



**Your on the  
Street Reporter**



**Uyless Black**

**Jimmy Buffett**

## Jimmy Buffett

**September 26, 2023**

Jimmy Buffett passed away a few weeks ago. This report is dedicated to Mr. Buffett, his art, his outlook on life, and how he treated those around him.

Holly attended a Jimmy Buffett concert at the Hollywood Bowl in the 1980s. He played and sang for over three hours. He did not take a break, even though his band did. Imagine, a professional musician playing non-stop while his band rested. Holly said he was always gracious and took requests and comments with good humor.

During the early 1990s, Holly, two of our friends, and I were spending a week on St. Thomas Island. We had rented a place where each unit had a small private swimming pool. These units were not owned by the hotel, but by individuals. The hotel rented the rooms and pools, kept them clean, and took part of the rental fees.

Holly and I had been there before, and wanted to share the place with our buddies. I will not mention the hotel name, as it has fallen on hard times; some self-inflicted, some from being unable to compete with upscale resorts and the hurricanes.

It was whimsical, fanciful hotel; twenty units or so, a reception lobby the size of a large walk-in closet; a bar not much larger, operated by a bartender who also cooked (only) steaks and corn-on-the-cob with---if needed---two Weber grills. She owned the bar part of the setup, which she had furnished and decorated to be a cool atmosphere of modest funkiness and class.

On week-end nights the patrons at the bar/cafe were treated to a guitar-playing singer. During this evening, he was sitting next to the Webers, performing while we drank margaritas and the owner/cook/bartender grilled our steaks and corn. We sat at a small table so close to the musician and cook that our noses took-in the smells, while our clothes soaked-up the smoke.

The evening was well underway. Our meals were being grilled. Our margaritas were being refilled. The singer was fine, even finer, thanks to the margaritas. After he had played and sang a couple songs, he asked,<sup>1</sup>

“Any requests?”

My friend, Al, responded, “Do you know ‘Margaritaville’?”

Singer, “Sure, fact is, Jimmy Buffett was in this bar a few weeks ago. Sang that song sitting right where you are. Here goes...”

Owner/cook/bartender, “Billy doesn’t do it justice. Jimmy was staying at the hotel. Came in here for a steak. Billy was singing and playing. Jimmy borrowed Billy’s guitar and did some singing of his own. ...Sang ‘Margaritaville’ in that very chair you’re sitting in. Sang a while, ate his steak and left.”

Me, “Al you’re famous. You’re sitting in the same chair, drinking margaritas, that Jimmy Buffet sat in, singing about margaritas.”

Al, one of my dearest friends, and not known among his friends as an ad-libber, came back with one of the best in my memory, “I’m not famous, but my ass is.”

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<sup>1</sup> I have paraphrased these conversations. They reflect, with reasonable accuracy, the recollections of an 83-year-old.

Al has since passed, but that evening will never pass in my mind. It was one of warmth, humor, and graciousness. It reflected the nature of Jimmy Buffett. He was known as a good-hearted, humorous and kind person. How could anyone not like a person who composed these lyrics to a melody (on the next page) that makes you want to sing-along and dance?



*Nibblin' on sponge cake  
Watchin' the sun bake  
All of those tourists covered with oil*

*Strummin' my six string  
On my front porch swing  
Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to boil*

*Wastin' away again in Margaritaville  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame  
But I know, it's nobody's fault*

*Don't know the reason  
Stayed here all season  
Nothing to show but this brand new tattoo  
But it's a real beauty  
A Mexican cutie  
How it got here, I haven't a clue*

*Wastin' away again in Margaritaville  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame  
Now I think, hell, it could be my fault*

*I blew out my flip flop  
Stepped on a pop top  
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home  
But there's booze in the blender  
And soon it will render  
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on*

*Wastin' away again in Margaritaville  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame  
But I know, it's my own damn fault*

*Yes, and some people claim  
That there's a woman to blame  
And I know, it's my own damn fault*

Let's have a drink to honor Jimmy Buffett. Make it a margarita.