

Son of a Son of a Sailor – Jimmy Buffett

As the son of a son of a sailor
I went out on the sea for adventure
Expanding the view of the captain and crew
Like a man just released from indenture

/ G - / F C G / C G / D G /

As a dreamer of dreams and a traveling man
I have chalked up many a mile
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks
And I learned much from both of their styles

Son of a son, son of a son
Son of a son of a sailor
Son of a gun, load the last ton
One step ahead of the jailer

/ F C / - G / :

Now, way in the near future
Southeast of disorder
You can shake the hand of the mango man
As he greets you at the border

And the lady she hails from Trinidad
Island of the spices
Salt for your meat, and cinnamon sweet
And the rum is for all your good vices

Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind
That our forefathers harnessed before us
Hear the bells ring as the tight rigging sings
It's the son of a gun of a chorus

Where it all ends I can't fathom my friends
If I knew I might toss out my anchor
So I cruise along always searching for songs
Not a lawyer, a thief or a banker

But a son of a son, son of a son
Son of a son of a sailor
Son of a gun, load the last ton
One step ahead of the jailer

I'm just a son of a son, son of a son
Son of a son of a sailor
The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains
I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer