

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Fishfinger Song

The Fishfinger Song
(Miles Whooton)

Come all ye jolly sail-i-ers, who sail across the sea;
And listen to this story I'm about to tell to thee.
Concerning them bold Fish-iar lads who sail the seas so wet;
A-hunting for fish fingers, with a harpoon and a net.

'Twas in the year of '64, or was it '63-
We set sail from Basingstoke, bound for Amer-i-key.
The storms they was a-ra-ji-ing, and the waves a dreadful sight;
It took us forty days, me boys, to reach the Isle of Wight.

Our Captain's name was Gladys, he wore a dress of red;
Which might have been the reason he was not marr-i-ed.
He was a gay old sea-bitch and it was his fav-our-ite joy,
To take a turn around the deck with the handsome cabin boy.

And then off Iceland's icy shores, a mighty shoal we spied;
Of Froz-i-en Fish Fin-gi-ers, a-waiting to be fried.
With our harpoons at the ready my boys, upon that shoal we burst;
A-las, we was too late me lads, the Japanese had got there first.

Them Nippon lads came at we, they was a terrible crew;
A-brandishing tran-sis-ti-ers, and a-giving it the old Kung-Fu.
We sang them a sea shan-ti-ee, but they did not want to know;
And they slashed away our mizzen mast with one Karate blow.

We got back to old Eng-gi-land in a twelve month and a day;
It would have been much quicker, but we went the pretty way.
Take warning all ye sail-i-or lads what sails the sea in ships

Don't ever go fish fing-i-ering, just stick to Cod and Chips

BX
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