

# Dire Straits, Single-Handed Sailor

Two in the morning dry-dock town  
The river rolls away in the night  
Little Gypsy Moth she's all tied down  
She quiver in the wind and the light

Yeah and the sailing ship just held down in chains  
From the lazy days of sail  
She's just a lying there in silent pain  
He lean on the tourist rail

A mother and her baby and the College of war  
In the concrete graves  
You never wanna fight against the river law  
Nobody rules the waves

Yeah, and on a night when the lazy wind is a-wailing  
Around the Cutty Sark  
The single-handed sailor goes sailing  
Sailing away in the dark

He's up on the bridge on the self-same night  
The mariner of dry dock land  
Two in the morning but there's one green light  
And a man on a barge of sand

She's a gonna slip away below him  
Away from things he's done  
But he just shouts, "Hey man what you call this thing?"  
He Could have said "Pride of London"

On a night when the lazy wind is wailing  
Around the Cutty Sark  
Yeah the single-handed sailor goes sailing  
Sailing away in the dark