

Straits Dire

"Single Handed Sailor"

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Two in the morning, dry-dock town
The rivers rolls away in the night
Little gypsy moth she's all tied down
She quiver in the wind and the light
Yeah and a sailing ship just held down in chains
From the lazy days of sail
It's just lying there in silent pain
He lean on the turist rail
A mother and her baby and the colege war
and the concrete graves
You never wanna against the river law
Nobody rules the waves
Yeah and on the night when the lazy wind is a-wailing
Around the Cutty Sark
Single handed sailor goes sailing
Sailing away in the dark
He's upon the bridge on the self same night
The mariner of dry dock land
Two in the morning, but there is one green light
And the man on the barge of sand
She's gonna slip away below him

Away from the things he's done

But he just shouts "Hey man, what do you call this thing?"

He could have said "Pride of London"

On the night when the lazy wind is a-wailing

Around the Cutty Sark

Yeah the single handed sailor goes sailing

Sailing away in the dark

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