

## Jet Set Roger

### "The Whaler's Dues"

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Money speaks. Soft hearts lose. The truth only  
whispers.  
It's the whaler's dues.

I've been running on diesel. Been running on coal.  
Running on borrowed time, if truth's to be told.  
Two whales in the ocean, cruising the night  
Search for each other before we turn out their light.

Been accused of deep murder on the North Atlantic  
swell  
But I have three hungry children and a young wife as  
well.  
And behind stand generations of hard hunting men  
Who raised a glass to the living, and went killing again.  
Are you with me?

Money speaks, soft hearts lose. The truth only  
whispers.  
Now pay the whaler's dues.  
Can you forgive me?

Now I'm old and I sit land-locked in a back-country jail  
To reflect on all of my sins and the death of the whale.  
Send me back down the ages. Put me to sea once  
again  
When the oceans were full --- yes, and men would be  
men.  
Can you forgive me?

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