

Sailor

"Hanna"

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Yip, yip, yip, yip
Hanna, I've been on the deck too long
I should have known, but everything's worked out
wrong
I'd rather be cuddled up with you
Than out on a ship with a dirty old crew
There's always another run to make, far, far away
(Chorus):
So load her up (Load her up!)
We're going home to Santiago
Let her go (Let her go!)
Take her home to Santiago

Yip, yip, yip, yip
Hanna, I'll always belong to you
But I want to do what all the young lovers do
I've been alone in every damn town
From Singapore up to the Hague and then down
I bring her in and take her out again, far, far away
(Repeat chorus)

Hanna, I'm sailing the old ship home
Another week and we'll never sleep alone
It's so hard, no matter what I do
To spend another night with a picture of you
Turning from side to side in my bed, far, far away
(Repeat chorus and fade)

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