

James Taylor - Captain Jims Drunken Dream

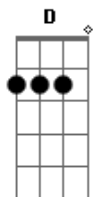
Tom: C

ain't a man
C D G
You'll never understand;
F C Am7 D
Now you country fools in your one-horse town, you can laugh at me
F C Em7 G
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."

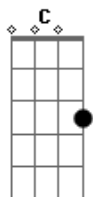
G Em7 G Em7
Now I know that the Yankee whiskey is takin' away my mind
G Em7 G Em7
and I know that run is the only drink suitable to man-kind
G Em7 G Em7
And I know that this tree I'm under is shaped entirely wrong
G Em7 F C
I need to see a gentle palm tree and I won't wait too long
C D G
I can feel that 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]

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
instead of you hicks straight out of the sticks deciding I

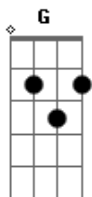
Acordes



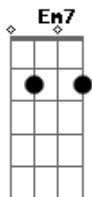
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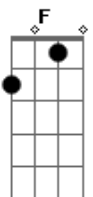
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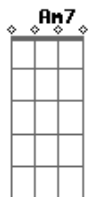
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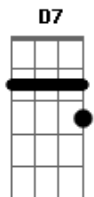
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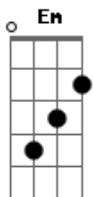
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