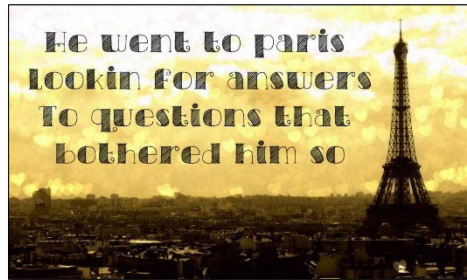


YOU HEARD IT HERE

October 2023 By Terry Gross

A/V Entertainment/Social Media & ZOOM Coordinator/Interim Board Director

He Went to Paris



by Jimmy Buffet

I was one of many “parrot heads” around the world who was shocked and saddened by the passing of Jimmy Buffet this past month. I was fortunate to have seen him in concert once in my life and was hoping to do so again. That will not be possible. It is with that in mind I thought I would pursue another one of his songs, having done Tin Cup Chalice previously. The man who gave us the “Margaritaville” lifestyle also enjoyed his wine. The song I chose makes only one reference to wine in the first verse: *“But the warm summer Breezes, the French wine, and cheeses, put his ambition at bay.”*

I have heard this song many times and wondered if it was about Jimmy’s Grandfather or some Uncle in the family. In researching the song I discovered an interview where Jimmy shared it was based on a one-armed piano player, Eddie Balchowsky, that he met in Chicago at a club called the *Quiet Knight*. Eddie shared stories about his days fighting the Spanish Civil War where he was wounded and sent to Paris for treatment. The song surprisingly was listed by Bob Dylan as one of his favorite songs by other artists. It is a lengthy song that tells the tale of his life. The poignant line for me is in the last verse: *“...Through 86 years of perpetual motion, If he likes you he'll smile then he'll say, Jimmy, some of it's magic, some of it's tragic, But I had a good life all the way...”*

The lyrics are below, as well as a link to the song and a link to a “Behind the Song” article about this song.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=91WdbOm6JBM>

[Behind the Song: Jimmy Buffett, "He Went To Paris" - American Songwriter](#)

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| He went to Paris looking for answers To questions that bothered him so He was impressive, young and aggressive Saving the world on his own But the warm Summer breezes The French wines and cheeses Put his ambition at bay And Summers and Winters Scattered like splinters And four or five years slipped away Then he went to England, played the piano And married an actress named Kim They had a fine life, she was a good wife And bore him a young son named Jim And all of the answers and all of the questions He locked in his attic one day 'Cause he liked the quiet clean country living And twenty more years slipped away | Well the war took his baby, the bombs killed his lady And left him with only one eye His body was battered, his world was shattered And all he could do was just cry While the tears were falling, he was recalling The answers he never found So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean And left England without a sound Now he lives in the islands, fishes the pilin's And drinks his green label each day He's writing his memoirs and losing his hearing But he don't care what most people say Through 86 years of perpetual motion If he likes you he'll smile then he'll say Jimmy, some of it's magic, some of it's tragic But I had a good life all the way And he went to Paris looking for answers To questions that bother him so |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

