

# The Thresher

Phil Ochs

In Portsmouth town  
On the eastern shore  
Where many a fine ship was bornThe Thresher was built  
And the Thresher was launched  
And the crew of the Thresher was swornShe was shaped like a tear  
She was built like a shark  
She was made to run fast and freeAnd the builders shook their hands  
And the builders shared their wine  
Thought that they had mastered the seaYes, she'll always run silent  
And she'll always run deep  
Though the ocean has no pity  
Though the waves will never weep  
They'll never weepAnd they marveled at her speed  
And they marveled at her depth  
And they marveled at her deadly designAnd they sailed to every land  
And they sailed to every port  
Just to see what faults they could findThen they put her on the land  
For nine months to stand  
And they worked on her from stem to sternBut they could never see  
It was their coffin to be  
For the sea was waiting for their returnYes, she'll always run silent  
And she'll always run deep  
Though the ocean has no pity  
Though the waves will never weep  
They'll never weepOn a cold Wednesday morn  
They put her out to sea  
When the waves they were nine feet highAnd they dove beneath the waves  
And they dove to their graves  
And they never said a last goodbyeAnd it's deeper and deeper  
And deeper they dove  
Just to see what their ship could standBut the hull gave a moan  
And the hull gave a groan  
And they plunged to the deepest darkest sandNow she lies in the depths  
Of the darkened ocean floor  
Covered by the waters cold and stillOh, can't you see the wrong?  
She was a death ship all along  
Died before she had a chance to killAnd she'll never run silent  
And she'll never run deep  
For the ocean had no pity

And the waves they never weep  
They never weep

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