

Jack Ingram

"Pirate Looks At 40"

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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
Watched the men who rode you they switch from sails
to steam
In your belly you hold the treasures few have ever seen
Most of 'em dreams, most of 'em dreams
Yes I am a pirate, two-hundred years too late
The cannons don't thunder, there's nothin' to plunder
I'm an over-forty victim of fate
Arrivin' too late, arrivin' too late
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
And I have been drunk now for over two weeks
I passed out and I rallied and I sprung a few leaks
But I got stop wishin', I've got to go fishin'
Down to rock bottom again
Just a few friends, just a few friends
Just a few friends, just a few friends

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