

A Pirate Looks At Forty

[Roger Creager](#)

Mother, Mother Ocean, I've 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
In your belly you hold the treasures, few have ever seen
Most of 'em dream, most of 'em dream
Yes, I am a pirate, two hundred year's 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
I've done a bit of smugglin' and 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
Though I ran 'em 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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