

Sailor's Prayer

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

Oh Lord above, send down a dove,
With beaks as sharp as razors
To cut the throat of those dirty blokes
Who sell bad beer to sailors

Paid off my debts to all ashore, my money soon was flying
With Judy Lee upon my knee in my ear lying

Chorus

With my newfound friends, my money spent just as fast as winking
But when I make to clean the slate, the landlord yells, "Keep Drinking"

Chorus

Now my money's all gone my clothes are in pawn and Judy's set for leaving
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy isn't grieving

Chorus

So just one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm staying
I'll settle down in my hometown and never go seafaring

Chorus X 2