

# Roger Creager, Storybook

Roger Creager

Sometimes I sit in my backyard, I kick back and drink iced tea  
I stare all the way to the ocean and dream of how it would be  
If I were a ship captain somewhere or an old fashioned sailor at sea  
Or a stowed away pirate just down below hiding and praying the law dont find me  
Maybe I'd sail from Nantucket chasing the great white whale  
Oh without a sound, I'd run him aground then I'd bring old Ahab the tail  
Yeah I'd bring old Ahab his tail

Chorus:

But I'm not a (sailor, outlaw, runaway),  
I'm just a man stuck here in the promise land  
Living hard and living free  
I'm a dreamer that's what I got, Oh but here goes one last shot  
I hope someday they're dreaming about me

Sometimes I dream Im a cowboy around 1949  
Id cross the border on horseback with a real close buddy of mine  
Id know we'd run from trouble but Im sure its what we'd find  
When you're out of the frying pan into the fire, who cares what you leave behind  
I know i'd fall in love down there and I'd probably end up in jail  
When you fall in love with a rich man's daughter, 'who's gonna go your bail  
Ohhh i hate them Mexican jails---

Chorus

I'd love to go rafting the waters. riding the mighty Mississippi  
I'd float around from town to town causing trouble then I'd give'em the slip  
That water could take me back to the days of old Huck Finn  
I'd sleep all day and smoke all night and play tricks on old Jim  
Yeah I'd think I'd like old Jim