

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