

# Pirate Looks At 40 (Ost. The September Sessions)

## Jack Johnson

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 sails to steam  
And 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 under-forty victim of fate  
Arriving too late, arriving 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 to stop wishin', got to go fishin'  
Down to rock bottom again  
Just a few friends, just a few friends I go for younger women  
Lived with several awhile  
And though I ran away  
They'll come back one day  
And I still can manage a smile  
It just takes a while  
Just takes a while Mother, mother ocean  
After all these years I've found  
My occupational hazard being  
My occupation's just not around  
I feel like I've drowned  
Gonna head uptown

Songwriters

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