

All washed up ashore

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In a Swansea barque that was old before the Ark
We were heading West by South,
With a swelling sail in the harsh and bitter gale
That sprang from the skipper's mouth:
We'd been driving hard with a sail on every yard
For fifty days or more,
But when the voyage is done we'll be off to have some fun,
We'll be all washed up ashore.

*Oh it's one more day till we take our pay,
And with cash in hand secure,
We will swagger into town and all the girls will gather round,
Till we're all washed up ashore.*

In Valipo there's a bar called Smokey Joe's
Where they take a sailor's pay
Then the wine flows free and the girls sit on your knee
And believe everything you say.
But when the whisky's sold and the tales are all told
And the next crew's banging on the door,
Then the wine stays in the racks and the girls all turn their backs
And you're all washed up ashore.

*Oh it's one more day till we take our pay,
And with cash in hand secure,
We will swagger into town and all the girls will gather round,
Till we're all washed up ashore.*

We lay offshore in the spring of '94
When the big gale caught us out,
And we clung to our bunks like a load of rotten drunks
As the ship was tossed about
Then our cable burst and we feared for the worst,
But we found when we came on deck once more,
We were safe from harm in the middle of a farm,
We were all washed up ashore.

*Oh it's one more day till we take our pay,
And with cash in hand secure,
We will swagger into town and all the girls will gather round,
Till we're all washed up ashore.*

*Yes it's one more day till we take our pay,
And with cash in hand secure,
We will swagger into town and all the girls will gather round,
Till we're all washed up ashore.*