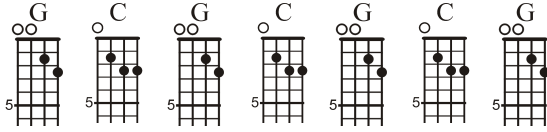


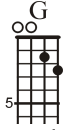
A Pirate Looks at Forty

words and music by Jimmy Buffett • performed by Jimmy Buffett
mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe 15 Dec 07: mando.tauxe.net

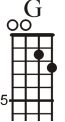
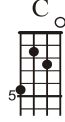
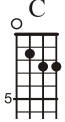
INTRO/BRIDGE



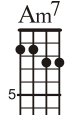
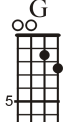
A



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.

A

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

A

Yes, I am a pirate, two hundred years too late.
The cannon don't thunder, there's nothing to plunder, I'm an over-forty victim of fate;
Arriving too late, arriving too late.

A

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.

B [same chords as A]

And 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.

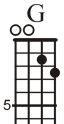
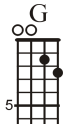
[instrumental]

A

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

A

Mother, mother ocean, after all the years I've found
My occupational 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 uptown.