

Sailor Without A Sea

by Bret Paluch

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A D A

I'm a Sailor, without a sea

A D E

No cabin cruiser or expensive yacht for me

D

Sippin on a margarita with no salt

A D

My boats docked on asphalt

A E A

I'm a sailor, without a sea

My 1st mate is Jose Cuervo, my Wench is Rose S Lime

Triple Sec swabs up the deck, they all do real fine

Not a cube of ice for a hundred mile

The freezers got a busted dial

A piss warm Margarita is where I draw the line

ADAE
ADAE
DA
DA
EDA

Chorus

My parrot circles overhead, waiting for road kill

Looks at me and salivates, when I lie real still

The barnacles are dying of thirst

Dust storms make my drink taste worse

If that vulture pecks me again, he's on the grill

ADAE
ADAE
DA
DA
EDA

Chorus

I dream about the wind and waves, being on my boat

And when a chill comes out, I put on my P Coat

I'd sail my ship with all my might

The fog horn echoes thru the night (whoooooo)

I'd be a sailor on the sea (3 times)

ADAE
ADAE
DA
DA
EDA