



The Captain's Lady

Words & Music by Tom Lewis

If the Captain's lady only knew the dreadful way he serves his crew,
She'd never stoop to bear his name, for the way he treats us is a shame,
His wife lives like a courtesan, she thinks he's such a gentle man,
On board he'd 'blow you down' or worse for the simple crime; a sailor's curse.

*The man of the sea's not the man that you see
when you see him away from the sea,
The seaman's not the man that you see on the land,
nor the landsman ever seen on the sea.*

If the First Mate's lady only knew the things her husband puts us through,
She'd never stoop to bear his name, for the way he beats us is a shame,
To seven kids upon dry-land he'd never even raise his hand,
Once upon the ship he sails, the lash across our backs he flails.

If the Bo'sun's lady only knew the things her husband makes us do,
She'd never stoop to bear his name, for the way he works us is a shame,
With the sleep of his family dear, he'd never think to interfere,
But he's quick to call: "All Hands On Deck!"; uncaring of the dreams he'll wreck.

If our cook's lady only knew the things her husband makes us chew,
She'd never stoop to bear his name, for the way he feeds us is a shame,
At home he bakes such nice meat pies, a treat for any sailor's eyes,
From the galley he serves-up something nasty, dares to call it Cornish Pasty.

If the sailor's lady only knew the things her husband gets up to,
She'd never stoop to bear his name, 'cos the way he cheats her is a shame,
When he's back from sea and by her side he's faithful to his loving bride,
Once he gets away from home his eyes will very quickly roam.