

Anne Louise

The Longest Johns

Oh the Anne Louise is waiting for a crew to jump aboard
To take her out to deeper waters further from the shore
For its quiet and still in the harbor, not a voice to be heard in the bay
But the winds coming down from Norway and thereâ€™s plenty to be done today

Oh! Cast off me lads
Weâ€™ll set the sails out in 'cause
Sheâ€™s been gasping for some action
Out on the open seas
Oh thereâ€™s nothing quite like pitching
Along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller
Of my sky blue westerly

Oh weâ€™ve coffee and weâ€™ve bacon and weâ€™ve everything on board
So cry the crew, cast off from this safe haven weâ€™ve been moored
For thereâ€™s salt wind in our lungs boys, and salt blood in our veins
But the winds coming down from Norway making horses beyond the cranes

Oh! Cast off me lads
Weâ€™ll set the sails out in 'cause
Sheâ€™s been gasping for some action
Out on the open seas
Oh thereâ€™s nothing quite like pitching
Along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller
Of my sky blue westerly

Oh she may be kinda small but sheâ€™s got everything and more
For a crew of hopeless seadogs salut side up the shore
Oh we may be back in a month, or we may be back in a day
But the winds coming down from Norway and thereâ€™s no way that we can stay

Oh! Cast off me lads
Weâ€™ll set the sails out in 'cause
Sheâ€™s been gasping for some action
Out on the open seas
Oh thereâ€™s nothing quite like pitching
Along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller

Of my sky blue westerly

Oh the Anne Louise has had her fill and now we must away
To walk upon the shores and share the stories of the day
Oh we may sleep well in our beds tonight, and we may not be back here for days
But the winds coming down from Norway and our dreams will be on the waves

Oh! Cast off me lads
We'll set the sails out in 'cause
She's been gasping for some action
Out on the open seas
Oh there's nothing quite like pitching
Along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller
Of my sky blue westerly

Oh! Cast off me lads
We'll set the sails out in 'cause
She's been gasping for some action
Out on the open seas
Oh there's nothing quite like pitching
Along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller
(With my hand on the tiller!)
With my hand on the tiller
Of my sky blue westerly

Lyrics Submitted by Sophia Koch

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