

**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...