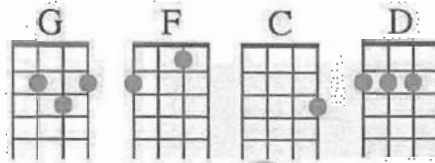


Son of a Son of a Sailor

by Jimmy Buffett



- G** **F** **C** **G**
1. As the son of a son of a sailor man, I went out on the sea for adventure.
 2. Now way in the near fu-u-ture, Southeast of disorder,
 3. Haul in the sheet as we ride on the wind, that our forefathers harnessed before us,

C **G** **D** **G** **C** **G**

Expanding the view of the captain and crew, like a man just released from indenture.
 You can shake the hand of the mango man, as he greets you at the border.
 Hear the bells ring, as the tired rigging sings, it's a son of a gun of a chorus.


G **F** **C** **G**

As a dreamer of dreams and a travelin' man, I have chalked up many a mile,
 And the lady she hails from Trinidad, Island of the spices,
 Where it all ends, I can't fathom my friends, if I knew I might toss out my anchor,

C **G** **D** **G** **C** **G**

Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks, and I've learned much from both of their styles.
 There's salt for you meat and cinnamon sweet, and the rum is for all you good vices.
 So I'll cruise along, always searching for songs, not a lawyer, a thief, or a banker. I'm still a...

CHORUS:

F **C** **C6**  **G** **C** **G**

Son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor,

F **C** **C6** **G** **C** **G**

Son of a gun, load the last ton, one step a head of the jailer.

Ending:

F **C** **C6** **G** **C** **G**

Son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor,

F **C** **C6** **G** **C** **G**

The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains, I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer!

