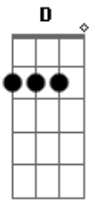


James Taylor - Captain Jims Drunken Dream

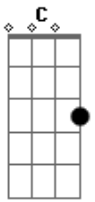
Tom: C

ain't a man
 You'll never understand;
 Now you country fools in your one-horse town, you can laugh at me
 Up here I'm just a whiskey bum but down there I'm a king
 It's plain as rain that you've never been down to the southern sea
 "Welcome home, welcome home." -- Such a sight to see
 To see me now is like watching a fish on dry land
 instead of some Salvation Army sister singin'
 I only wish you could see me down in the is- lands
 "Nearer My God to Thee."
 Mister, that's my home
 Now I know that the Yankee whiskey is takin' away my mind
 and I know that run is the only drink suitable to man-kind
 What a fool I was to leave the only happiness I've known.
 And I know that this tree I'm under is shaped entirely wrong
 You see me comin', you wink your eye and call me Captain Jim
 I need to see a gentle palm tree and I won't wait too long
 And when I don't do nothin' but to walk on by you say,
 I can feel that it's comin' on strong
 "Baby get a load of him."
 The first cold wind of winter is flappin' in my clothes
 All I need is the sea and the sky and I know where I stand
 Showin' me the way with the direction that it blows.
 Welcome home, welcome home, let it blow. [repeat and fade]
 instead of you hicks straight out of the sticks deciding I

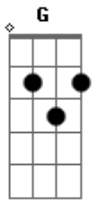
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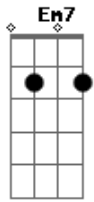
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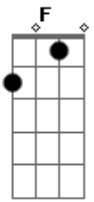
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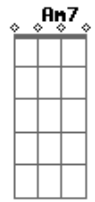
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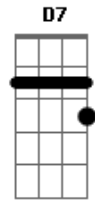
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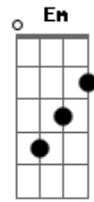
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