

Shantyman

By Bob Watson

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear.
And away get away you shantyman
Ain't seen a halyard in many a year.
And they got no use for the shantyman.
Slick new fittings are all the style.
And away get away you shantyman
All very clever but it just ain't right.
And they got no use for the shantyman.

Chorus

Shantyman oh shantyman, who's got a berth for the shantyman.
I'll sing you a song of a world gone wrong.
When they got no use for the shantyman.

Levers to jerk and buttons to press.
And real live sailors they need them less.
Pushing on buttons and hauling on levers.
And they got no use for the 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 microchip.

A sailor's life it once was hard
Laid out aloft on the tops'l yard
Now it don't matter if the wind blows high
You can take Force Ten with your feet still dry

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Listen at night and you might hear.
A ghostly voice on the quiet air.
Is it a voice from the distant past.
Or just a breeze in the radar mast.

Old time ways are forgotten and gone
And away get away you shantyman
For no-one listens to the shantyman's song
And they got no use for the shantyman.
Things no longer as they used to be
And away get away you shantyman
It's the knacker's yard for you and me.
And they got no use for the shantyman.

