

## Elephants' Teeth

© Andrew McKay

People they calls us the longshore men,  
We earns our living along the sea shore,  
On what we picks up from a storm or two,  
We can live for a six-month or more.  
The roofs of our farms are of good Welsh slate,  
From the trader that grounded last year,  
And the beams are made of the timber frame  
Of a short-sighted French privateer.

*We've picked up the coal and the calico,  
Rescued the biscuits and beef,  
But what, my friends, are we going to do  
With a shed-full of elephants' teeth?*

Well, ships they comes and ships they goes,  
Sometimes a ship is cast up at our door,  
It's a tragedy for the men of the sea  
But a bonus for us of the shore  
Sometimes a barrel will come to land,  
It was lost, but now it's found,  
Be it lamp-oil or brandy, it comes in handy,  
It all helps the world to go round.

*(Chorus)*

They says we're poor and knows nothing at all  
Of a gentrified life and what it's about,  
But we drinks our brandy and smokes our cigars  
And the salt helps to ward off the gout.  
You might think the parson would rail about this,  
And tell us to take it all back,  
But he's too busy down at the church,  
Admiring his ivory plaques.

*(Chorus)*

We've all got boats and we knows the ports  
Where goods can be sold and no questions asked,  
And to slip away with a tusk or two,  
Well, it isn't a difficult task.  
And the revenue men will be off home again,  
And it can't be a moment too soon,  
And each child born here for the next hundred years  
Gets an ivory christening spoon.

*We've picked up the coal and the calico,  
Rescued the biscuits and beef,  
But what, my friends, are we going to do  
With a shed-full of elephants' teeth?*