

# Roll Up, Sailorman

Paul Robeson

Oh the harbour sharks they lie in wait  
As they prowl around by the big dock gate  
They're all lined up for an easy job  
For a sailor man is easy to rob

It's roll up sailorman you're everybody's friend  
The moment that you land upon the shore  
It's roll up sailor when you've got a dime to spend  
You're just the man your pals are waiting for

Buy them beer and get em singing  
Lead the chorus with a roar  
But it's scam you sailor when your money's at an end  
Get off with you to sea and earn some more

Oh the dockside rats  
The ale house toughs[?]  
And a scrounging crowd  
Who can make things rough  
They'll all be there when your ship comes in  
With their teeth all bare in a welcoming grin

It's roll up sailorman from all the rotten scum  
The moment that you land upon the shore  
It's roll up sailor you can pay for all the rum  
So nobody will have to order more

Crimps[1] and runners rob your pocket  
While you're helpless on the floor  
and it's scam you sailor man to or kingdom come  
Your just the boob? the sharks are waiting for

[1] Crimp - An agent making it his business to procure seamen, soldiers, etc., esp. by seducing, decoying, entrapping, or impressing them. - Oxford English Dictionary

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Lyrics submitted by mampam.

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