

**Son Of A Son**  
**Jimmy Buffett**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#  
#  
From: mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu (Mike Hall)

GCC of the "alt.fan.jimmy-buffett" Internet Usenet newsgroup. Send all  
comments and questions to Mike A. Hall .

-----  
@SONG: Son Of A Son Of A Sailor  
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)  
Son of a Son of a Sailor  
By: Jimmy Buffett  
1978

[tab]G  
As the son of a son of a sailor[/tab]  
[tab] F C G  
I went out on the sea for adventure[/tab]  
[tab] C G  
Expanding the view of the captain and crew[/tab]  
[tab] D G  
Like a man just released from indenture[/tab]  
  
[tab] G  
As a dreamer of dreams and a traveling man[/tab]  
[tab] F C G  
I have chalked up many a mile[/tab]  
[tab] C G  
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks[/tab]  
[tab] D G  
And I learned much from both of their styles[/tab]

Chorus:  
[tab] F C  
Son of a son, son of a son[/tab]  
[tab] G  
Son of a son of a sailor[/tab]  
[tab] F C  
Son of a gun, load the last ton[/tab]  
[tab] C  
One step ahead of the jailer[/tab]

Now away in the near future

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

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

```
[tab]          F          C
The sea s in my veins, my tradition remains[/tab]
[tab]          G
I m just glad I don t live in a trailer[/tab]
```

```
[tab]A
I woke up in a strange room[/tab]

I d never seen before

Weird paintings on the walls

Mirrors on the ceiling

I bolted for the door
```

[tab]**D**

Lookin for my rentacar[/tab]

Was the Cordoba blue or red?

[tab]**A**

Tryin to remember where I put the keys[/tab]

Tryin to remember what I said

Chorus:

[tab]

**D**

I pushed the fool button[/tab]

[tab]

**A**

My night went haywire[/tab]

[tab]

**D**

I pushed the fool button[/tab]

[tab]

**E**

Set my brain on fire[/tab]

Now I was sittin in the corner of a very laid back bar

A little three piece band playin on the stand

Not knowin what lay in store

In a flash a man with a hat and a harmonica stormed the stage

The crowd went berserk, the band said what a jerk

As he went into a blues rampage

Chorus:

It was a fool palace

Double knit on parade

They pushed the fool button

As the skinny boy played and played

Push it, push it, push it

Try to make a point of protectin the innocent

But none of them can be found

It can happen anytime

Happen anyplace

It can happen in your own home town

If you don t believe my words

Or think my story s true

Get a bottle of rum and a Eskatrol

And watch the same thing happen to you

Chorus:

We ll push the fool button

I ll meet you in the bar

We ll push the fool button

Where everyone s a star

(Jimmy pushed the fool button)

(He pushed it like a fool, Bubba)

(Pushin like a fool)  
(Pushed the button like a fool)

(Pushed the fool button)  
(Pushed it like a fool)  
(Pushed the button like a fool)

-----  
@SONG: The Last Line  
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)  
The Last Line  
By: Keith Sykes  
1977

[tab]**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Given my life for songs that I sing[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Matter of fact, I ve given everything[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Time has come to not make a sound[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Time has come to lay my burdens down[/tab]  
[tab] **F** **Bb** **F**  
Whoa oh oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)[/tab]  
[tab] **C** **F** **C**  
Whoa oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)[/tab]  
[tab] **G** **C**  
It s come from behind[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **G**  
Now is the time[/tab]  
[tab] **F** **C** **F** **C**  
For the last line (last line)[/tab]

Managed to keep some friends on my side  
To live through the times of the rumors and lies  
Now it s time to rest my heart  
Let some other innocent fool take my part  
Whoa oh oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
Whoa oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
It s come from behind  
Now is the time  
For the last line (last line)

( saxophone solo)

Whoa oh oh oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
Whoa oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
It s come from behind  
Now it s the time  
For the last line (last line)

So don t pay me no mind, I m walkin away

You ll see me again on some other day  
You ll see me again, I ll be ready to go  
And pour out my songs with my heart and my soul

Whoa oh oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
Whoa oh (woe oh woe oh woe oh)  
It s come from behind  
Now is the time  
For the last line (last line)  
Yes it s come from behind  
Now is the time  
For the last line (last line)  
Ah the last line (last line)

-----  
@SONG: Livingston Saturday Night  
Livingston Saturday Night  
By: Jimmy Buffett  
1975

[tab]**E** **B**  
You got your Tony Lama s on your jeans pressed tight[/tab]  
[tab] **A7** **E**  
You take a few tokes make you feel alright[/tab]  
[tab]**A** **B7** **E**  
Rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night[/tab]  
[tab] **B**  
Pickup s washed and you just got paid[/tab]  
[tab] **A7** **E**  
With any luck at all you might even get laid[/tab]  
[tab] **A** **B** **E**  
Cause they re pickin and a kickin on a Livingston Saturday night[/tab]  
  
[tab] **A** **E**  
So won t you listen to the sound of the hot country band[/tab]  
[tab]**B7** **E**  
Boot heels a shufflin on the dance floor sand[/tab]  
[tab] **A** **E**  
Sing a song, play some pong, shoot a little pool[/tab]  
[tab]**F#7** **B7**  
Hittin on the honeys right outta high school[/tab]  
[tab] **A** **B7**  
Fifteen may get ya twenty, that s all right[/tab]  
[tab] **A7** **B7** **E**  
Cause they ll be rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night[/tab]

(alright Timmy...)

Whoa listen to the sound of the hot country band  
Boot heels a shufflin on the dance floor sound  
Hum a song, play some pong, eat a deviled egg  
Temperature is risin better pop another keg

Fifteen may get ya twenty, that s all right  
Cause they ll be rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night

(where s that harpoon man...)

Whoa ya gotta listen to the sound of the hot country band  
Boot heels a shufflin on the dance floor sound  
Sing some songs, play some pong, eat a deviled egg  
Temperature is risin better pop another keg  
Fifteen may get ya twenty, that s all right  
Cause they ll be rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night  
Yeah I say they ll be rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night  
One more time they ll be rockin and a rollin on a Livingston Saturday night

-----  
@SONG: Cheeseburger in Paradise

Cheeseburger in Paradise

By: Jimmy Buffett

1978

Intro: \*\* Play "|" as strums or beats

Bm |||| A |  
Bm |||| G |  
Bm |||| A | D |

[tab] G A D  
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits[/tab]  
[tab]G A D  
Made it nearly seventy days[/tab]  
[tab] G A D  
Losin weight without speed, eatin sunflower seeds[/tab]  
[tab]E A  
Drinkin lots of carrot juice and soakin up rays[/tab]  
[tab] G A D G  
But at night I d have these wonderful dreams[/tab]  
[tab]G A Bm  
Some kind of sensuous treat[/tab]  
[tab] G D G D  
Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat[/tab]  
[tab] G D A D  
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] G A D  
Cheeseburger in paradise[/tab]  
[tab] G A D  
Heaven on Earth with an onion slice[/tab]  
[tab] G A D  
Not too particular, not too precise[/tab]  
[tab] G D A D  
I m just a Cheeseburger in paradise[/tab]

Heard about the old time sailor men  
They eat the same thing again and again  
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the dead  
Well it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn

But times change, sailors these days  
When I m in port I get what I need  
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris  
But that American creation on which I feed

Chorus:

Cheeseburger in Paradise  
Medium rare with mustard be nice  
Heaven on Earth with an onion slice  
I m just a Cheeseburger in Paradise

\*\* (Guitar Tacet throughout)

\*\* I like mine with lettuce and tomato  
\*\* Heinz 57 and French fried potatoes  
\*\* Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer  
\*\* Well good God almighty which way do I steer for my

Chorus:

Cheeseburger in Paradise  
Makin the best of every virtue and vice  
Worth every damn bit of sacrifice to get a  
Cheeseburger in Paradise  
I need a Cheeseburger in Paradise  
I m just a Cheeseburger in Paradise

Repeat intro

Repeat Guitar Tacet part (above)

-----  
@SONG: Coast of Marseilles

@CHORDS: Matt Landrum (mdl@cypress.com)

Coast of Marseilles

By: Keith Sykes

1978

[tab]           **E**                               **G#7**                               **C#7 Cm7 Bm7**

I sat there on the coast of Marseilles[/tab]

[tab]           **A**                               **Bm7**                               **A**           **Bm7**

My thoughts came by like wind through my hand[/tab]

[tab]           **E**                               **G#7**                               **C#7 Cm7 Bm7**

How good it d be to feel you again[/tab]

[tab]           **A**                               **Bm7**                               **A/E E/D A/C# E/B**       **C9**   **B9**   **E6**

How good it s be to feel that way again[/tab]

[tab]           **E**                               **G#7**                               **C#7 Cm7 Bm7**

Would you be remembering me[/tab]

```

[tab]          A              Bm7          A  Bm7
I ask that question time and again[/tab]
[tab]          E              G#7          C#7 Cm7 Bm7
The answer came and haunted me so[/tab]
[tab]          A              Bm7          A/E E/D A/C# E/B
I would not want to think it again[/tab]
[tab]          C9              B9              E
No, I would not want to think it again[/tab]

```

```

[tab]          C#m7 G#m7 C#m          B              E C7
Youuuuuuuuu make it so hard to forget[/tab]
[tab]          C#m7 G#m7 C#m          A              B              A
Iiiiiiiiiii haven t stopped loving you yet[/tab]

```

```

[tab]          E              G#7          C#7 Cm7 Bm7
When I left the coast of Marseilles[/tab]
[tab]          A              Bm7          A  Bm7
I hadn t done what I d come to do[/tab]
[tab]          E              G#7          C#7 Cm7 Bm7
Spent all the money I d saved[/tab]
[tab]          A              Bm7          A/E E/D A/C# E/B
Still did not get over you[/tab]
[tab]          C9              B9          A/E E/D A/C# E/B
No, I still did not get over you[/tab]
[tab]          C#m7 C9 B9 E6
Oooooooooooooo[/tab]

```

```

[tab]-----
Chord diagrams: (EAGBDe) (use lots of bar chords, and walk down bass)
A/C# - x4x2xo  B9 - x21222  Cm7 - x35343  E6 - o2212-----|o
A/E - xx2x2o  C7 - x35353  C#m7 - x46454-----|  E/D -
xxoxoo
Bm7 - x24232  C9 - x32333  E/B - o2x1xo  G#7 - 464544-----|
-----|
-----|[/tab]

```

@SONG: Cowboy In The Jungle  
@CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)  
Cowboy in the Jungle  
By: Jimmy Buffett  
1978

```

[tab]          G
There s a cowboy in the jungle[/tab]
[tab]          Am
And he looks so out of place[/tab]
[tab]          D
With his shrimpskin boots and his cheap cheroots[/tab]
[tab]          C          D          G
And his skin as white as paste[/tab]

```



[tab]G  
Headin south to Paraguay[/tab]  
[tab] Am  
Where the Gauchos sing and shout[/tab]

Now he s stuck in Porto Bello  
[tab] C D G  
Since his money all ran out[/tab]

So he hangs out with the sailors  
Night and day they re raisin hell  
And his original destination s just another  
Story that he loves to tell

With no plans for the future  
He still seems in control  
From a bronco ride to a ten foot tide  
He just had to learn to roll

Chorus:

[tab] G C D G  
Roll with the punches[/tab]  
[tab] C D G  
Play all of his hunches[/tab]  
[tab] C D  
Make the best of whatever came his way[/tab]  
[tab] C D G  
What he lacked in ambition[/tab]  
[tab] C D Em  
He made up with in-tuition[/tab]  
[tab] C D G  
Plowing straight ahead come what may[/tab]

Steel band in the distance  
And their music floats across the bay  
While American women in moomoos  
Talk about all the things they did today

And their husbands quack about fishing  
As they slug those rum drinks down  
Discussing who caught what and who sat on his butt  
But it s the only show in town

Chorus:

They re tryin to drink all the punches  
They all may lose their lunches  
Tryin to cram lost years into five or six days  
Seems that blind ambition erased their intuition  
Plowin straight ahead come what may

Refrain:

[tab] F C G  
But I don t want to live on that kind of island[/tab]

[tab]                **F**                                **C**                                **G**  
           No I don t want to swim in a roped off sea[/tab]  
 [tab]                                **Em**                                **A7**  
           Too much for me, too much for me[/tab]  
 [tab]                                **C**                                **D**                                **G**  
           I ve got to be where the wind and the water are free[/tab]

Alone on a midnight passage  
 I can count the falling stars  
 While the Southern Cross and the satelllites  
 They remind me of where we are

Spinning around in circles  
 Living it day to day  
 And still twenty four hours may be sixty good years  
 It s still not that long a stay

Chorus:

We ve gotta roll with the punches  
 Learn to play all of our hunches  
 Makin the best of whatever comes your way  
 Forget that blind ambition  
 And learn to trust your intuition  
 Plowin straight ahead come what may  
 [tab]                                **D**                **C**                **G**  
 And there s a cowboy in the jungle[/tab]

-----  
 @SONG: Man~ana  
 @CHORDS: Mike A. Hall (mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu)  
 Man~ana  
 By: Jimmy Buffett  
 1978

[tab]**D**  
 She said I can t go back to America soon[/tab]

It s so goddamn cold it s gonna snow until June  
 [tab]                                **G**                                **Em**  
 Yeah, they re freezin up in Buffalo, stuck in their cars[/tab]  
 [tab]                **A**                                **G**                                **D**  
 And I m lyin here neath the sun and the stars[/tab]

[tab] **D**  
 Customs man tells her that she s gotta leave[/tab]

She s got a plan hidden up her shrewd sleeve  
 [tab]                                **G**                                **Em**  
 Wants to find her a captain, a man of strong mind[/tab]  
 [tab]                **A**                                **G**                                **D**                (**D7**)  
 And any direction he blows ll be fine.[/tab]

```
[tab]          G                      D
Please don t say man~ana if you don t mean it[/tab]
[tab]          A                      D      D7
I have heard those words for so very long[/tab]
[tab]          G                      D
Don t try to describe the ocean if you ve never seen it[/tab]
[tab]          A                      G                      D
Don t ever forget that you just may wind up being wrong[/tab]
```

But women and water are in short supply  
There s not enough dope for us all to get high  
I hear it gets better, that s what they say  
As soon as we sail on to Cane Garden Bay

Please don't say man~ana if you don't mean it  
I have heard your lines for so very long  
Don't try to describe the scenery if you've never seen it  
Don't ever forget that you just may wind up in my song

SOLO:     D                     G             A             G D

I've got to head this boat south pretty soon  
New album's old and I'm fresh out of tunes  
But I know that I'll get 'em  
I know that they'll come  
Through the people and places and Callwoods Rum

So please don't say man~ana if you don't mean it  
I have done your lines for so very long  
Don't try to describe a Kiss concert if you've never seen it  
Don't ever forget that you just may wind up being gonged! (gong)

[tab]	<b>A</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>
	And I hope Anita Bryant never ever does one of my songs[/tab]		

African Friend

By: Jimmy Buffett  
1978

[tab]           **G**                   **C**                   **G**  
Disembarking at Duvalier Airport[/tab]  
[tab]**D**                               **C**                   **G**  
Seeking transportation to town[/tab]  
[tab]           **G**                   **C**                   **G**  
As the purple ink dried on his passport[/tab]  
[tab]                   **D**                               **C**                   **G**  
He could still feel the eyes look around[/tab]

(Some French stuff) casino  
Spoke to the cabbie and smiled  
Driver replied vous o louvos  
As he motioned the dark man inside

[tab]                               **Bm**                               **C**  
CHORUS:           Business in Aruba concluded[/tab]  
[tab]                               **Am**                               **D Dsus4**  
He now had a little money to spend[/tab]  
[tab]                               **C**                               **D**                               **G**  
That s how I came to meet my African friend[/tab]

We were rolling the bones several hours  
Conversing as most gamblers do  
We were calling on all of our powers  
Hoping to see the night through

But not approving at all of our winning,  
Pit boss he tugged at his sleeve  
Through the whole thing my new friend was grinning  
When he motioned it s time we should leave

With our night at the tables behind us  
We were ready just to do it again  
That s when I came to know my African friend

#### INSTRUMENTAL

But I woke up on the steps of a whorehouse  
Soldier told me I better leave  
As I stumbled to find me a taxi  
I saw a note pinned to my sleeve

It was a pleasure and a hell of an evening  
Truly was our night to win  
But the authorities insist on my leaving  
Take care, my American friend

With my weekend in Haiti concluded  
I now had a little money to spend  
That s how I came know my African Friend

-----  
End of the SOASOAS GCC section...

12/4/94 MAH