

# Jimmy Buffett, A Pirate Looks At Forty

Mother, mother ocean, I have heard you call,  
Wanted to sail upon your waters  
since I was three feet tall.  
You've seen it all, you've seen it all.

Watch 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 smugglin'  
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 to stop wishin',  
Got to go fishin', I'm down to rock bottom again.  
Just a few friends, just a few friends.

[Instrumental]

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

Mother, mother ocean, after all these years I've found  
My occupational hazard being my occupations  
just not around.  
I feel like I've drowned,  
Gonna head uptown.