

Ride, Captain, Ride

Mike Pinera, Frank Konte of Blues Image

G G A A7
Seventy-three men sailed up from the San Francisco Bay
C7 C7// C6// G

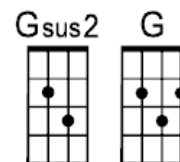
Rolled off of their ship and here's what they had to say

G G A A7
"We're callin' everyone to ride along to another shore
C7 C7// C6// G
We can laugh our lives away and be free once more."

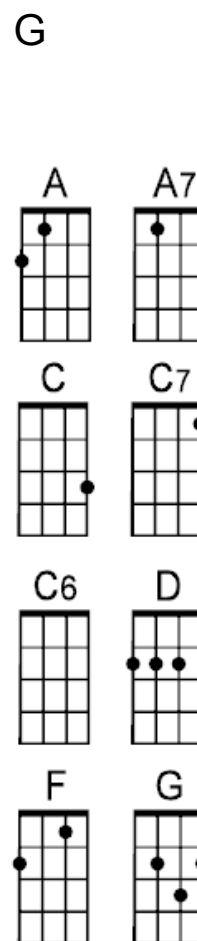
G G A A7
But no one heard them callin', no one came at all
C7 C7// C6// G
'Cause they were too busy watchin' those old raindrops fall
G G A A7
As a storm was blowin' out on the peaceful sea
C7 C7// C6// G G
Seventy-three men sailin' off to history

G G D D
Ride, captain, ride upon your mystery ship
F F G G
Be amazed at the friends you have here on your trip
G G D D
Ride, captain, ride upon your mystery ship
F F G G
On your way to a world that others might have missed

G G A A7
Seventy-three men sailed up from the San Francisco Bay
C7 C7// C6// G G
Got off their ship and here's what they had to say
G G A A7
Callin' everyone to ride along to another shore
C7 C7// C6// G G
We can laugh our lives away and be free once more



To create the sound of the original, replace every G in the verses with Gsus2// G///



<Chorus>