

# SHANTYMAN

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear,

***And away, get away, you shantyman.***

Ain't seen a halyard in many's a year,

***An' they got no use for a shantyman.***

Slick new fittings are all in style,

***And away, get away, you shantyman.***

All very clever, but it just ain't right;

***An' they got no use for a shantyman.***

***Shantyman, oh, shantyman,  
Who's got a berth for a shantyman?  
Sing you a song of a world gone wrong,  
When they got no use for a shantyman.***

Levers to jerk and buttons to press

And real live sailors they need them less;

Pushing on the buttons and hauling on the levers

And they got no use for horny-handed heavers.

The cargo is stored in a polythene pack,

Raised and lowered by a dry bollocks jack;

Floating computer dressed like a ship,

Skippered and crewed by a micro chip.

## **Chorus**

Soon they'll be sailing by remote control,

An' that'll be pleasing to the owners' souls;

They'll send their ships from dock to dock,

All sat upon their arses in an office block.

A sailor's life it once was hard,

Laid out aloft on a tops'l yard;

Now it don't matter if the winds blow high;

You can take force ten with your feet still dry.

## **Chorus**

Old-time ways are forgotten and gone,

For no-one listens to a shantyman's song.

Things no longer as they used to be;

It's the knacker's yard for the likes of me.

New-fangled gear's no use to you

When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses blew;

Then's the time for to rue the day

You sent your shantyman away.

## **Chorus**

Listen at night and you might hear

A ghostly sound on the quiet air;

Is it a ghost from the distant past,

Or just a breeze in the radar mast?

## **Chorus**

## **Chorus**