

A Pirate Looks at 40

slow

Capo2 optional

G

Mother, mother ocean, I have heard you call

C

G

Wanted to sail upon your waters since I was three feet tall

Am

D

G

CG

You've seen it all, you've seen it all

G
C G
Am D G

Watched the men who rode you switch from sails to steam
And in your belly you hold the treasure that few have ever seen
Most of them dreams, most of them dreams

Yes, I am a pirate, two hundred years too late
The cannons don't thunder, there's nothin' to plunder
I'm an over forty victim of fate
Arriving too late, arriving too late

I've done a bit of smuglin', I've run my share of grass
I made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away so fast
Never meant to last, never meant to last

I have been drunk now for over two weeks,
I passed out and I rallied and I sprung a few leaks,
But I've got stop wishin', got to go fishin'
I'm down to rock bottom again
Just a few friends, just a few friends

G
C G
Am D G

Solo whistle to chorus

I go for younger women, lived with several awhile
And though I ran away, they'll come back one day
And I still can manage a smile
It just takes a while, just takes a while

Mother, mother ocean, after all these years I've found
My occu-pa-tion-al hazard being my occupation's just not around
I feel like I've drowned, gonna head uptown

I feel like I've drowned, gonna head downtown (Stronger)

Closing C D G