

Jimmy Buffett, Son Of A Son Of A Sailor

As the son of a son of a sailor,
I went out on the sea for adventure,
Expanding their 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've 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.
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 tide rigging sings.
It's 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'll 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
I'm just a son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor
The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains.
I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer.