

Jimmy Buffett

"Son Of A Son Of A Sailor"

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Son of a son of a sailor

By: jimmy buffett

1978

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

As a dreamer of dreams and a travelin 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

Chorus:

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

Now away 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

Its a 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 searchin 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

Im just a son of a son, son of a son

Son of a son of a sailor

The seas in my veins, my tradition remains

Im just glad I don't live in a trailer

- notes:

Background vocals: steve goodman

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