

# High and Dry

## Gordon Lightfoot

With a lady-like devotion  
She sails the bitter ocean  
If it wasn't for lovesick sailors  
There'd be nothin' left but flotsam  
Singin' why me oh my  
Is there a better man than I  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you're lyin' high and dry  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you die

Her sails blow like bubbles  
While ya sip yer daily doubles  
If she wasn't so fond of the weather  
She might give the deckhands trouble  
Singin' why me oh my  
Is there a better man than I  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you're lyin' high and dry  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you die

One day when I grew older  
And I found I could not hold her  
She took on a fine young skipper  
Who soon run her up on a boulder  
Singin' why me oh my  
Is there a better man than I  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you're lyin' high and dry  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you die

Now the pleasures of the harbor  
Don't include a lady barber  
If it wasn't for Long John Silver  
All of us pirates would've been martyrs  
Singin' why me oh my  
Is there a better man than I

I hope you find your way back home  
Before you're lyin' high and dry  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you're lyin' high and dry  
I hope you find your way back home  
Before you die

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