

Once a Sailor

Kevin Brooks

Once a sailor, always a tar, once a sailorman. Once a sailor, always a tar, once a sailorman.

My mother, she was a farmer's wife, her feet upon the land. My father was a farmer bold, his fingers in the ground. They fought the soil, to grow the grain, that kept the rich man fed. And when they died, a pauper's grave, became their final rest.

Well, not for me this farmer's son, the yoke of toil and land. I'm off to sea, to see the world, I am a sailorman. Once a sailor, always a tar, once a sailorman. Once a sailor, always a tar, once a sailorman.

I've sailed across to Frisco Bay, and around the dreaded Horn. I've been to Bali and Boston Town, and sailed Jamaican shores. I've been so cold my bones could break, and wished I ne'er been born. Then I spy the Molly Mawk riding out the storm.

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I've been in love with many a girl, as keen as keen can be. I've wanted a daughter to call my own, a son upon my knee. But then I see the water spout, the whale majestically. And all I want is the ocean wide, be out upon the sea.

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