

Shuffle

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Arr. Stöhr

Solo Tenor 2

1. Well my father of ten told me when I was just a lad: A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad. But now I've joined the navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war, and now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more. Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast, if you see a sailing ship it might be your last. Just get your civies ready for another run ashore, a sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more

2. Well the killock of our mess he says we have it soft  
It wasn't like that in his day when we were up aloft. - We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?  
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

3. Well they gave us an engine that first went up and down  
Then with more technology the engine went around.  
We now steam and diesel but what's it mainly for?  
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

4. Well they gave us a no-re-stump so we could do it right  
They gave us a radio, we signaled day and night.  
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a semaphore?  
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

5. Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot  
But now we have an extra one because they've stopped the tot  
So we'll put on our civie clothes and find a pub ashore  
A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before.