Son of a Son of a Sailor - Jimmy Buffett

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 jailor.

Now way in the near future, Southeast of dis-order.

You can shake the hand of the mango man, as he greets you at the border.

And the lady, she hails from Trin-i-dad, 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 fore-fathers harnessed before us.

Hear the bells ring as the tide rigging sings. It's a son of a gun of a chorus.

Now 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 searching 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 jailor.

I'm 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.