

## A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR (THE LAST SHANTY)

#03

Tom Lewis

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