

This dirty town has been my home
Sailor's Prayer
Tom Lewis

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing
But I'll not stay another day; I'd sooner be out whaling.

Chorus:

Oh Lord above; send down a dove,
With beak as sharp as razors
To cut the throat of them there blokes
Who sells bad beer to sailors.

2. Paid off me score and them ashore, me money soon was flying
With Judy Lee upon my knee in my ear a lying,

Chorus:

3. With my new-found friends, my money spent just as fast as winking
But when I make to clean the slate, the landlord says, "Keep Drinking".

Chorus:

4. With me money gone and clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy isn't grieving.

Chorus:

5. When the crimp comes round, I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be
shaking

Tomorrow morn sail for the Horn just as dawn is breaking.

Chorus:

6. So for one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing
I'll settle down in my hometown and go no more seafaring.

Chorus: