

Port O'brien

"Stuck On A Boat"

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I'm sick of the weather up here
It goes on and on my dear
And the fish aren't coming still
They wait and wait until
We put our anchor down
We steal a few hours in town
My feet weren't made for the sea
They were made for running free

Free
Free
It don't make much sense to me
It don't make much sense to me
To be stuck on a boat at sea

It's harder to have you here

In the cannery so near
Baking bread and drinking wine
All just to pass the time
And I see the ships heading there
Where my love lets down her hair
But my dad works this all day
And so we stay right here

Stay
Stay
Stay
Now we're going into Larsen Bay
Now we're going into Larsen Bay
Now we're going into Larsen Bay

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