

Four Hours

The Longest Johns

Come me boys and heave with me
Let's get off this curs-ed sea
Let's be home to lovers and wives
And leave behind these four hour lives

(Four Hours)
Workin' on the swell
(Four Hours)
Sloggin' in the rain
(Four Hours)
Workin' to the bell
(Then Four Hours)
'Til it starts again

Come me boys and heave with me
The wind's my friend and my enemy
It carries me home but it must be tamed
Everything lost or everything gained

(Four Hours)
Workin' on the swell
(Four Hours)
Sloggin' in the rain
(Four Hours)
Workin' to the bell
(Then Four Hours)
'Til it starts again

Come me boys and heave with me
Got scabrous hands and bloody knees
When the bell tolls, I'll go below
My hands will callous and my strength will grow

(Four Hours)
Workin' on the swell
(Four Hours)
Sloggin' in the rain
(Four Hours)
Workin' to the bell
(Then Four Hours)
'Til it starts again

Come me boys and heave away
Soaked and heavy heaving under the spray
Will I ever shed this salt on my brow?
Better the dust from under my plow

(Four Hours)
Workin' on the swell
(Four Hours)
Sloggin' in the rain
(Four Hours)
Workin' to the bell
(Then Four Hours)
'Til it starts again

When I'm back in Bristol town

I'll buy my love a silken gown
We'll lie in each others arms and rest
Until that bell sounds in my chest

(Four Hours)
Workin' on the swell
(Four Hours)
Sloggin' in the rain
(Four Hours)
Workin' to the bell
(Then Four Hours)
'Til it starts again

Four Hours
Haulin' on the sheets!
Four Hours
Keepin' our feet!
Four Hours
Wrap me in the shroud
Then Four Hours
Lay me in the ground