# Salty Dog

## Marc Almond

All hands on deck
We're all afloat
I heard the captain cry
Explore the ship
Replace the cook
Let no one leave aliveAcross the straits
Around the Horn
How far can sailors fly
The twisted path
Our tortured course
And no left aliveWe sailed for parts
Unknown to man
Where ships come home to die
No lofty peak
No fortress bold
Could match our captain's eyeUpon the seventh
Seasick day
We made our port of call
The sun so white
And the sea so blue
No mortal place at allWe fired the gun
And burned the mast
And rode from ship to shore
The captain cried
We sailors wept
But our tears were tears of joyHow many moons
And how many Junes
Have passed since we made love
A salty dog
And a seaman's log
Your witness my own pain

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