

Paddy West

The Longest Johns

As I was walkin' down London Road, I came to Paddy West's house
He gave me a dish of American hash and he called it Liverpool s
couse

He said, "There's a ship, she's taking hands, and on her you mu
st sign

The mate's a bastard, the captain's worse, but she will do ya f
ine."

Take off your dungaree jackets and give yourselves a rest
And think of them cold nor'westers we had in Paddy West's

Now Paddy he pipes all hands on deck, there's stations for to m
an

His wife, she's stood in the doorway with a bucket in her hand
And Paddy, he cries, "Now, let 'er rip!" and she throws the wat
er our way

Crying, "Clew up your fore t'gan'sl, boys, she's taking on the
spray!"

Take off your dungaree jackets and give yourselves a rest
And think of them cold nor'westers we had in Paddy West's

Now seeing she's off to southward, to Frisco she was bound
Now Paddy he takes out a length of rope and he lays it on the g
round

And we all steps over and back again, and he says to me, "That'
s fine

If they ask were you ever at sea, you can say you've crossed th
e line"

Take off your dungaree jackets and give yourselves a rest
And think of them cold nor'westers we had in Paddy West's

"Now there's just one thing for you to do before you sail away
Just step around the table where the bullock's horns do lay
If they ever ask, 'Were you ever at sea?' you can say, 'Ten tim
es 'round the Horn'

By Jesus, you're an old sailor man from the day that you were b
orn."

Put on your dungaree jackets, and walk out looking your best
And tell 'em you're an old sailor man that comes from Paddy Wes
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