

GOODBYE TO THE SEA

Words & music by Dave Boulton

D **G** **D**
CH: I'm saying goodbye to the seas lads, I'm saying goodbye to the sea
G **D** **Bm** **G**
Goodbye to the fishing, goodbye to the nets, the nearer it comes lads the harder it gets
D **G** **D**
When you're sailing her out for the grounds lads you'll be sailing her out without me
G **D** **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
There's a lump in my throat for I'm burning my boats, and I'm saying goodbye to the sea

There was never much romance in fishing, that's just trawlermen's talk at the bar
It was mostly low pay and at the end of the day, it was dangerous dirty and hard
There were times when we made a good living, now we can't make ends meet like we could
We're up to our necks so I'm clearing the decks and getting out while the going is good

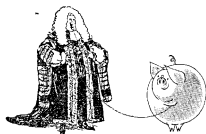
CHORUS

I don't mind the back-breaking labour, I don't mind the weeks out from home
I don't expect catches where we can't close the hatches, I know that the old days are gone
But I'm sick of this scrimping and saving, and the bankers who make your life hell
And the Ministry fools with their quotas and rules, and the Frenchies just pleasing themselves

CHORUS

So it's nine to five Monday to Friday, clock card and cog in the wheel
And it's butties and flask and some trivial task for a spotty lad with a degree
He'd not last a couple of minutes on the dark rolling deck of a trawler
Where computers are kings he's the man running things and me just a fish out of water

CHORUS



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