

# Heave the Line Boys

## Fire On McGinnis

Mates the wicked wind blows  
All hands there are crates to unload  
    Before the setting sun  
    There's work to be done  
Mates the wicked wind blows  
Mates the wicked wind blows  
The devil drives spikes in my bones  
    Before the setting sun,  
    There's work to be done,  
Mates the wicked wind blows Heave the line boys, ho the line  
    Never mind the cold  
    Heaven might be higher,  
    But whiskey holds the fire  
Steady as she goes Mates wrap the line pull the slack  
All hands there are crates to unpack  
    Before the setting sun  
    There's work to be done,  
Mates wrap the line pull the slack  
Mates wrap the line pull the slack  
The devil rides a monkey on my back  
    Before the setting sun  
    There's work to be done  
Mates wrap the line pull the slack Heave the line boys, ho the line  
    Never mind the cold  
    Heaven might be higher,  
    But whiskey holds the fire  
Steady as she goes Mates it's the end of the day  
All hands for whiskey make the way  
    Past the setting sun  
    There's work to be done  
Mates it's the end of the day  
Mates it's the end of the day  
The devil in the brew takes the pay  
    Past the setting sun  
    There's drinking to be done,  
Mates it's the end of the day Heave the line boys, ho the line  
    Never mind the cold  
    Heaven might be higher,  
    But whiskey holds the fire

Steady as she goes

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