

Procol Harum, A Salty Dog

"All hands on deck! We've run afloat!"
I heard the captain cry
"Explore the ship! Replace the cook!
Let no one leave alive!"
Across the straits, around the horn
How far can sailors fly?
A twisted path, our tortured course
And no one left alive

We sailed for parts unknown to man
Where ships come home to die
No lofty peak, nor fortress bold
Could match our captain's eye
Upon the seventh sea-sick day
We made our port of call
A sand so white, and sea so blue
No mortal place at all

We fired the guns and burned the mast
And rowed from ship to shore
The captain cried, we sailors wept
Our tears were tears of joy
Now many moons and many Junes
Have passed since we made land
Salty Dog, the seaman's log
Your witness in my own hand