

Nasty Nell

by Janie Meneely

Bunky he was waiting for that big old fish to strike
Daydreamin' 'bout women and the fights on Friday night
He spat a loogie o'er the side and took another chew
When something starts to thrashing such as feisty fishes do
No sooner Bunky cocks his head, a female form appears
It's Nasty Nell, the mermaid, just as sure as Bo is beer
"Dammit, Captain," Nelly sez, "you've snagged my caboose.
I'll give you to the count of two to up and cut me loose."

"Hold on, Sister," Bunky sez, "I don't believe we've met.
Why don't you just thrash until that hook gets good and set,
And then I'll haul you up on deck and won't we have a time.
A salty gal such as yourself would prob'ly suit me fine."
Now Nelly ain't no beauty—I forgot to tell ya that.
Tattoos on her biceps, and barnacles up her back,
Seaweed sprouted from her chest and a scar ran cross her gut
And she cursed like any blue-nose when she got her dander up:

CHORUS:

"Go to hell!" sez Nasty Nell, a'stubbing her cigar
You're nothing but a lily-livered lousy lump o' lard
I'd jump the bones of Davy Jones or sit on Ahab's knee
Before I'd let the likes of you lay chiggered mitts on me

Bunky starts to chuckle, just to see the mermaid spit
Settles in his deck chair just to watch her pitch a fit.
"Tell me when you're tired, Luv," he sez to Nasty Nell.
"I don't want you all tuckered when I ring that party bell."
"Now see here," Nasty Nell pipes up, "this isn't any joke.
Piss me off and in a flash, I'll up and sink your boat."
"I like a spunky lady," Bunky answers with a grin,
And he gets his fishing tackle and he starts to crank her in. [And it's]

CHORUS

"There, there," Bunky tells her, "There's no need to feel distraught.
All's fair in love and fishing, and, well, you're the one's got caught."
But Nelly held a mirror up and flashed it from her hand.
"I got fifty bucks sez you ain't setting foot again on land."
With that she flipped her scaly tale and jiggled loose that hook
She flipped old Bunk the finger and without a second look,
She dove down deep and swam away without a pretty please
As Bunky felt the water start to swirl around his knees. [And it's]

CHORUS

It's a lesson for the learning, for them as would be wise.

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Watch out for them there mermaids what'll cut you down to size
They are the stuff of legends such as found in any book
Why, a mermaid, she can sink ya with a single dirty look!
There's countless songs and stories though no witnesses survive
They don't appear inclined to leave our sailor boys alive
They'll flash that blasted mirror and down in the drink you'll drop
Just ask our buddy Bunky next time he washes up. [And it's]

CHORUS