

## Land Ho!

The Doors

Granda loved a sailor  
Who sailed the frozen sea  
He grandpa was the whaler  
And he took me on his knee  
He said Son Im going crazy  
From living on the land  
Got to find my shipmates  
And walk on foreing sands

This old man was graceful  
With silver in his smile  
He smoked a briar pipe and  
He walked four country miles  
Singing songs of shady sisters  
And old time liberty  
Songs of love and songs of death  
And songs to set me free

Ive got three ships and sixty man  
A course for ports unread  
Stand at mast, let north wind blows  
Till half of us are dead