SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR

Intro:  | D | C G | D Dsus D | (X2)

As the son of a son of a sailor, I went out on the sea for adventure
Ex-panding 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 a-way 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 be-fore us
Hear the bells ring as the tight 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

Outro:  Gsus  G D  Gsus  G D Dsus D