

Hadaway

Sting

Ah, ye've gotta be joking, yr tekkin' the piss,
I'd have to be stupid to go on wi' this,
I wasn't born yesterday, or even last week,
It's someone with sailing experience ye seek?
I wouldn't sail with you's on the last ship aground,
In a biblical flood, I'd be better off drowned,
So drink up yr be vies and have a good sup,
I'll no part o' this fancy O' Brian's dreamed up,
Find some other idiot to pilot your craft,
And tomorrow ye'll be sober.Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yer beer up the wall,
And you're out of your tiny minds.I had a friend on the ships his name was Joe Dorsey,
He'd get into port he'd be straight to the horsies,
He begged and he pleaded, he was some operator,
600 to one, and he'd pay me back later,
He claimed it was certain that we'd be in clover,
And the next time we sailed past the White Cliffs of Dover,
We'd be sailing a yacht of our own to the Med,
I lent him the money, I was out of me head,
I didn't see hide of him for nine months, maybe ten,
And didn't the bastard just ask me again?
For the loan of a tenner he'd pay me back soon,
All the money he owed me, I answered the loon,Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yer beer up the wall,
And you're out of your tiny minds.I once had a girl down in Tenerife,
A passionate courtship albeit brief,
But what happened next, it just beggared belief,
If I tell ye, ye'll be sober.
The second night in she claims she's with child,
Afore yesterday night she'd been pure, undefiled,
I must be the father, court papers she'd filed,
So what did I tell her me rovers?Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yer beer up the wall,
Ye think you've got a case, you've got sweet bugger all,
And you're out of your tiny minds,
And you're out of your tiny minds,

And you're out of your tiny minds. And the 'cetylene lights,
There's an empty throne waiting every Saturday night,
There'll be no more mistaking where I've set my sights,
I ain't no pretender 'cos it's mine by rights,
I'm Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights.
Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights,
Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights,
Jock the singing welder and the oxy-acetylene lights.

Songwriters

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