

The Grey Funnel Line

Cyril Tawney (d. 2005)
Arr. Mae McAllister

1. Don't mind the rain _____ or the rol - ling sea ___ The wea-ry night nev-er wor-ries me ___ But the hard-est time in a sail-or's day ___ Is to watch the

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2. The finest ship that sailed the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me.
But give me wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.
3. There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea
But now the spar is washed ashore
It comes to rest at my real love's door.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.
4. Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for old Peter's shoes
I'd walk right down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.
5. Oh Lord, if dreams were only real,
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel.
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.
6. I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green.
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
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