**Cheeseburger In Paradise – by Jimmy Buffet**

Tried to *amend* my *carnivorous* habits.
Made it nearly \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ days,
Losin' weight without speed,

eatin' sunflower seeds,
Drinkin' lots of carrot \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

and *soakin' up rays.*
But at night I'd have these wonderful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Some kind of sensuous treat.
Not *zucchini*, *fettuccini*, or bulgur wheat,
But a big warm bun and a huge *hunk of* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Cheeseburger in paradise.
Heaven on earth with an \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ slice.
Not too particular, not too precise.
I'm just a cheeseburger in paradise.

Heard about the old time sailor men,
They’d eat the same thing \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_;
Warm beer and bread they say could raise the dead.
Well, it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn.

But times have changed for sailors these days.
When I'm in port I get what I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris,
But that American creation on which I feed!

Cheeseburger in paradise

*medium rare* with *mustard*'d be nice
Not too particular, not too precise
I'm just a cheeseburger in paradise.

I like mine with \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_e and t\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Heinz 57 and french fried \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Big kosher *pickle* and a cold *draught beer*
Well good God Almighty which way do I *steer*?

For a cheeseburger in paradise
Makin' the best of every *virtue* and *vice*.
Worth every damn bit of sacrifice
To get a cheeseburger in paradise;
To be a cheeseburger in paradise.
I'm just a cheeseburger in paradise.

**Highwayman**

I was a *highwayman*.

Along the *coach* roads I did ride
With *sword* and *pistol* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Many a *young maid* lost her *\*baubles* to *my trade* Many a soldier *shed his lifeblood* on my *blade*
The bastards *hung* me in the spring of twenty-five
But I am still alive.

I was a sailor. I was born upon the *tide*
And with the sea I did *abide*.
I sailed a *schooner* round the Horn of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_
I went *aloft* and *furled* the *mainsail* in *a blow*
And when the *yards* broke off,

they said that I got \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
But I am living still.

I was a *dam* builder,

across the river deep and wide
Where *steel* and water did *collide*
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I *slipped* and fell into the wet *concrete* below
They buried me in that great *tomb that knows no sound*
But I am still around..

I'll always be around..and around and around...

I fly a *starship*

across the Universe divide
And when I reach the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again
Or I may simply be a single drop of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_
But I will remain
And I'll be back again, and again and again and again and again..

**A Boy Named Sue – by Johnny Cash**

Well, my daddy left home when I was three
And he didn't leave much to Ma and me
Just this old \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and an empty bottle of *booze*.
Now, I don't *blame* him cause he run and hid
But the *meanest* thing that he ever did
Was before he left, he went and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ me "Sue."

Well, he must of thought that it was quite a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ And it got a lot of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from ' lots of *folk*,
It seems I had to fight my whole life through.
Some gal would giggle and *I'd get red*
And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,
I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named "Sue."

Well, I grew up quick and I grew up *mean*,
My *fist* got hard and my *wits* got *keen*,
I'd *roam* from town to town to hide my shame.
But I *made a vow* to the moon and stars
That I'd search the *honky-tonks* and bars
And kill that man who gave me that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ name.

Well, it was Gatlinburg in mid-July
And I just hit town and my throat was \_\_\_\_\_\_\_,
I thought I'd stop and have myself *a brew*.
At an old *saloon* on a street of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,
There at a table, *dealing stud*,
Sat the *dirty, mangy dog* that named me "Sue."

Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
From a worn-out picture that my mother'd had,
And I knew that *scar* on his cheek and his evil \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.
He was big and *bent* and gray and old,
And I looked at him and my *blood ran cold*
And I said:

"My name is 'Sue!' \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ ?
Now you gonna die!!"

Well, I hit him hard right between the eyes
And he went down, but to my surprise,
He come up with a knife and cut off a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of my ear.

But I busted a chair right across his teeth
And we crashed through the wall and into the street. Kicking and a' *gouging* in the \_\_\_\_\_\_ ,

 and the blood, and the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

I tell ya, I've fought tougher men
But I really can't remember when,
He kicked like a *mule* and he bit like a \_\_\_\_\_\_.
I heard him laugh and then I heard him *cuss*,
He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,
He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

And he said: "Son, this world is *rough*
And if a man's *gonna* make it, he's *gotta* be *tough*
And I knew I wouldn't be there to help you along.
So I give ya that name and I said goodbye
I knew you'd have to get tough or die
And it's the name that helped to make you strong."

He said: "Now you just fought *one hell of a fight* . And I know you hate me, and you got the right to kill me now, and I wouldn't *blame* you if you do.
But ya ought to thank me, before I die,
For the *gravel in your guts and the spit in your eye*
Cause I'm the *son-of-a-bitch* that named you "Sue.'"
Yeah, well what could I do, what could I do?

I *got all choked up* and I threw down my gun
And I called him my *pa*, and he called me his \_\_\_\_\_,
And I came away with a different *point of view*.
And I think about him, now and then,
Every time I try and every time I win,
And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him…
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ but Sue!

I still \_\_\_\_\_\_ that name!