

Sailor's Prayer

Words & Music by Tom Lewis (Chorus: Trad.)

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing,
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner be a whaling,

**Oh lord above, send down a dove with beak as sharp as razors,
To cut the throats of them there blokes what sells bad beer to sailors!**

Paid off me score and then ashore, me money soon was flying,
With Judy Lee upon my knee and in my ear she's lying.

With me new found friends, me money spends, just as fast as winking,
But when I make to clear the slate the landlord says: "Keep drinking!".

With me payoff gone and clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving,
Six months of pay's gone in three days but Judy isn't grieving.

When the crimp comes round I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking,
Tomorrow morn sail for The Horn just as the dawn is breaking.

Yes for one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing,
I'll settle down in my home town, no more I'll go seafaring.