

Senior Service

Steeleye Span

Sally's in the alley and Nancy's on the game
Emily is pregnant and wondering who to blame
We raise our port and lemon and toast a reply
That the Senior Service satisfy
See the bold man of war steaming into port
Guns fully primed, the 24 pounder sort
And down on the deck for a full broadside
Back on the high seas with the rising tide

Here's a little steamship chugging up the channel
Small smoke stack and a red smoking funnel
He brings the girls presents of stockings and tights
Comes regular as clockwork every Tuesday night

Here come the sailor boys, Matthew, Luke and John
I like 'em with tattoos, I like 'em young and strong
Here come the sailor boys a-rousting up the town
Their rigging is up but their sails are down

Here's a skipper of a clipper with a broken bowsprit
Heading for a dry dock and a new re-fit
There's an oil tanker of the modern kind
A thousand foot length of throbbing steam turbine

Here come the sailor boys, George, John and Paul
I like 'em lithe and lissan, I like 'em slim and tall
Here come the sailor boys whistling on the quay
Blue Peter up the mast where all the girls can see