

# Salvagers

by Janie Meneely

When the wind it starts to blowing wild and the thunder cracks the night  
Devil has the waves all riled and the storm starts in to bite  
They're waiting on the beach head for whatever comes to reach  
And they don't give a damn if it lives or breathes  
When it washes up on the wreckers beach

CHORUS:

Don't need a light to lure the ships where Nature's rogue enough, enough  
Make a good living for what it's worth where making any living at all is tough

Might just be a coaster coming down from Baltimore  
Decks piled high with lumber fresh cut from the Western Shore  
Captain is a drunkard and the mate's a bloody waste  
And they'll bury them deep in a sandy grave;  
Haul all the lumber to the market place

CHORUS

Plenty of folks will drown sometimes, their pockets fat with cash  
Wash up there with all the rest, be stripped of all they have  
Shoes go to whoever fits, their clothes what fancy takes  
And the bags and baggage shared alike  
Before the morning breaks

CHORUS

Salvaging's an honest trade when times are coming lean  
Blame the storm for the damage done his hands are always clean  
Devil take his due betimes and the Church will get its share  
And they'll slip a bit to the County man  
To keeps things on the square

CHORUS

When the wind it starts to blowing wild and the thunder cracks the night  
Devil has the waves all riled and the storm starts in to bite  
They're waiting on the beach head for whatever comes to reach  
And they don't give a damn if it lives or breathes . . . .