

# 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  
Chorus:  
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>