

To Sea

by Janie Meneely

When I was a young man, with peach fuzz on my chin
I tried my hand at rolling dice, but nothing could I win
Instead I racked up quite a debt, but money had I none
So when the man came to collect, I set off at a run
I went to sea, to sea, no debtor's jail for me
I'd rather climb the rigging and be free, free, free
To sea, to sea, the sailor's life for me
And I dare not set my foot upon the shore-oh

Judge, he had a daughter whose face could stunt a tree
She spied me in the market place and set her cap for me
She told her pa I was the one who met her at the fair
He said, "It's church or prison, boy." So I got outta there.
I went to sea, to sea, no wedding bells for me
I'd rather climb the rigging and be free, free, free
To sea, to sea, the sailor's life for me
And I dare not set my foot upon the shore-oh

Thinking I would settle down, I took me on a wife
She hit me with the frying pan, and I feared for my life
"Do this! Do that!" was all she said, and said incessantly
So when she turned her back, I saw my opportunity
I went to sea, to sea, no nuptial bliss for me
I'd rather run the rigging and be free, free, free
To sea, to sea, the sailor's life for me
And I dare not set my foot upon the shore-oh

Now I'm getting older, kinda lengthy in the tooth
And lots of time to ponder all the missteps of my youth
Before that ghostly reaper comes a'knocking at my door
I think I'll just slip out the back and go to sea once more
I'm off to sea, to sea, it's that or Hell for me
I'd rather climb the rigging and be free, free, free
To sea, to sea, the sailor's life for me
And I dare not set my foot upon the shore-oh

To sea, to sea, the running tide for me
I'd rather climb the rigging and be free, free, free
To sea, to sea, the sailor's life for me
And I dare not set my foot upon the shore-oh
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