

A Pirate Looks At Forty

Jimmy Buffett

Title: PIRATE LOOK AT FORTY (Jimmy Buffet)

A

Mother mother ocean, I have heard you call

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

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

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A

You seen it all, you seen it all

A

Watched the men who rode you, switch from sail to steam

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

And in your belly you hold the treasures, few have ever seen

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A

Most of them dream, most of them dream

A

Yes I am a pirate, two hundred years too late

D

The cannons don't thunder there's nothin' to plunder

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

I'm an over forty victim of fate

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A

Arriving to late, arriving to late

A

I done a bit of smuglin', I've run my share of grass

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

I made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away so fast

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A

Never meant to last, never meant to last

A

I have been drunk now for over two weeks, I passed out and

I rallied and I smoked a few reefs

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

But I gotta stop wishin' I got to go fishin', down to Rock Bottom again

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A

Just a few friends, just a few friends

LEAD

A

I go for younger women, lived with several a while

D **C#m7 Bm7 A**

Though I ran 'em away they come back one day, still could manage a smile

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A
Just takes a while, just takes a while

A
Mother mother ocean, after all these years I ve found

D C#m7 Bm7 A
Occupational hazzard beats an occupation just not around

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A
Feel like I drowned, gonna head up town

A Bm7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 A
Feel like I drowned, gonna head up town