

## Big Lil

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The trawlermen of Hull are facing danger on the deep,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
They're freezing off the Faeroes while the owners lie asleep,  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

When you're on the North Atlantic and you need a helping hand,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
You can whistle for a doctor, it's a thousand miles to land,  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

There's all sorts of safety gear to see them through the night,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
But there's no-one to check the gear and see it works alright  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

So we started a petition, seeking safety for our men,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
We've ten thousand signatures to take to Number Ten,  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

Some say let the men do the work for which they're skilled,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
But to stay at home and wait for our menfolk to get killed,  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

So we travelled down to London with our papers in a sack,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
The trawler owners laughed and said we'd soon be comin' back,  
*Well that ain't good enough says Big Lil.*

The men from the Ministry they didn't know what to say,  
*Our husbands and our sons are out there still,*  
But they gave us what we asked for, so that we would go away,  
*And I guess that's good enough says Big Lil.*