Papa

The Waifs

well my papa was a fisher man
and he fished the deep blue sea
he home made some fine black berry nip
and he'd always pass a nip onto mewell he smelled like black-tarred fishing nets
oh tiger belly growl
he was my good pappa
but he be bones nowgrand daddy was a sailor
and he sailed from far across the sea
well he did talk some kind of funny
but it never did bother mewhen he spoke about his home land
'twas with a sad and furrowed brow
no more tears grandaddy
you just be bones now

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