

F#

come take you away.

When your ship comes in I know

B

its time to go

and the waves along the seawall

F#

tell me nothings here to stay

and no man is an island but I m

B

still all alone.

E

I m weighing anchors from the past

B

F#

as the south winds start to blow

B

sailing out of yesterday

F#

and the Gulf of Mexico.

E

B

I ll be sailing out of yesterday

F#

E B F# B

and the Gulf of Mexic.