

Sea Shanty

Caravan

Dear dirty London in the pouring rain
I wish to God I was back on the sea again
Though that belongs to the world of never will be
There was never a wilder bastard than me on the sea
I could fuck all the whores in damnation me boys
Though they wriggled and hollered and made a great noise
Then I'd drink till I stank and then drink plenty more
And I won't go down to the sea any more
But if I had ten pounds then I'd raise a loud cheer
And I'd toast all me neighbours both distant and dear
And I'd shoot back great belly-crippling buckets of beer
And a pox and a curse on the people round here
Wouldn't give you me the price of a half pint of beer
Wouldn't give you me the price of a cup of good cheer
A pox and a curse on the people round here

A man's ambition must indeed be small
To write his name upon a shithouse wall
But before I die I'll add my regal scrawl
To show the world I'm left with sweet fuck all
And when all of us bold shithouse poets do die
A monument grand they will raise to the sky
A monument made just to mark our great wit
A monument of solid shit now me boys
I met with Bill James we fought over crusts
I called him a whore and he booted me crotch
Then we shared out the jack and we thought it a treat
The compliments pass when the quality meet
The compliments pass when the quality meet
The compliments pass when the quality meet
The compliments pass when the quality meet

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by MACGOWAN, SHANE PATRICK LYSAGHT

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC