I am a young mariner headed to war I'm thinkin' 'bout my family and what it was for There's water on the wood and the sails feel good And when I get to shore I hope that I can kill good.

My father was a sailor named Captain Kennedy
He lost his wooden schooner to the Germans on the sea
Exploded on the water for everyone to see
And humiliate that American Captain Kennedy.

I saw him in Nassau in 1971 His strength was failin' but he still ran a run He worked 'til his fingers wore to the bone To buy that wooden schooner and sail on his own.

He was known in the islands as hundred foot iron
That steel hull freighter was passin' its time
And time flew by faster with life on the sea
And the days grew shorter for Captain Kennedy.

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