

## Tull Jethro

### "Flying Dutchman"

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Old lady with a barrow; life near ending  
Standing by the harbour wall; warm wishes sending  
children on the cold sea swell -  
not fishers of men -  
gone to chase away the last herring:  
come empty home again.  
So come all you lovers of the good life  
on your supermarket run -  
Set a sail of your own devising  
and be there when the Dutchman comes.  
Wee girl in a straw hat: from far east warring  
Sad cargo of an old ship young bodies whoring  
Slow ocean hobo - ports closed to her crew  
No hope of immigration - keep passing through.  
So come all you lovers of the good life  
your children playing in the sun -  
set a sympathetic flag a-flying  
and be there when the Dutchman comes.  
Death grinning like a scarecrow - Flying Dutchman  
Seagull pilots flown from nowhere - try and touch one  
as she sails in on the full tide

and the harbour-master yells  
All hands vanished with the captain -  
no one left, the tale to tell.  
So come all you lovers of the good life  
Look around you, can you see?  
Staring ghostly in the mirror -  
it's the Dutchman you will be  
..floating slowly out to sea  
in a misty misery

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