The Doors, Land Ho!

Grandma loved a sailor, who sailed the frozen sea
Grandpa was that whaler and he took me on his knee
He said: "Son, I'm going crazy from livin' on the land
Got to find my shipmates and walk on foreign 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 men free
Ya!

I've got three ships and sixteen men
A course for ports unread
I'll stand at mast, let north winds blow till half of us are dead
Land ho!

Well, if I get my hands on a dollar bill gonna buy a bottle and drink my fill
If I get my hands on a number five gonna skin that litlle girl alive
If I get my hand on a number two come back home and marry you
Marry you, marry you
Alright!
Land ho!
[improv out]