

The Last Shanty

#03

Well me father often told me when I was just a lad
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad
But now I've joined the navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war
And now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more

(Don't) haul on the rope, (don't) climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
(Just) get your civvies ready for another run ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore

Well, the killick of our mess, he says we've had it soft
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deck-head, or lying on the floor?

Well, they gave us an engine that first went up and down
Then with more technology the engine went around
We know our steam and diesel but what's a main-yard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

Well, they gave us an Aldis lamp so we could do it right
They gave us a radio, we signalled day and night
We know our codes and cyphers, but what's a semaphore?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

Two cans of beer a day - that's your bleeding lot
Now we get an extra one because they've stopped the tot
So, we'll put on our civvy clothes and find a pub ashore
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before