

Auteurs, The "Dead Sea Navigators"

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Their legend lay in tatters
From perth to john o'groats
The dead sea navigators
Should've been buried at birth
And of course i loved them dearly
And i miss them now they're gone
The dea sea navigators
Wished they'd had a son

Even in their heyday
No-one like them anyway
Committed boozers 3 a.m. shivers
This one goes out to those not with us

John the barman and mickey green
This one goes out to all the drinkers
At the red lion
And our friends, though they are few
Angel, johnny, pain, keith charity
This one's for you
And what's left of your nerve will get you through

From brighton down to eastbourne
Sea sick sailors getting tough
But the dead sea navigators
Were made of stouter stuff

Golden years, golden years
No-one like them
'cept for us

Season's ending , all night porters
Thy honour defending with last orders

All the sunbathers
Staring at the sun
This one goes out to the
Invisible children - as yet unborn
And our friends
Though they are few
Overcoat boys with more brains than brawn

This one's for you
And all that sail in the Deas sea navigators This one's
for you

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