

## **Jimmy Buffet**

### **"A Pirate Looks At Forty"**

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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 switch from sail to  
steam  
In your belly you can 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  
Arriving too late, arriving too late

But I've done a bit of smugglin', I've run my share of  
grass  
Made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away  
so fast  
Never meant to last, never meant to last

I have been drunk now for over two weeks,  
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

"Nice to see all of our friends every year. Thank you  
friends."

Now I go for younger women, lived with several awhile  
Though I ran 'em away, they'd come back one day  
And I still could manage a smile  
Sure takes a while, just takes a while

Mother, mother ocean, after all my years I've found  
Occupational hazard being my occupation's just not  
around  
Feel like I've drowned, but I won't wear a frown  
Feel like I've drowned, I'm gonna go check out

Peachtree Street somewhere downtown  
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