

## **Dire Straights**

### **"SINGLE HANDED SAILOR"**

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Two in the morning, dry-dock town  
The rivers rolls away in the night  
Little gypsy moth she's all tied down  
She quiver in the wind and the light  
Yeah and a sailing ship just held down in chains  
From the lazy days of sail  
It's just lying there in silent pain  
He lean on the turist rail  
A mother and her baby and the colege war  
and the concrete graves  
You never win against the river law  
Nobody rules the waves  
Yeah and on the night when the lazy wind is a-wailing  
Around the Cutty Sark  
Single handed sailor goes sailing  
Sailing away in the dark  
He's upon the bridge on the self same night  
The mariner of dry dock land  
Two in the morning, but there is one green light  
And the man on the barge of sand  
She's gonna slip away below him

Away from the things he's done

But he just shouts "Hey man, what do you call this thing?"

He could have said "Pride of London"

On the night when the lazy wind is a-wailing

Around the Cutty Sark

Yeah the single handed sailor goes sailing

Sailing away in the dark

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