

## Lowlands Low

Bryan Ferry

Our packet is the island lass  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
There's a laddie howlin' at the main topmast  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

The old man he's from Barbados  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
He's got the name of Hammer Toes  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

He gives us bread as hard as brass  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
Our junk's as salt as a bailer's arse  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

The monkey's raised in a soldier's clothes  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
Now, where he got 'em from, no one knows  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

We'll haul 'em high and let 'em dry  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
We'll trice 'em up into the sky  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

It's up aloft that yard must go  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
Up aloft from down below  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

Lowlands, me boys, and up she goes  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low  
Get changed, me boys, for your shore-going clothes  
Low lands lowlands lowlands low

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