

The Trawlerman's Song

Mark Knopfler

Weâre taking on water
Diesel and stores
Laying up awhile
Before iâm back on board
Theyâre patching her up
To go fishing again
Theyâre welding her rudder
Scrubbing her keel
Scars on her belly
Need time to heal
In the dock
With the trawlermen

I know all the people
Thereâs nobody new
Soon weâll be leaving
With the same old crew
On the green water
The tumbling sea
They ainât running
Like the good old days
Timeâs just slipping
Down the old slipways
In the dock
So dear to me

Dark is the night
I need a guiding light
To keep me
From foundering
On the rocks
My only prayer
Is just to see you there
At the end
Of my wandering
Back in the dock

I could use a layoff
Getting my strength back
But thereâs a loan to pay off
And a few skipjack
So itâs a turnaround
Back in the southerly wind
Pirates coming in
To steal our gold
You can count yourself lucky
With a profit in the hold
In the dock
When we come in

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Of my wandering
Back in the dock