

Under The San Juan Sun (Poor Ol' Anita)

Larry & Leslie Latour

I went down to the harbor
Looking for some work
I came upon a captain
And this is what he say

Jump on the boat young man, said he
Jump on the boat he cried
A storm's come up and I need you
help
Out there on the stormy water

(Chorus)

Under the San Juan sun
Under the San Juan sun
With Poor Ol' Anita
We go fishin' in the mornin'
Under the San Juan sun

Oh Poor Ol' Anita, yes, that was her
name
She was old and round and slow
But I jump on the boat and I towed the
line
And we sailed out to the sea

I say Why do you sail this boat Old
man
She is old and round and slow
He said never you mind, she a good
old goat
So off to sea we sail

Well that storm came up
And the wind she blow
and the waves crashed over me
I cried Old man,
What's to become of us
As we were battered by the water

Now dont you worry
She's a very old boat
almost as old as me, ha ha
With the best old Puerto Rico timber
She's as strong as she can be

(Chorus) Under the San Juan Sun...

Well that storm it crashed
And that storm it howled
And Anita she pitched and she rolled
I cried Old man, What's to become of
us
On this boat oh she's so round

Now don't you worry
She's a round old boat
Almost as round as me, ha ha
Better to float on this big ol' ocean
Just watch young man said the captain

I cried Old man, Whats to become of
us
Poor Anita she so slow
Now don't you worry
She's a slow old boat
But she'll get us where we go, ha ha

(Chorus) Under the San Juan Sun...

Oh Just then we saw
In the pounding waves
A school of fish so big
Save us they cried
We're drowning
As we pulled up Poor Anita

Now Poor Ol' Anita
such a slow ol' boat
a slow ol' boat that's true
But Poor Ol' Anita
such a slow ol' boat
That the fish knew what to do, ha ha

They all jumped in the boat, all at
once
As Anita she dragged on by
And all at once we were loaded down
With a catch piled to the sky, ha ha

(Chorus) Under the San Juan Sun...

Conclusion

Now the storm she hit San Juan so
hard
It was nearly washed away
But when Poor Ol' Anita
sailed into that harbor
She fed everyone that day, ha ha

When you see Ol' Anita
Poor Ol' Anita
When you see Ol' Anita again
Just remember
She's old and round and slow as
molasses
But she's the best that's ever been

(Chorus) Under the San Juan Sun...

Oh again...

(Chorus) Under the San Juan Sun...