

# Son of a Sailor by Jimmy Buffett

Intro: C G F C C G F G7 C

C G F C  
As the son of a son of a sailor I went out on the sea for adventure.

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

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

F C  
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks

G C  
and I learned much from both of their styles.

[Chorus]

F C  
Son of a son, Son of a son, Son of a son of a sailor.

F C  
Son of a gun, load the last ton, one step ahead of the jailor.

[Verse]

C F C  
Now way in the near future, southeast of disorder

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

C F C  
And the lady she hails from Trinidad, Island of the Spices

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

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[Bridge]

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

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

[Verse]

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

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

[Chorus]

F C  
But a son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor

F C  
Son of a gun, load the last ton one step ahead of the jailer.

[Outro]

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

C  
Son of a son of a sailor

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

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

Outro: C F G7 C