

A Sailor Aint A Sailor

[Verse 1]

G

My father often told me, when I was just a lad,

A

D

A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad;

G

But now I've joined the navy, I'm on board a man-o-war,

A

D

G

And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more!

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

G

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

[Verse 2]

G

The 'killick' of our mess, he says we've had it soft,

G

A

D

It wasn't like this in his day, when he was up aloft;

G

We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?

G

A

D

G

Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

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[Verse 3]

G

G

They gave us an engine that first went up and down,

G

A

D

Then with more technology the engine went around;

G

We're good with steam and diesel, but what's a mainyard for?

A

D

G

A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more!

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

G

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

[Verse 4]

G

They gave us an Aldis Lamp, we can do it right,

G

A

D

They gave us a radio, we signal day and night;

G

We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a 'sema' for?

A

D

G

A 'bunting-tosser' doesn't toss the bunting any more!

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

G

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

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[Verse 5]

G

They gave us a radar set to pierce the fog and gloom,

A

D

So now the lookout's sitting in a tiny darkened room;

G

Loran does navigation, the Sonar says how deep,

A

D

G

The Jimmy's three sheets to the wind, the Skipper's fast asleep.

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

G

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

[Verse 6]

G

Two cans of beer a day, that's your bleeding lot!

A

D

But now we get an extra one because they stopped the tot;

G

So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore,

A

D

G

A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before!

[Chorus]

G

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,

A

D

If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last;

G

Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,

G

A

D

G

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!