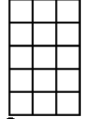


SING G

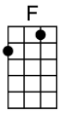
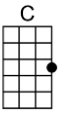
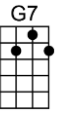
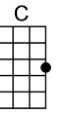
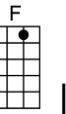
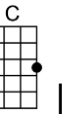
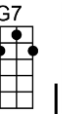
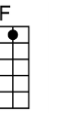
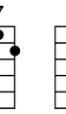




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CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES

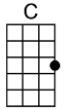
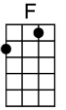
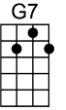
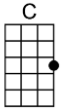
4/4 1...2...1234

-Jimmy Buffett

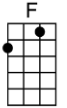
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

 |  |  | 

I took off for a weekend last month, just to try and recall the whole year.

 |  |  | 

All of the faces and all of the places, wonderin' where they all disap-peared.

 |  |  | 

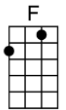
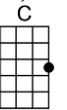
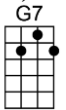
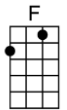
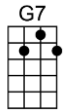
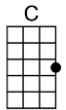
I didn't ponder the question too long. I was hungry and went out for a bite.

 |  |  | 

Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum, and we wound up drinkin' all night.

 |  |  | 

It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.

 |  |  |  |  | 

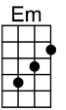
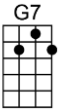
With all of our running and all of our cunning, if we couldn't laugh, we would all go in - sane.

 |  |  | 

Reading departure signs in some big airport re-minds me of the places I've been.

 |  |  | 

Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure makes me want to go back a-gain.

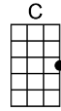
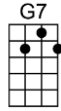
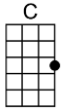
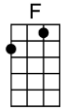
 |  |  | 

If it suddenly ended to-morrow, I could somehow adjust to the fall.

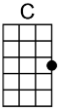
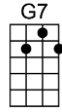
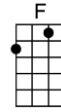
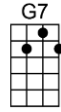
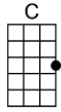
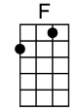
 |  |  | 

Good times and riches and son of a bitches, I've seen more than I can re-call

p.2. Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes

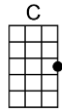
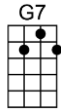
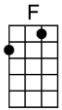
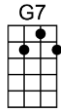
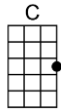
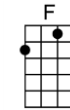


These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.

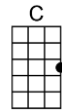
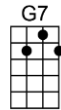
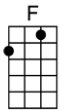
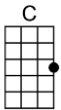


Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh we would all go in - sane

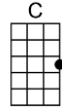
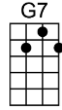
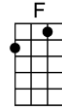
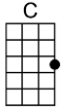
Interlude:



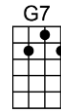
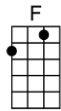
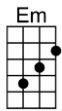
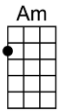
I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine, I wish I could jump on a plane.



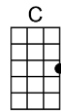
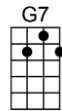
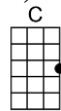
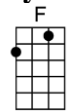
And so many nights I just dream of the ocean, God, I wish I was sailin' a-gain.



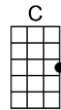
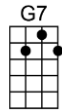
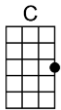
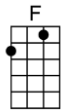
Oh, yesterdays are over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long.



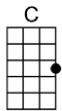
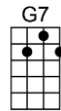
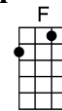
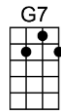
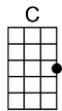
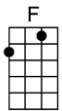
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go wrong



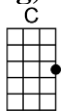
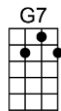
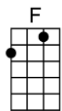
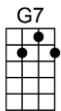
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.



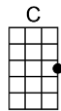
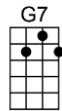
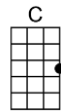
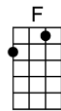
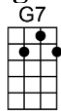
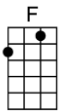
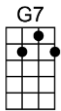
With all of my running and all of my cunning, if I couldn't laugh, I just would go in - sane



If we couldn't laugh, we just would go in - sane



If we weren't all crazy, we would....go.....in-sane!



CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES

4/4 1...2...1234

-Jimmy Buffett

Intro: | F | C | G7 | C | F7 | C | G7 | F G7 C | C

C F G7 C
I took off for a weekend last month, just to try and recall the whole year.
C F G7 C
All of the faces and all of the places, wonderin' where they all disap-peared.
Am Em F G7
I didn't ponder the question too long. I was hungry and went out for a bite.
F C G7 C
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum, and we wound up drinkin' all night.

F C G7 C
It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes nothing remains quite the same.
F C G7 F G7 C
With all of our running and all of our cunning, if we couldn't laugh, we would all go in-sane.

C F G7 C
Reading departure signs in some big airport re-minds me of the places I've been.
C F G7 C
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure makes me want to go back a-gain.
Am Em F G7
If it suddenly ended to-morrow, I could somehow adjust to the fall.
F C G7 C
Good times and riches and son of a bitches, I've seen more than I can re-call

F C G7 C
These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.
F C G7 F G7 C
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh we would all go in-sane

Interlude: F C G7 F G7 C

C F G7 C
I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine, I wish I could jump on a plane.
C F G7 C
And so many nights I just dream of the ocean, God, I wish I was sailin' a-gain.
Am Em F G7
Oh, yesterdays are over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long.
F C G7 C
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go wrong
F C G7 C
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.
F C G7 F G7 C
With all of my running and all of my cunning, if I couldn't laugh, I just would go in-sane
G7 F G7 C
If we couldn't laugh, we just would go in-sane
G7 F G7 F C G7 C
If we weren't all crazy, we would....go.....in-sane!