

# Sea Shanty

## Goodtimes Goodtimes

Dear dirty London in the pouring rain  
I wish to God I was back on the sea again  
Though that belongs to the world of never will be  
There was never a wilder bastard than me on the sea  
I could fuck all the whores in damnation me boys  
Though they wriggled and hollered and made a great noise  
Then I'd drink till I stank and then drink plenty more  
And I won't go down to the sea any more  
But if I had ten pounds then I'd raise a loud cheer  
And I'd toast all me neighbours both distant and dear  
And I'd shoot back great belly-crippling buckets of beer  
And a pox and a curse on the people round here  
Wouldn't give you me the price of a half pint of beer  
Wouldn't give you me the price of a cup of good cheer  
A pox and a curse on the people round here

A man's ambition must indeed be small  
To write his name upon a shithouse wall  
But before I die I'll add my regal scrawl  
To show the world I'm left with sweet fuck all  
And when all of us bold shithouse poets do die  
A monument grand they will raise to the sky  
A monument made just to mark our great wit  
A monument of solid shit now me boys  
I met with Bill James we fought over crusts  
I called him a whore and he booted me crotch  
Then we shared out the jack and we thought it a treat  
The compliments pass when the quality meet  
The compliments pass when the quality meet  
The compliments pass when the quality meet  
The compliments pass when the quality meet

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by MACGOWAN, SHANE PATRICK LYSAGHT

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>