

If I Was A Sailor

If I was a sailor without any sorrows
I would sell my old wheel barrow
I would buy a boat or a small ship
I would give her a name and go for a trip

If I was a sailor I'd have bottles of wine
and whiskey and beer to walk the line
if I was a sailor I'd have a golden chain
with an anchor on it and one on my skin

If I was, I was, I was a sailor
I would be, would be my own man
if I was, I was, I was a sailor
I would be, would be my own man

If I was a sailor I would sail anywhere
London, New York, Dublin, Down Under
if I was a sailor I'd be wild and free
I'd have no passport but strange herbs in my tea

If I was a sailor I'd be never alone
I'd have my guitar to sail to the sun
If I was a sailor I'd be a lucky man
But not only if I was, right now I am

If I was, I was, I was a sailor
I would be, would be my own man
if I was, I was, I was a sailor
I would be, would be my own man

If I was, I was, I was, I would be, would be, would be
If I was, I was, I was, I would be, would be, would be

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I would be, would be my own man