

**Marc Almond****"A Salty Dog"**

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All hands on deck  
We're all afloat  
I heard the captain cry  
Explore the ship  
Replace the cook  
Let no one leave alive

Across the straits  
Around the Horn  
How far can sailors fly  
The twisted path  
Our tortured course  
And no left alive

We sailed for parts  
Unknown to man  
Where ships come home to die  
No lofty peak  
No fortress bold  
Could match our captain's eye

Upon the seventh  
Seasick day  
We made our port of call  
The sun so white  
And the sea so blue  
No mortal place at all

We fired the gun  
And burned the mast  
And rode from ship to shore  
The captain cried  
We sailors wept  
But our tears were tears of joy

How many moons

And how many Junes  
Have passed since we made love  
A salty dog  
And a seaman's log  
Your witness my own pain

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