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
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