

Rose Funeral

"Whoa Sailor"

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Well I'll tell you bout my night on shore if you will lend
an ear
I stepped into a cabaret to get myself a beer
A pretty girl sat all alone and she needed company
But when I got close this gal a rose this is what she said
to me
Now she said whoa sailor be careful what you do
In your eye there's a gleam and to me it seems your
just like all the rest
With a wolfish eye and a line that's sly then a sailor's at
his best
[guitar]
Now look here babe you've got me wrong I'm not that
kinda guy
I just got back from across the sea where there are no
gals arie
Now let me talk to you a while I'm sure you'll see my
way
But when I went to spout she turned about this is what
she had to say
Now she said whoa sailor I've heard that line before
You'll look into my eyes and tell me lies and tales of the
seven seas
But a sailor's full of that kinda bull so don't hand it to
me
[guitar]
Oh pretty girl you've let me down you've broken my
poor heart
And oh how it hurt when you had to spout that last sad
remark
I said I think I have a drink and I broke out six month's
pay
With a wide open eyes she breathed a sigh this time
she had to say
Now she said whoa sailor I think you've won my heart
Well she was right neat and she sure was sweet but I
knew she was that sort
But she's not all to blame cause it's a sailor's aim to
have a girl in every port

