Fire on McGinnis "Heave The Line Boys"

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Mates the wicked wind blows
All hands there are crates to unload
Before the setting sun
There's work to be done
Mates the wicked wind blows
Mates the wicked wind blows
The devil drives spikes in my bones
Before the setting sun,
There's work to be done,
Mates the wicked wind blows

Heave the line boys, ho the line Never mind the cold Heaven might be higher, But whiskey holds the fire Steady as she goes

Mates wrap the line pull the slack
All hands there are crates to unpack
Before the setting sun
There's work to be done,
Mates wrap the line pull the slack
Mates wrap the line pull the slack
The devil rides a monkey on my back
Before the setting sun
There's work to be done
Mates wrap the line pull the slack

Heave the line boys, ho the line Never mind the cold Heaven might be higher, But whiskey holds the fire Steady as she goes

Mates it's the end of the day
All hands for whiskey make the way
Past the setting sun
There's work to be done
Mates it's the end of the day
Mates it's the end of the day
The devil in the brew takes the pay
Past the setting sun

There's drinking to be done, Mates it's the end of the day

Heave the line boys, ho the line Never mind the cold Heaven might be higher, But whiskey holds the fire Steady as she goes

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