

Jet Set Roger

"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 on 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 slips 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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