

## Waifs, The "Papa"

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well my papa was a fisher man  
and he fished the deep blue sea  
he home made some fine black berry nip  
and he'd always pass a nip onto me

well he smelled like black-tarred fishing nets  
oh tiger belly growl  
he was my good pappa  
but he be bones now

grand daddy was a sailor  
and he sailed from far across the sea  
well he did talk some kind of funny  
but it never did bother me

when he spoke about his home land  
'twas with a sad and furrowed brow  
no more tears grandaddy  
you just be bones now

well i look now at my father  
and his black hair's all gone grey  
and those strong arms that did carry me  
they're now withering away  
lay down your burdens papa  
won't you come sit with me at home  
we have got to spend some time together  
before we just be bones

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