

Gordon Lightfoot

"High And Dry"

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With a lady-like devotion
She sails the bitter ocean
If it wasn't for lovesick sailors
There'd be nothin' left but flotsam
Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die
Her sails blow like bubbles
While ya sip yer daily doubles
If she wasn't so fond of the weather
She might give the deckhands trouble
Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

One day when I grew older
And I found I could not hold her
She took on a fine young skipper
Who soon run her up on a boulder
Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

Now the pleasures of the harbor
Don't include a lady barber
If it wasn't for Long John Silver
All of us pirates would've been martyrs
Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry

I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

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