

Byrds

"Jack Tarr The Sailor"

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When first I come to Liverpool, I went upon a spree
Me money, Alas, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk
could be
And when me money was all gone, it was then that I
wanted more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to
sea once more

I spent that night with Angeline, too drunk to roll in bed
Me watch, it was new and me money was due, in the
mornin' with 'em she fled
And as I roamed the streets around, the whores they all
would roar
There goes Jack Tarr, that poor sailor, he must go to
sea once more

As I was walkin' down the street, I run into Wrapper
Brown
I asked him for to take me in and he looked at me with
a frown
He said last time you was paid off, with me you chalked
no score
But I'll take your advance and I'll give you the chance
And I'll send you to sea once more

He shipped me aboard of a whaling ship bound for the
Arctic Sea
Where the cold winds blow through the frost and the
snow
And Jamaica rum runs free
Alas, I had no rough-weather gear for I'd left all me
money ashore
It was then that I wished that I was dead or safe with
the girls ashore

Come all you bold seafarin' lads, who listen to my song
And when you come off them long trips, pray that, just
not go wrong
Take my advice, drink no strong drink, don't go
sleepin' with no whore
But get married, lads, and have all night in and go to

sea no more

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