

Tonight's The Night

Steeleye Span

Northerly, bobbing up and down,
Along with all the others.
Half of them have cousins in the town,
And the other half are brothers.

And tonight, tonight they're all ashore.
When they've had enough to drink, they'll drink some
more,
And that's what the old town's for.
Tonight's the night for drinking!

Southerly, and it's blowing up a gale
From Portsmouth down to Dover.
There they are all supping up the ale,
Until the storm is over. CHORUS

Easterly, and it's anybody's guess,
And a few of them are out there hauling.
But most of them, they take a little rest,
When they hear Lord Nelson calling. CHORUS

Westerly, and nothing but the sound
Of a thousand seagulls screaming.
It's thirsty work, that bobbing up and down,
So it's homeward bound they're steaming. CHORUS

And tonight, tonight they're all ashore.
When they've had enough to drink, they'll drink some
more.
Who ever said Lord Nelson's dead?
Tonight's the night for drinking!