

G
 And the lady she hails from Trinidad,
F C G
 Island of the spices
C G
 Salt for your meat and cinnamon sweet
D G
 And the rum is for all your good vices

Bridge:

F C
 Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind
G
 That our forefathers harnessed before us
F C
 Hear the bells ring as the tide rigging sings.
G
 It's a son of a gun of a chorus

G
 Now where it all ends I can't fathom my friends
F C G
 If I knew I might toss out my anchor
C G
 So I'll cruise along, always searching for songs
D G
 Not a lawyer, a thief, or a banker

F C
 I'm still a Son of a Son, Son of a Son,
G
 Son of a Son of a Sailor
F C
 The sea's in my veins; my tradition remains
G
 I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer

Back to intro to end:

