

Mark Knopfler

"So Far From The Clyde"

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They had a last supper the day of the beaching
She's a dead ship sailing skeleton crew
The galley is empty, the stove pots are cooling
With what's left of the stew

The time is approaching, the captain moves over
The hangman steps in to do what he's paid for
With the wind down the tide
She goes proud ahead steaming
And he drives her hard into the shore

So far from the Clyde
Together we ride
We did ride

As if to a wave from her bows to her rudder
Bravely she rises to meet with the land
Under their feet they all feel her keel shatter
The shallow sea washes their hands

Later the captain shakes hands with the hangman
And climbs slowly down to the oily wet ground
Goes 'bout to the car that has come here to take him
To the graveyard and back to the town

So far from the Clyde
Together we ride
We did ride

They pull out her cables and hack off her hatches
Too poor to be wasteful with pity or time
They swarm on her carcass with torches and axes
Like a whale on the bloody shoreline

Stripped of her pillars, her stays and her stanchions
When there's only her bones on the wet poison land
Steel ropes will drag her with winches and engines
'Til it's only a stain on the sand

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