

Captain Kennedy

I am a young mariner headed to war
I'm thinking 'bout my family and what it was for
There's water on the woods 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 failing but he still ran a run
He worked till his fingers wore to the bone
To buy that wooden schooner and sail on his own

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