

## **Twiddles** *(J. Meneely)*

When the boats all get to sailing, and the men are off and gone  
What about the women who are up and left alone  
Do you think they sit and twiddle thumbs until their men come home  
Well, there's other things to twiddle when a girl's left on her own

CHORUS:

And it's twiddle-i-eye-di-eye-di-eye  
Twiddle-di-eye-di-eye  
It's oftentimes a man will leave you broken with dismay  
And it's twiddle-i-eye-di-eye-di-eye  
Twiddle-di-eye-di-eye  
But there's other things to twiddle when your man has sailed away

I remember Nelly, she was young and she was gay  
She won the heart of Captain Dan until he sailed away  
He left her high and dry with just a kiss upon the chin  
But as his ship went sailing out, another ship sailed in . . .

CHORUS

And then there was Lucinda Brown, as fair as any maid  
Her true love went a'voyaging, a sailor man by trade  
"Oh keep the fires burning love," those are the words he spoke.  
So she found herself another guy to keep that fire stoked.

CHORUS

Lucy Jeffers' man came home and knocked upon the door.  
She was as glad to see him as she'd ever been before.  
He left her sleeping in the bed, but Lucy didn't care;  
Cuz the poor guy in the closet sure could use a little air.

CHORUS

Oh you hear a lot of stories 'bout the sailors and their sport,  
About how every sailor has a girl in every port  
But if you added two and two, you'd figure out right quick:  
It's just because the lassies had a lad on every ship.

CHORUS