

When The Ship Is Thinking

Bonaparte

We are fevered with the sunset
We are fretful with the bay
For the wander-thirst is on us
And our souls are in Cathay

There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot with fire
And our hearts have gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire

We must forth again to-morrow
With the sunset we must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea

And when the ship is sinking
We'll be sipping cups of tea
(tea - tea - tea - tea - tea - tea - tea)