Flying Dutchman

Jethro Tull

Old lady with a barrow, life near ending
Standing by the harbor wall, warm wishes sending
Children on the cold sea swell, not fishers of men
Gone to chase away the last herring
Come empty home again
So come all you lovers of the good life
On your supermarket run
And set a sail of your own devising
And be there when the Dutchman comes
Oh, you better be there when the Dutchman comes
Wee girl in a straw hat, from far east warring
Sad cargo of an old ship, young bodies whoring
Slow ocean hobo, ports closed to her crew
No hope of immigration, keep on passing through

So come all you lovers of the good life
Your children playing in the sun
And set a sympathetic flag a-flying
Oh, and be there when the Dutchman comes
Oh, you better be there when the Dutchman comes
Death grinning like a scarecrow, Flying Dutchman
Seagull pilots flown from nowhere, oh, try and touch one
As she slips in on the full tide and the harbor master yells
All hands vanished with the captain, no one left, the tale to tell
So come all you lovers of the good life
Look around you, can you see?
Staring ghostly from the mirror, it's the Dutchman you will be
Floating slowly out to sea, oh, in a misty misery, no

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