

The Siren's Song *(J. Meneely)*

Said the siren to the sailor,
"What makes you think I'd want your sorry ass
Washed up here on my beach?
I'm so outta your reach.
Just goes to show there's nothing ever comes for free.
You say you got my number—
It was scribbled on some drunken sailor's dank and hairy palm.
You got it all wrong.
Just goes to show you can't believe everything that you read.
We just come to this beach to sing."

CHORUS:

And when we sing, we sing the blue ocean
We sing the whitecaps, we sing the waves
We sing the wind, we sing the stories
We sing the breaking of the day.

Said the siren to the sailor,
"I've yet to meet the man the likes of which
I'd take with open arms.
No topman from the yards.
No washed up salt come all this way to cop a feel.
You must have heard the story:
The blind man said my girls all do it just for sport.
It's myth and no more.
Just goes to show you can't believe everything that you read.
We just come to this beach to sing."

CHORUS

Said the siren to the sailor,
"Somewhere along the line I'd like to think that
We could get some flash.
Could settle some hash.
Could see our names in lights, our reputation clean.
I'd like to think we'd settle

For just a bit of honest ink writ large inside the Times—
No doggerel rhymes.
Just goes to show you can't believe ANYTHING that you read.
We just come to this beach to sing.”

CHORUS
REPEAT