

Sky Hooks And Tartan Paint

Sting

Me first day in the shipyard, the gaffer says to me,
"I want ye to go to the store lad and get a few things, ye see?
Now here's a list, can ye read lad? Can ye read it back to me?
And me and the boys'll listen while were having wah morning tea."

Now reading was me pride when I left school at fourteen,
There wouldn't be no problem here, I'd show them I was keen,
But when I starts to reading, they just couldn't hold their mirth,
Hugging themselves and spluttering like they was giving birth.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task complete."

The gaffer pats me on the head and sends me on me way,
He says, "Don't come back empty handed lad, or I'll have to dock yer pay."

So I gets to the store all nervous and the quartermaster's there,
I pulls the list out of me pocket and I starts to read all square,
Well I hadn't barely finished when the store-man's face turns red,
He gives me such an evil look I thought I'd soon be dead.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task complete."
The store-man swipes me on the head and sends me on me way,
With a kick in the arse for me efforts, and such was my first day.

I gets back home that evening and me mother says to me,
"How was it son? How was your day? Sit down and have some tea."
I told her of the list I'd read and the trouble I was in,
I couldn't go back tomorrow or the gaffer'd have me skinned.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task complete."
Me mother swipes me on the head and sends me on me way,
With a kick in the arse for me efforts, and such was my first day.

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