

James Taylor, Captain Jim's Drunken Dream

Well you country fools in your one horse town, you can laugh at me.
It's plain as rain that you've never been down to the southern sea.
To see me now is like watching a fish on dry land.
I only wish you could see me down in the islands, mister that's my home.
What a fool I was to leave the only happiness I've known.

You see me coming, you wink your eye and call me Captain Jim.
And when I don't do nothing but walk on by you say babe, get a load of him.
All I need is the sea and the sky and I know where I stand.
Instead of you hicks straight out of the sticks deciding I ain't a man.
You'll never understand. Up here I'm a whisky bum but down there I'm a king.
Sounds just like the angels up in heaven when they sing...
welcome home, welcome home. Such a sight to see.
Instead of some Salvation Army sister singing "Nearer My God To Thee."

Now I know that Yankee whisky has taken away my mind,
and I know that rum is the only drink suitable to mankind.
And I know this tree I'm under is shaped entirely wrong.
I need to see a gentle palm tree and I won't wait to long.
I can feel that it's coming on strong,
the first cold wind of winter is flapping in my clothes
showing me the way with the direction that it blows,
welcome home, welcome home. Let it blow, welcome home, welcome home.
Welcome home, Such a sight to see.
Instead of some Salvation Army sister singing "Nearer My God To Thee."
Let me hear it...