The Crabby Song

Sandra Boynton

Sailors love to sail the seas
In weather bad or fair.
They love to feel
The ocean breeze
And sniff the salty air.
They love to Laugh
They love to Work
They love to Eat
Good food!!{this is you captin speaking,
Cut out that singing,
Get back to work}They love to sing you
This fine song
When you're in
A terrible mood:Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
HEY! what a HEY! what a HEY! what a
CRAB!!
Heigh-ho crabby cabby, ho ho, crab!{stop that blasted music!
This deck better be swabbed buy eight
Bells or no supper for anyone!
I'll be in my quarters!}Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
HEY! what a HEY! what a HEY! what a
CRAB!!
Heigh-ho crabby cabby, ho ho, crab!
Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
Hay, what a crab and a Ho, what a crab!
HEY! what a HEY! what a HEY! what a
{hey what a what!?}
Uh, SWAB!
swab swab swab swab,
Swab Swab Swab Swab!
Swab meharty swab,
It's a massive deck
But what the heck
It's part of a sailors job.
So grab your mop
And grab you pail
And do what you must do,

Yes grab your pail
And grab you mop
And scrub it until you're through{that's better}

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