

Ride, Captain, Ride

Mike Pinera, Frank Konte of Blues Image

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

C7 C7// C6// G 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 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 G

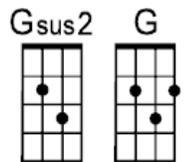
'Cause they were too busy watchin' those old raindrops fall

G G A A7

As a storm was blowin' out on the peaceful sea

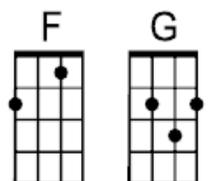
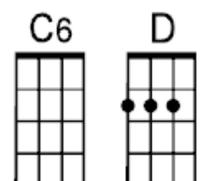
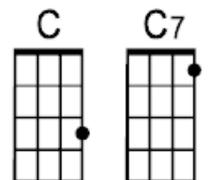
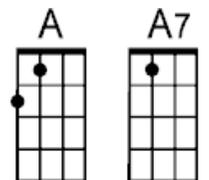
C7 C7// C6// G G

Seventy-three men sailin' off to history



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

G



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

<Chorus>