

Flying Dutchman

EK-Lounge

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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