The Napoli

Show Of Hands

Midwinter, two years ago
Out to the west a storm began to blow
And the word went round to those in the know:
The Napoli's gonna run aground

She's listing a week out of the docks
A hundred containers a-heading for the rocks
Gather round lads now, quick out of your blocks
Everyone's Branscombe bound
Said everyone's Sidmouth bound

Come gangs from the north
Lads off the moor
Wreckers on the cliffs, get down to the shore
Scratch Joe Public
What's underneath?
A looter, and a pirate, and a thief

All those boxes washed off the deck
Right through the hand of the receiver of the wrecks
We ought to fill a form in, but no-one's gonna check
'Cause there ain't no coppers on the shore

No, there ain't no coppers on the shore

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Wreckers on the cliffs, get down to the shore

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Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark
Brandy for the Parson
Baccy for the Clerk
Lace for a lady, letters for a spy;
Watch the wall my darling, while the gentlemen go by

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Flotsam, jetsam
Call it what you like
I got a big oak barrel
And a german motorbike
From Lyme Bay to eBay
Tell me where's the sin?
Everyone's a wrecker 'neath the skin...

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