Buffett Jimmy "Son Of A Son Of A Sailor"

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Son of a Son of a Sailor

by 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

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

Way in the near future Southeast of disorder You can shake the hand of the mango man As he greats you at the boarder

And the lady she hails from Trinidad Island of the spices
Salt for your meat, and cinnamon sweat
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 tide ringing 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 drop out my anchor So I cruise along always searching for songs Not a lawyer, a thief or a banker

But the 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

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

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