

Trash Can Sinatras

"The sleeping policeman"

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I cast the net he hauls it in
Life and death it doesn't mean a thing
We're ringing to the bone
The day's a chaperone
Slowly the night draws in

I couldn't cut another throat
The fish, the ships are dancing for us both
The captain with his hand
An extraordinary man
In love with the north sea's roll
Heave, ho heave
The trawlers haul us home, dear.

Haul us home, sail us home
Haul us home, sail us for home

The harbour bar is where we'll go
To a shady, hairy gentleman I know
For a brandy in a glass
He won't remember us
Just get in the car we'll go
Over the sleeping policeman's shoulder

Driving home, driving home
On the back seat, drive me home
Drive me for home

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