

Panama Freighter

Ian Anderson

Night close in on a shanty town.
Panama freighter wearing rusty brown.
She sails tomorrow and she's homeward bound.
Head up on a lumpy sea.

I'm not the only lonely planet rider
in this one horse town, I'm thinking.
And I won't over-rate or patronize you.

I know we're as different as chalk and cheese;
as black hole winters and salad days
and I wouldn't like your mother much anyway.
But it's not her I'm taking home with me.

Don't intend to dress you in silver threads
like some trophy in sublime seclusion.
Won't try to educate or civilize you.

Night close in on a shanty town.
Panama freighter wearing rusty brown.
She sails tomorrow and she's homeward bound
and you're bound to come home with me.
On the Panama freighter with me.