

## **Doors, The**

### **"Land Ho!"**

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Grandma loved a sailor who sailed the frozen sea.  
Grandpa was that whaler and he took me on his knee.  
He said "Son I'm going crazy from living on the land  
Got to find my shipmates and walk on foreign sand."  
This old man was graceful with silver in his smile.  
He smoked a briar pipe and he walked four country  
miles  
Singing songs of shady sisters and old town liberty  
Songs of love and songs of death, songs that set men  
free.  
I've got three ships and sixty men  
A course for ports unread.  
I'll stand at mast, let North winds blow  
Till half of us are dead.  
Land Ho!  
If I get my hands on a dollar bill  
Gonna buy a bottle and drink my fill.  
If I get my hands on a number five  
Gonna skin that little girl alive.  
If I get my hands on a number two  
Come back home and marry you  
Marry you, marry you.  
Land Ho!, Land Ho!  
If I get back home and I feel all right  
You don't baby gonna love you tonight Land Ho!

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