A Pirate Looks At Forty
Jimmy Buffett

Title: PIRATE LOOK AT FORTY (Jimmy Buffet)

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 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 smugglin , 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
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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