

Son of a Sailor by Jimmy Buffett

Intro: D A G D D A G A7 D

D A G D
As the son of a son of a sailor I went out on the sea for adventure.

G D A D
Expanding the view of the captain and crew like a man just released from indenture.

D G D
As a dreamer of dreams and a travelin' man I have chalked up many a mile.

G D
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks

A D
and I learned much from both of their styles.

[Chorus]

G D
Son of a son, Son of a son, Son of a son of a sailor.

G D
Son of a gun, load the last ton, one step ahead of the jailor.

[Verse]

D G D
Now way in the near future, southeast of disorder

G D A D
You can shake the hand of the mango man as he greets you at the border.

D G D
And the lady she hails from Trinidad, Island of the Spices

G D A D
There's salt for your meat, and cinnamon sweet, and the rum is for all your good vices.

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[Bridge]

G D
Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind that our forefathers harnessed before us.

G D
Hear the bells ring as the tight rigging sings, it's a son of a gun of a chorus.

[Verse]

D A G D
Now where it all ends, I can't fathom my friends. If I knew I might toss out my anchor.

G D A G D
So I'll cruise along always searching for songs, not a lawyer, a thief or a banker.

[Chorus]

G D
But a son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor

G D
Son of a gun, load the last ton one step ahead of the jailer.

[Outro]

G
I'm just a son of a son, son of a son,

D
Son of a son of a sailor

G
The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains,

D
I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer.

Outro: C F G7 C