

SHANTYMAN

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear,

And away, get away, you shantyman.

Ain't seen a halyard in many's a year,

An' they got no use for a shantyman.

Slick new fittings are all in style,

And away, get away, you shantyman.

All very clever, but it just ain't right;

An' they got no use for a shantyman.

***Shantyman, oh, shantyman,
Who's got a berth for a shantyman?
Sing you a song of a world gone wrong,
When they got no use for a shantyman.***

Levers to jerk and buttons to press
And real live sailors they need them less;
Pushing on the buttons and hauling on the levers
And they got no use for horny-handed heavers.
The cargo is stored in a polythene pack,
Raised and lowered by a dry bollocks jack;
Floating computer dressed like a ship,
Skippered and crewed by a micro chip.

Chorus

Soon they'll be sailing by remote control,
An' that'll be pleasing to the owners' souls;
They'll send their ships from dock to dock,
All sat upon their arses in an office block.
A sailor's life it once was hard,
Laid out aloft on a tops'l yard;
Now it don't matter if the winds blow high;
You can take force ten with your feet still dry.

Chorus

Old-time ways are forgotten and gone,
For no-one listens to a shantyman's song.
Things no longer as they used to be;
It's the knacker's yard for the likes of me.
New-fangled gear's no use to you
When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses blew;
Then's the time for to rue the day
You sent your shantyman away.

Chorus

Listen at night and you might hear
A ghostly sound on the quiet air;
Is it a ghost from the distant past,
Or just a breeze in the radar mast?

Chorus

Chorus