

High and Dry

Gordon Lightfoot

With a lady-like devotion
She sails the bitter ocean
If it wasn't for lovesick sailors
There'd be nothin' left but flotsam

Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

Her sails billow like bubbles
While you sip your daily doubles
If she wasn't so fond of the weather
She might give the deckhands trouble

Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

One day when I grew older
I found I could not hold her
She took on a fine young skipper
Who'd sooner ram her up on a boulder

Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die

Now the pleasures of the harbor
Don't include a lady barber
If it wasn't for Long John Silver
All of us pirates would've been martyrs

Singin' why me oh my
Is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lyin' high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you die