

**[C][G][F][G][C][F][G]**

**[C]**Maybe I'm not sailin' on the **[F]**ocean

**[C]**Don't feel the bow **[G]**crashin' the **[F]**waves

**[C]**My ship's just an old rusty **[G]**Chevy, but she's **[F]**ready

So **[C]**climb aboard, it's **[G]**anchors **[F]** a**[G]**weigh

**[C]**I'm not packin' a pistol or a **[F]**cannon

**[C]**Not drivin' by **[G]**money or **[F]**greed

**[C]**My only weapon is a **[G]**guitar, and **[F]**so far

**[C]**She is all **[G]**I've ever **[F]**need**[G]**ed

*Chorus*

***[F]**I'm livin' life, livin' like a **[C]**pirate*

***[F]**Swiggin' rum and singin' of the **[C]**sea*

***[F]**Livin' life, livin' like a **[C]**pirate*

***[F]**Now bring that ho**[G]**rizon to **[C]**me **[F]** **[G]** **[C]***

**[C]**These scallywags are after me **[F]**booty

**[C]**And I'm only **[G]**lookin' for **[F]**rum

**[C]**They just want to plunder, and **[G]**take me down **[F]**under

**[C]**To teach me to **[G]**fire their **[F]**gun**[G]**

**[C]**They wreak of the grog that they're **[F]**drinkin'

**[C]**And their attempt at ro**[G]**mance is quite **[F]**weak

**[C]**But then one does appear, Oh a **[G]**sweet Bucca**[F]**neer

**[C]**To hoist a wench **[G]**right off her **[F]**fe**[G]**et

*Chorus 3X*

