

Passagemaker's Holler

Eileen Quinn

Well a cruiser's life is all trouble and toil,
clean the bilge, change the engine oil,
jerry jug the water, the diesel, the gas,
stop by the bar for one more glass.

Heave ho and away we go,
the wind is fair and the waves are low,
the moon is full and the sailin's fine,
we're haulin' up the hook, it's passage time!

Layin' in provisions, fresh veggies and bread,
seven different kinds of seasickness med,
fine wine in a box I'm gonna get me some,
and there's always room for a bottle of rum!

Heave ho and away we go,
the wind is fair and the waves are low,
the moon is full and the sailin's fine,
we're haulin' up the hook, it's passage time!

Be nice to the officials, don't be a jerk,
so it takes all day to do your paperwork.
Loadin' up the cooler, cookin' up some grub,
then it's over the side to give the bottom a scrub.

Heave ho and away we go,
the wind is fair and the waves are low,
the moon is full and the sailin's fine,
we're haulin' up the hook, it's passage time!

Time to roll the cover back off of the sail,
stow your crap, put the outboard on the rail.

Gonna take a little nap or just relax,
Oh there might be time to send one more fax!

Heave ho and away we go,
the wind is fair and the waves are low,
the moon is full and the sailin's fine,
we're haulin' up the hook, it's passage time!

Now you're ready to depart, more or less,
punchin' in the waypoints on the GPS,
time to raise the hook...but there's a party underway,
what the hell, you can leave the next day!

Heave ho and away we go,
the wind is fair and the waves are low,
the moon is full and the sailin's fine,
we're haulin' up the hook, it's passage time!

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