

# The New Main Street Singers, Fare Away

Sun breaks over the spritsail yard.  
Jib sheet's hauling to leeward hard.  
Crosstree's humming a morning hymn.  
I'm the cabin boy, call me Jim. (His name's Jim)  
Fare away, fare away under main topsail  
To the furbelow of the wily whale.  
Captain's staking the quarterdeck.  
Tells the tale of his first shipwreck.  
Castaway with a case of rum.  
Hoped that rescue would never come (Never come).  
Fare away, fare away under main topsail  
To the furbelow of the wily whale.  
To the furbelow of the wily, wily...  
First mate Peter's a hardened man.  
Says the captain's a charlatan.  
Don't know tackle from futtock plates.  
The sailor's sent to the pearly gates.  
Fare away, fare away under main topsail  
To the furbelow of the wily whale.  
I been sailing these seven seas  
Since I's nigh high to a mermaid's knees.  
Come next April I'm sixty-three.  
I can't advance! (I like short pants!)  
Save in the cabin on the open sea.  
Fare away, fare away under main topsail  
To the furbelow of the wily whale.