

Anne Louise

The Longest Johns

Oh the Anne Louise is waiting for crew to jump aboard
To take her out to deeper waters further from the shore
For it's quiet and still in the harbour, not a voice to be heard in the bay
But the wind's coming down from Norway and there's plenty to be done today

Oh, cast off me lads, we'll set the sails harding
'Cause she's been gasping for some action out on the open seas
Oh there's nothing quite like pitching along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller of my sky blue westerly

Oh we've coffee and we've bacon and we've everything on board
So cried the crew: "cast off from this safe haven we've been mored
For there's salt wind in our lungs boys and salt blood in our veins
But the wind's coming down from Norway making horses beyond the cranes

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Oh there's nothing quite like pitching along at dangerous speeds
With my hand on the tiller of my sky blue westerly

Oh she may be kind of small but she's got everything and more
For a crew of hopeless sea-dogs to lose sight of the shore
Oh we may be back in a month or we may be back in a day
But the wind's coming down from Norway and there's no way that we can stay

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Oh the Anne Louise has had her fill and now we must away
To walk upon the shores and share the stories of the day
Oh we may sleep well in our beds tonight and we may not be back here for days
But the wind's coming down from Norway and our dreams will be on the waves

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