



The wind it can blow

Dave Wheatley

We're bound on a whaler
from the ol' port of Poole
We're off to the Artic Ground
The Old man's a drunk
His last ship was sunk
And his oaths are a horrible sound

*Oh! The wind it can blow
With sleet and with snow
For I'll never go... no more
The wind it can blow
For it's now that I know
That I'll never go... no more*

The lookouts a-calling
"to Starboard she blows!"
Then we go a-chasing a whale
The harpoon strikes home
With a terrible groan
And he flips half our boats with his tail

Oh! The wind it can blow...

With our casks full of oil
And our hands stained with blood
After three years for home we do sail
The waves break on deck
Tryin' to make her a wreck
As we're struck by a Northerly gale

Oh! The wind it can blow...

When I come a-sailing
back home from the sea
Then I'll go a-whaling no more
I'll never go back
On that Westerly tack
I'll spend all my time with a whore

Oh! The wind it can blow...