

# Surrender

Roger Creager

Sometimes I sit in my backyard  
I kick back and drink iced tea  
I stare all the way to the ocean  
And dream of how it would be

If I were a ship captain somewhere  
Or an old fashioned sailor at sea  
Or a stowed away pirate, just down below  
Hiding and praying the law don't find me

Maybe I'd sail from Nantucket  
Chasing the great white whale  
Oh, without a sound, I'd run him aground  
Then I'd bring old Ahab the tail  
Yeah, I'd bring old Ahab his tail

But I'm not a  
(Sailor, outlaw, runaway)  
I'm just a man stuck here in the promise land  
Living hard and living free

I'm a dreamer that's what I got  
Oh, but here goes one last shot  
I hope someday they're dreaming about me

Sometimes I dream  
I'm a cowboy around 1949  
I'd cross the border on horseback  
With a real close buddy of mine

I'd know we'd run from trouble  
But I'm sure it's what we'd find  
When you're out of the frying pan into the fire  
Who cares what you leave behind

I know I'd fall in love down there  
And I'd probably end up in jail  
When you fall in love with a rich man's daughter  
Who's gonna go your bail  
Ohh, I hate them Mexican jails

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(Sailor, outlaw, runaway)  
I'm just a man stuck here in the promise land  
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I'm a dreamer that's what I got  
Oh, but here goes one last shot  
I hope someday they're dreaming about me

I'd love to go rafting the waters  
Riding the mighty Mississippi  
I'd float around from town to town  
Causing trouble then I'd give'em the slip

That water could take me back  
To the days of old Huck Finn

I'd sleep all day and smoke all night  
And play tricks on old Jim  
Yeah, I'd think I'd like old Jim