

HEY SWABBIE

Yo swabbie, man that bucket and mop,
Hey sailor, this foilin round's gotta stop

We swab and sweep and sing all day,
When you're in the Navy there's no other way,
We paint over here and paint over there,
Hey sailor (Yo Gob) (spoken)

We clean the stack and clean the head,
When we hit those sacks we're really dead,
But every morning the captain croons,
Hey swabbie -- grab those brooms.

If you want to sail with me,
You have to slave,
But every day's a happy day,
If the sea is the life you crave.

Yo swabbie, man that bucket and mop, mop, mop, mop,
Yo swabbie, this foilin round's gotta stop!

The captain said the other day,
Come to my cabin, I'll give you your pay,
We file on down to the old man's room,
Our wages -- three pesos, I tink (spoken)

The first mate ^{said} ~~told~~ us the other morn,
The world ~~would~~ be better if we ~~never~~ were born,
When ~~we~~ hit the next port we outa put you ashore,
Hey sailor -- swab some more.

If you want to sail me lads,
Hear my sad tale,
A sailor's life on the seven seas,
Is as hard as a ten penny nail .

Yo swabbie, man that bucket and mop, mop, mop, mop,
Yo swabbie, this foilin round's gotta stop.