

## Molly Hatchet "Sailor"

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Met an old man on the street,  
A dirty hat laying at his feet,  
I looked and saw adventure in his eyes,  
Singing them songs from yesterday,  
From over the hills and far away,  
Lord that old man hypnotized.

I went on in to my nine-to-five,  
Hoping I could stay alive,  
I knew that something in my life was wrong,  
All night long I could not sleep,  
The trouble here was buried deep,  
I couldn't help but hear the old man's song.

I'm rolling down the highway,  
I fly the friendly skies,  
I'm just a hobo,  
I'm on the railroad tracks tonight,  
I'm dancing through the desert,  
I see the city nights,  
I'm just a sailor on the sea of life.

The feeling swept right over me,  
I left my home and my security,  
I finally found a place where I belong,  
Back out here on the road again,  
Going back where I have never been,  
Now I'm finally free to sing my song.

I'm rolling down the highway,  
I fly the friendly skies,  
I'm just a hobo,  
I'm on the railroad tracks tonight,  
I'm dancing through the desert,  
I see the city nights,  
I'm just a sailor on the sea of life,  
I'm just a sailor on the sea of life.

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