

Son of a Son of a Sailor

Caribbean Sound

As the son of a son of a sailor
I went out on the sea for adventure
Expanding the 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 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 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 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

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