

A Pirate Looks at Forty

[Jimmy Buffett](#)

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 them dream, most of them dream Yes I am a pirate, two hundred years too late
The cannons don't thunder, there's nothing to plunder
I'm an over-forty victim of fate
Arriving too late, arriving too late
I've done a bit of smuggling, 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 wishing, got to go fishing, down to rock bottom again
Just a few friends, just a few friends I go for younger women, lived with several a while
Though I ran them away, they'd come back one day
Still could manage to smile
Just takes a while, just takes a while Mother, mother ocean, after all the years I've found
My occupational hazard being my occupation's just not around
I feel like I've drowned, gonna head uptown
I feel like I've drowned, gonna head uptown

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