



Grey Funnel Line

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea,
The weary night never worries me.
But the hardest time in sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

The finest ship that sailed the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me.
But give me wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea.
But now the spar is washed ashore,
It comes to rest at my real love's door.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for old Peter's shoes.
I'd walk right down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel.
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green.
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.