Fishermen

The Tiger Lillies

On the portside whores are singing while the rubbers they are flinging of a night of fornicating with sailors far away While the sun it is setting the fishermen are netting the whores sperm they are begetting of sailors far away And the sailors they are ithing their syphillis is twitching a giftof those bewitching a giftof those bewitching a giftof those bewitching a giftof those bewitching whores now far away The sailors they are singing for soon they will be drowning on the sea on which they're sailing on the sea on which they're sailing on the sea on which they're sailing their lives they will be failing on seas now far away