for awhile take some time to smile some things you weren't meant to understand
Forget your self control too much sanity just takes its toll
Let the carnival begin cast your fears into the wind
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The Wahine Man (Tatar)

A phallic symbol of Maori lore the ancient tiki's been here before
He's a god of the artists, a Bohemian— once Polynesia's favorite son

Like the jetsam from an abandoned ship he washes ashore at Trader Vic's
Where the A-Frame meets with Bali Ha'i he orders a Mai-Tai

Oooohhhhh
The Wahine Man
Oooohhhhhh
The Wahine Man

He longs for the bamboo in the Tonga Room
He can smell the hyacinths in bloom
And the island virgins moved soft and slow
Like dancers in a Fosse show

Oooohhhhh
The Wahine Man
Oooohhhhhh
The Wahine Man

As he sits there and ages he flips through the pages and wonders where it all went
He really is after that long missing chapter and what it all meant

His heart is beating like an island drum
While he dulls his pain with Jamaican rum
Once Lt. Cable in a Michener tale
Now a prisoner in a mental jail

Oooohhhhh
The Wahine Man
Oooohhhhhh
The Wahine Man

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Torrid Affair (Golub)

I know that I used this line before and you heard it a time or two
I'm lonely tonight and I want you tonight, I'd like to go home with you

You know I ain't a danger man-c'mon baby see about me
You're thinking twice 'bout takin' me home, you can always come home with me

It's a one night stand – a short, torrid affair
Oh so tender and over too soon – there ain't no time to care

Ain't no winner in this game
Both know that it's not true love
And no one forgets the night that was spent
So the memory brings on the pain

Morning after is always the same – nobody likes to feel that way
Romance that bloomed one night past – ends with the light of day

Nobody lies and nobody cries
But we both realize this is our only night
Nobody lies and nobody cries
But we both realize this is our only night

It's a one night stand – a short, torrid affair
Oh so tender and over too soon – there ain't no time to care
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Hypo-Christian (Tatar/Gaines)

"Praise the Lord I'm Alive!" he likes to exclaim but when you turn your back he's damning the rain
Why does Sunday morning follow Saturday night

Last night that doorman had to usher him out this morning he's an usher and a heavenly scout
Got to make that appearance it'll make everything alright

He's a HypoChristian just swelling with pride a God-fearing, hell-raising Jeckyll and Hyde
Life's too short to walk that straight of a line
He's a HypoChristian, half wrong and half right a saint all day and a sinner all night
A Friday bowlin' high rollin' soul patrolin' Brother Divine

Mouthwash and eye drops hide last night's fête and trembling hands pass the offering plate
Twelve Bells Ring, church is finally out at noon

In line at the store with his brats and beer the pastor's right behind him as he pays the cashier
Now he's got to move fast cuz kick-off is coming soon

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Now he knows all the gospels; he knows how to pray
And he knows all the strippers from Melbourne to Biscayne Bay

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Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaamen!

[{TOP}](#)

Hollow Man (Miller)

I sailed my boat into Mobile Harbor stopped by the marina to have a beer
There at a table full of empty glasses sat a man in a wrinkled suit with a three mile stare
He lit up a cigarette and waved me over; he asked me if the boat I was sailing was mine
He said he was looking for a charter and all he needed was a minute of my time

(He said) I wanna take your boat as far as it goes, feel Jamaican sand between my toes
I wanna ride on the wind just as far as I can
I won't be any trouble to haul- I can sleep anywhere at all
And I don't eat very much for a hollow man

Said he'd ran a business in Oklahoma, he came home to find his wife all packed
She took him for everything- his cars and his home; she even took the confidence he lacked
He decided to head down to the ocean because it was something he'd never seen
Something inside him hoped the salt air and the sun could wash away the life that might have been

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He gave me three hundred dollars and he said he'd bring the rest when he met me there on Tuesday at five
I don't know what became of him because he never showed but I still can't get his words out of my mind

(He said) I wanna take your boat as far as it goes, feel Jamaican sand between my toes
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I won't be any trouble to haul- I can sleep anywhere at all
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Callin In Gone (Jim Hoehn)

Dead stuck in traffic, you know I'm headed for a job I hate
Ain't nothing movin but the hands on my watch
Full throttle hurry up and wait
I'm sick of the retrace, I can't take one more day
My life is too short to live it this way
I'm dialin the office put the bossman on
I'm not callin in sick I'm callin in gone

I'm callin in gone full fledged adios
I'm leavin this cubicle for a spot on the coast
Gonna find me a beach that's where I belong
I'm not callin in sick I'm callin in gone

What the hell are you doin I keep asking myself
Only I know the answer there's nobody else
Like a rat on the wheel that's how I compare
I'm running all day and getting nowhere
So enough is enough I'm saying so long
I'm not callin in sick I'm callin in gone

No jacket and tie, no morning commute
I'm waving goodbye a one finger salute
Going down to the ocean, gonna lay in the sun
The only boss I'll hear is singing Born to Run
I've got plenty of room, why don't you come along
We won't be callin in sick, we're callin in gone

I'm callin in gone full fledged adios
I'm leavin this cubicle for a spot on the coast
Gonna find me a beach that's where I belong
I'm not callin in sick I'm callin in gone
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Leave With the Girl (Tatar)

I don't pretend to be a good guitar player or a poet before his time
I've tried to be like the late great John Lennon I end up with simpleton rhymes
I'll stick to changing diapers and bein a stay-at-home dad
I'd never make an orange margarita I'm a School of the Obvious grad

The cowboys are trying to mambo
Moving two strides in advance
If you want to be sure that you're stepping in rhythm
Just leave with the girl that you brought to the dance.

Now other folks think that they're better than me and in most ways they probably are
But watching them try to be pompously sly I'll sit back and laugh from afar
If you're not sure where you're going, you're not gonna make it in time
In the cellophane-wrapped fruit basket of life the last one picked out is the lime

I don't have all of the answers, despite what some people might think
You're not gonna fix all my problems, so sit back and finish your drink

One night a year I can face all my fears and break from my normal routine
But some folks are content just living their lives like every night's Halloween
Some like to sit on their barstools and watch and that is safe I suppose
But if more people swung with the partners they brung we wouldn't be stepping on toes

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If you want to be sure that you're stepping in rhythm
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Big in Japan (Miller)

I was still headlining arena shows in the summer of '75
I'd step out into that spotlight and those people would come alive
I thought that it would last forever but things didn't go according to plan
The thrill ride ended long ago you but ya' know....
I'm still big in Japan

I was free wheeling though the eighties when I noticed things were startin' to slow
They said I didn't fit in on MTV when my label went and let me go
I know that there's still a place out there for an aging rock and roll man
'cause I can still play all them old songs and besides...
I'm really big in Japan

I used to fly around in my own jet airplane at fifty-thousand dollars a throw
And once they even put one of my songs in a Hollywood picture show
Now I'm playing in smoky bar rooms and sleeping in my van
No I can't tell you where all the money went but I know...
I'm still big in Japan

Most of my friends were in their graves before the age of thirty-five
I used to think that I was the lucky one because I'd managed to survive
Now no one returns my phone calls, they claim they don't know who I am
But I know that ain't true because I know...
I'm really big in Japan

[TOP](#)

Wake Up (Golub)

Wake up, wake up, don't let life pass you by
Wake up, wake up, don't let life pass you by
You're missin' everything – gotta lot for you to try

Sleep the whole morning can't get up by noon
Sleep the whole morning can't get up by noon
You miss the light of day – bet you miss the light of the moon

Crawl from your bed to the easy chair
Turn the TV on and you take a nap right there

No mid-life crisis – cause you slept right through
No mid-life crisis – cause you slept right through
Don't know what to do – I'm just so tired of you

For lyin' around you surely have a knack
You make Rip Van Winkle look like an insomniac

Wake up, wake up, don't let life pass you by
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You're missin' everything – gotta lot for you to try

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