



A SAILOR AINT A SAILOR (AKA THE LAST SHANTY)

My father often 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 aboard a man-o-war
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more

**Don't haul on the ropes, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
Get your civvies ready for another round ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more**

The killick of our mess he says we've got it soft
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

Ch

They gave us an engine that first went up and down
With some new technology the engine went around
We're good with steam and diesel, but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore

Ch

They gave us an Aldiss lamp so we could do it right
They gave us a radio to signal day and night
We know our codes and ciphers but what's a semaphore?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

Ch

Well, two pints of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot
They gave us another one because we swabbed the top
So get on your civvy clothes, we'll find a pub ashore
A sailor's still a sailor just like he was before

Ch x 3 [last one faster]