

A Salty Dog

[Sarah Brightman](#)

All hands on deck
We'll run afloat
I heard the captain cry
Explore the ship
Replace the cook
Let no one leave alive
Across the straits
Around the horn
How far can sailors fly?
A twisted path
A tortured course
And no one left alive We sailed for parts
Unknown to man
Where ships come home to die
No lofty peak
No fortress boat,
Could match our captain's eye
Upon the seventh sea sick day
We've made our port of call
The sand so white
The sea so blue
No mortal place at all We fired the gun
And burned the mast
And rode from ship to shore
The captain cried
We sailors wept
Our tears were tears of joy
How many moons
And many Junes
How far since we've made land
A Salty Dog
Our seaman's lot
You're witness my own hand

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