

The Waifs, Papa

well my papa was a fisher man
and he fished the deep blue sea
he home made some fine black berry nip
and he'd always pass a nip onto me

well he smelled like black-tarred fishing nets
oh tiger belly growl
he was my good pappa
but he be bones now

grand daddy was a sailor
and he sailed from far across the sea
well he did talk some kind of funny
but it never did bother me

when he spoke about his home land
'twas with a sad and furrowed brow
no more tears granddaddy
you just be bones now

well i look now at my father
and his black hair's all gone grey
and those strong arms that did carry me
they're now withering away
lay down your burdens papa
won't you come sit with me at home
we have got to spend some time together
before we just be bones