James Taylor - Captain Jims Drunken Dream

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Tom: C

          G                      Em7                      G
Em7
Now you country fools in your one-horse town, you can laugh at
me
     G                          Em7                      G
Em7
It's plain as rain that you've never been down to the southern
sea
   G                   Em7                 G          Em7
To see me now is like watching a fish on dry land
  G                    Em7                 F C
I only wish you could see me down in the is- lands
C        D        G
Mister, that's my home
       F             C               Am7            C     G Em7
G Em7
What a fool I was to leave the only happiness I've known.

        G                      Em7                      G
Em7
You see me comin', you wink your eye and call me Captain Jim
          G                        Em7
And when I don't do nothin' but to walk on by you say,
       G                   Em7
        "Baby get a load of him."
G                  Em7                  G              Em7
All I need is the sea and the sky and I know where I stand
  G                            Em7                 F
C
instead of you hicks straight out of the sticks deciding I
ain't a man
C        D                G
You'll never understand;
   F               C               Am7               D
Up here I'm just a whiskey bum but down there I'm a king
   F                        C               Am7           D
It sounds just like the angels up in heaven when they sing:
D7       G    Em7   G           Em7    G                 Em7
"Welcome home,      welcome home."   -- Such a sight to see
   F                 C     G  Am7
instead of some Salvation Army sister singin'
 C              G     Em7 G Em7
"Nearer My God to Thee."


      G                      Em7       G              Em7
Now I know that the Yankee whiskey is takin' away my mind
      G                      Em7       G               Em7
and I know that run is the only drink suitable to man-kind
      G                        Em7      G                Em7
And I know that this tree I'm under is shaped entirely wrong
  G               Em7                F                  C
I need to see a gentle palm tree and I won't wait too long
       C             D          G
I can feel that it's comin' on strong
    F                   C         Am7            D
The first cold wind of winter is flappin' in my clothes
F                  C               Am7           C
Showin' me the way with the direction that it blows.
        G     Em               G         Em7
Welcome home,      welcome home, let it blow. [repeat and
fade]
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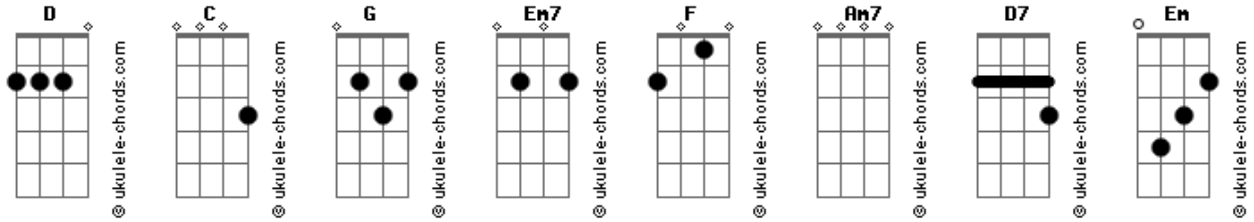
Acordes



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