

Phil Ochs, Pleasures Of The Harbor

E - A B7
And the ship sets the sail
 G#m
They've lived the tale
C#m F#m
To carry to the shore
A6 E
Straining at the oars
 G#7 C#m
Or staring from the rail
 E -A B7
And the sea bids farewell
 G#m
She waves in swells
C#m F#m
And sends them on their way
A6 E
Time has been her pay
 G#7 C#m
And time will have to tell
A G#m
Soon your sailing will be over
D E B C#m
Come and take the pleasures of the har - bor
And the anchor hits the sand
The hungry hands
Have tied them to the port
The hour will be short
For leisure on the land
And the girls scent the air
They seem so fair
With paint on their face
Soft is their embrace
to lead them up the stairs
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor
In the room dark and dim
Touch of skin
He asks her of her name
She answers with no shame
And not a sense of sin
Until the fingers draw the blinds
Sip of wine
The cigarette of doubt
The candle is blown out
The darkness is so kind
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor
And the shadows frame the light
Same old sight
Thrill has blown away
Now all alone they lay
Two strangers in the night
Till his heart skips a beat
He's on his feet
To shipmates he must join
She's counting up the coins
He's swallowed by the street
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor
In the bar hangs a cloud
The whiskey's loud
There's laughter in their eyes
The lonely in disguise

Are clinging to the crowd
And the bottle fills the glass
The haze is fast
He's trembling for the taste
Of passion gone to waste
In memories of the past
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor
In the alley, red with rain
Cry of pain
For love was but a smile
Teasing all the while
Now dancing down the drain
'Till the boys reach the dock
They gently mock
Lift him on their backs
Lay him on his rack
And leave beneath the light
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor
And the ship sets the sail
They've lived the tale
To carry from the shore
Straining at the oars
Or staring from the rail
And the sea bids farewell
She waves in swells
And sends them on their way
Time has been her pay
And time will have to tell
Soon your sailing will be over
Come and take the pleasures of the harbor