

Town Pants "The Mermaid"

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It was Friday morn, when we set sail
and we were not far from the land.
When our Captain he spied, a mermaid so fair
with a comb and glass in her hand.

And the ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors, are skippin at the top
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below
While the landlubbers lie down below

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine old man was he
This fishy mermaid has warned my of our doom
we shall sink to the bottom of the sea

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
and a fine strappin lad was he
He said I's a wife in Brooklyn by the sea
And tonight she a widow will be

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a crazy old butcher was he
He says I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Then three times around spun our gallant ship
And three times around spun she
Three times around spun our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

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