

Show Some Respect

Sting

Show some respect on this deck for the dear departed,
Gather ye's round let's be bound by the work we started,
Save all your strength for the length of the task before us,
Think on that ship on the slipway they can't ignore us.
It's what he would have wanted, he'll not be disappointed,
Each of us well appointed, we've all but been anointed,
Such was our occupation, this means of our salvation,
We'll make a rope out of our dreams and hopes and tribulations.
We'll weave these strands together, we'll splice a rope and tether,
And though we won't know whether, it's fair or stormy weather,
We'll quit this quay,

And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea. Pick up your tools, we're not fools to be treated lightly,
We'll weld our souls to the bulkheads, secure them tightly,
We'll use the skills and the crafts that our fathers taught us,
We work with pride, not as slaves, no one ever bought us. We'll weave a net of our dreams and our hopes
between us,

We'll be the envy of that sorry bunch who'll wish they'd been us,
We'll form a web of steel, a structure that will not be broken,
We'll be the heroes of the day whenever tales are spoken. And as the dance gets faster, we'll build a double
master,

No vessel will outlast her, no other ship gets past her,
We'll quit this quay,

And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea. Come strike the floor with your feet all you lads and lasses,
And if you're too old to dance, you can raise your glasses,
Just come on in, take a spin, in your dreams ye've held her.

What are ye? Man or a mouse, or a shipyard welder? Shy bairns get nowt for waiting, so why ye hesitating?
Ships don't get built debating, or launched just contemplating.
Wear out your old shoe leather, we're in this dance together,
We'll pull the blades and feather, in fair or clement weather.
Each one of us connected, all trades and skills respected,
Always to be expected, we will not be deflected,

We'll quit this quay,

And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea. Na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na

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Na na na na, la la la
La la la la la la la Show some respect, fill the deck, get the lassies twirling,
'Cos they expect to be swept off their feet and whirling,
Life is a dance, a romance where ye take your chances,
Just don't be left on the shores of regretful glances.
We may not drive Rolls Royces, we're hardly spoilt for choices,
If we're to pay invoices, we'll need to raise our voices.
Our strength is in communion, this boilermakers' union,
The shipwright welders' guilds, with every working station filled. These bonds we've spliced together, will face
all kinds of weather,
Considered altogether, and sailing Hell for leather,
We'll quit this quay,
And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea.
Where will you be,
When we cast this net of souls upon the sea?

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