

Son Of A Son
Jimmy Buffett

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@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

[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]

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[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]

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[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]

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[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]

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

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[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]

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[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 satellites
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]

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