

# One Particular Harbour

Jimmy Buffett

One particular harbour  
By: jimmy buffett, bobby holcomb  
1983  
For marius skatelborough  
Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei  
Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei I know I don't get there often enough  
But God knows I surely try  
It's a magic kind of medicine  
That no doctor could prescribe  
I used to rule my world from a pay phone  
Ships out on the sea  
But now times are rough  
And I got too much stuff  
Can't explain likes of me  
Chorus:  
But there's this one particular harbour  
So far but yet so near  
Where I see the days as they fade away  
And finally disappear But now I think about the good times  
Down in the caribbean sunshine  
In my younger days I was so bad  
Laughin' about all the fun we had I seen enough to feel the world spin  
Mixin' different oceans meetin' cousins  
Listen to the drummers and the night sounds  
Listen to the singers make the world go 'round  
(pan solo) Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei  
Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei Lakes below the mountain  
Flow into the sea  
Like oils applied to canvas  
They permeate through me And there's that one particular harbour  
Sheltered from the wind  
Where the children play on the shore each day  
And all are safe within Most mysterious calling harbour  
So far but yet so near  
I can see the day when my hair's full gray  
And I finally disappear Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei  
Ia ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei Ia ora te natura

E mea arofa teie ao nei  
Ia ora te natura (ua pau te maitai no te fenua)  
E mea arofa teie ao neiIa ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao nei  
Ia ora te natura (ua pau te maitai no te fenua)  
E mea arofa teie ao nei, hey now, hey now, hey nowIa ora te natura  
E mea arofa teie ao neiUa pau te maitai no te fenua [bounty of the land is exhausted]  
Te zai noa ra te ora o te mitie [but there's still abundance in the sea]  
Ua pau te maitai no te fenua  
Te zai noa ra te ora o te mitie- notes:  
Background vocals: timothy b. schmit and the chorale epheron  
Additional percussion and congas: errol "crusher" bennett  
Pahue and toere drums: jimmy buffett, jim shea, and sam clayton (the  
Boom boom boys)  
Language is tahitian

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>