

Last Shanty

Well, me father often told me when I was just a lad:
a sailor's life is very hard, the food is always bad.
But, now I've joined the Navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war,
and now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor anymore.

[Chorus]

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,
if you see a sailing ship it might be your last.
Just get your civvies ready for another run-ashore,
a sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore.

Well, the killick of our mess, he says we had it soft,
it wasn't like that in his day when we were up aloft.
We like our bunks and sleeping bags but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

[Chorus]

They gave us an engine that first went up and down,
then with more technology the engine went around.
We know our steam and diesels but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

[Chorus]

They gave us an Aldiss Lamp, so, we could do it right,
they gave us a radio, we signaled day and night.
We know our codes and cyphers but what's a sema for?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore.

[Chorus]

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot,
and now we've got an extra one because they stopped The Tot.
So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes find a pub ashore.
A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before.

[Chorus] x 2