

Sailor's Rest

Stan Rogers

It's acrimony down in the card room
With winning hands thrown on the baize;
Forgotten cards wait on the end of debate
On the good old days.
Captains and mates getting testy
With memories not of the best
And tempers are flying
Down at the Sailor's Rest.

Blue eyes in wrinkled Morocco
Still search the horizon for squalls,
And Zeros in the sky and the watchkeeper's eye
And the pawn shop balls.
The spice in the wind off Java
And the bars in Papity were best,
But the deck is too steady
Down at the Sailor's Rest.

And oh... how they talk of the day they arrived;
When after the years, all the storms and the tears,
Still very much alive.
And oh... how their lives were spilled out on the floor
From the battered old seabags, the journals and logs
And the keepsakes locked in the chests
That were stowed in the attic [sold at the auction]
Down at the Sailor's Rest.

No rail on the mess room table
And you're dead if you spit on the floor.
No grog allowed, no singing too loud,
And no locks on the doors;
But there's always a fire in the card room
And the tucker is always the best,
And they'll end it together
Down at the Sailor's Rest.

And oh... how they talked of the day they arrived...

So...