

Words: Gretchen and Bill Roper  
Music: Jimmy Buffett (Son of a Son of a Sailor)  
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**Son of a Son of Isildur**

**G**  
As a son of a son of Isildur,  
**F**                   **C**                   **G**  
I went out to live in the forest.  
**C**   **G**  
The thought of the crown was just bringing me down  
**D**   **G**  
So I ignored all the voices in chorus.  
**G**  
I lived off the land just the way that I planned  
**F**                   **C**                   **G**  
And I wandered the fields as a Ranger  
**C**   **G**  
Wherever I'd go, well then, no one would know  
**D**   **G**  
Me as anything more than a stranger.

**F/G**                   **C/G**  
I'm a son of a son, son of a son,  
   **G**  
Son of a son of Isildur.  
**F**   **C**  
Son of a sword, easily bored,  
   **G**  
A much better fighter than builder.

I was caught in a spell cast in Rivendell  
By a woman I still see in visions.  
She's the daughter of Elves and she told me herself  
She'd be making a mortal decision.  
And I know Lady G from Lothlorian  
Sees all the world there reflected in water.  
So I'm rejecting the woo that poor Eowyn threw  
'Cause I know that G'd know if I caught her.

March off to fight all the Orcs in the night  
With the fellowship we have assembled.  
Hobbits and Dwarves and ghosts from the wharves  
And the Ents making Saruman tremble.

I'm a son of a son, son of a son,  
Son of a son of Isildur.  
So let Arwen know that my death wasn't so  
'Cause I know if it was, it'd've killed her.

I'm a son of a son, son of a son,  
Son of the last king of Gondor.  
But it won't mean a thing if we can't break the Ring  
And Mount Doom is too damn far to wander.