

## The Grey Funnel Line

### The Longest Johns

Don't mind the rain, or the rolling sea  
The weary nights never would read me  
But the hardest time in a sailor's day  
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

Here's one more day  
On the Grey Funnel Line  
The finest ship that sails the sea  
Is still a prison for the likes of me  
But give me wings like Noah's dove  
Now I fly up harbor to the girl I love

Here's one more day  
On the Grey Funnel Line  
Each time I gaze behind the screws  
I wish I had Saint Peter's shoes  
Then I'd dance on down that silvery lane  
And rest in my true love's arms again

Here's one more day  
On the Grey Funnel Line  
Oh lord, if dreams were only real  
Then I feel my hands on that wooden wheel  
And with all my heart, I turn around  
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

Here's one more day  
On the Grey Funnel Line  
I'll pass the time like summer's sheen  
Until blue waters turn into green  
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

Here's one more day  
On the Grey Funnel Line