

Sailor Without A Sea

by Bret Paluch

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Chorus

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)

ADAE
ADAE
DA
DA
EDA

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