

Nobody heard him the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning

Poor chap he always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him, his heart gave way
They said.

Oh, no, no, no, it was always too cold
Still the dead one lay moaning
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning

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