

Diesel and Shale

Words by Cyril Tawney, melody by Tom Lewis

On the fifth of November back in fifty-three,
The 'big man' at DOLPHIN, sure he sent for me:
"We've brought you here boy 'cos we wants you to know,
We've booked you a berth in the water below."; (with the)
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, we've booked you a berth with the diesel and shale.

But when I protested: "I'm no volunteer!";
He said: "We ain't had one in many's the year,
But that's a wee secret between you and me,
There's many's the pressed-man down under the sea.". (with the)
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, down under the sea with the diesel and shale.

"Oh, doctor! Oh, doctor! I don't think I'm well."
"Well, never mind sonny, we'll very soon tell,
Try holding your breath while I count up to 'three',
There! That proves you're fit to go under the sea!". (with the)
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, down under the sea with the diesel and shale.

I went to the store-room to gather m' rig,
They gave me a sweater ten sizes too big,
I crawled down that boat like an old polar bear,
And I says to myself: "There's a smell in the air!". (and it's)
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, there's a smell in the air and it's diesel and shale.

A blast on the Klaxon, a ring on the gong,
And then you go down where no mortal belongs,
Where the air's going bad and the bread's going stale,
And they mix you a nightcap of diesel and shale.
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, they mix you a night cap of diesel and shale.

We circled the 'Med' for a summer or two,
Where the water's so warm and the sky is so blue,
'Least that's what they tell me but I wouldn't know,
You don't see much sky when your stuck down below. (with the)
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, when you're stuck down below with the diesel and shale.

"Susie, oh Susie, won't you be mine,
Submariners' wives have a hell of a time,
You'll live like a duchess with cash on the nail,
If you don't mind the smell of the diesel and shale."
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, if you don't mind the smell of the diesel and shale.

Then the 'big man' at DOLPHIN he told me at last:
"It's time you went back to a ship with a mast!";
I'll feel just like Jonah leaving his whale,
But you know where to stick all your diesel and shale,
Diesel and shale, diesel and shale, you know where to stick all that diesel and shale.