

Every Time I write a Song, an Irish Sailor Dies

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I couple of years ago I joined a drinking Irish band
And we've had fun and played the pubs, if not across the land
The songs we play are upbeat tunes, foot stompin', drinking kind.
But lately I've been writing songs, and this is what I find.

I start it off with some girls' cat, Or maybe a howling wind.
An Irish lad who wants to prove that he her heart can mend.
But somehow he gets on a ship and that's where the problem lies.
See, every time I write a song an Irish sailor dies.

It doesn't matter if it's fast, or if it drones along.
He might start out in old Belfast, Then strike out for Hong Kong.
But when I get him in my head I'm sure he'll lose the prize.
See, every time I write a song An Irish sailor dies.

Bridge: Now what's this fellow done to me, that I abuse him so?
 Why must I send him off to sea, instead of in a hole?
 Or let him sleep a bender off, in cool sweet grass he'd lie?
 Every time I write a song An Irish Sailor dies.

I think tomorrow I'll go down to the pub to drink.
And while I'm there I'll think about a ship that none can sink.
But afraid it will be hard, I cannot tell a lie.
See, every time I write a song An Irish sailor dies.

And when I've come up with a song where all come home intact,
I'll raise a glass to those I've drowned I cannot bring them back
Till that day should come along in this rut I lie
See every time I write a song an Irish sailor dies

Bridge: Now what's this fellow done to me, that I abuse him so?
 Why must I send him off to sea, instead of in a hole?
 You might call for Danny Boy or even Irish Eyes
 Every time I write a song an Irish sailor dies