

Fun on the Foam

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Born to Sail

When I was a lad I would pray for windy days
I just couldn't stand it when the air was light
Any water that I saw would become the bounding main
And I'd pretend that the land was out of sight
And if my mother sent me upstairs to take a bath
I would open up the window to the breeze
It would blow 'cross the tub leavin' whitecaps in its wake
And my rubber duck heeled thirty-five degrees

Born to sail...it's a destiny that's plain -- when the wind starts to blow I forget all but my name
My boss thinks I'm crazy, my wife thinks I'm insane
Born to sail, got a tiller for a brain

I was racin' in December goin' fast and pointin' high
When I heard a crunch and looked up toward the sky
Tangled in the rigging was a bearded man in red
With some reindeer and a twinkle in his eye
He said "Mr. Skipper, could you stop and help us out
I tried to break us free but I cannot."
I thought for just a minute, then stopped to get him free
But just 'cause he was chokin' off the slot!

Born to sail...it's a destiny that's plain -- when the wind starts to blow I forget all but my name
My boss thinks I'm crazy, my wife thinks I'm insane
Born to sail, got a tiller for a brain

Just the other day I was taking out a friend
Who thought he'd like to jump on for a ride
As the wind picked up she was heelin' just a mite
And my guest soon lost his breakfast over side
He looked up from the rail with a face as green as grass
And said "Take me in now if you please!"
I looked down at my instruments and read out forty knots
And I said, "What the hell . . . it's just a little breeze!"

So if you are like me when the wind begins to blow
And you're lookin' for a way to go to sea
Remember in this world that you're never all alone
There's lots of other folks like you and me
If you feel your best when you're wet from head to toe
With your boat heeled right over to the rail
Just like me and many others you've found the thing you love
And just like me you know you're born to sail

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Fourth of June

As near I know, 'twas the fourth of June
I took my ale 'neath a full pale moon
Three men came behind my back, and everything went black
I awoke tied and bound
Though I was hurt and weak I could hear the timbers creak
As I tried to look around
I was well at sea in the wet and cold
A fresh green crew in a pirate's hold

The years crept by as I worked and toiled
My hands grew rough and my soul grew soiled
I watched the Captain go ashore, takin' one man and no more
And a chest full o' booty that he'd earned
Then you'd hear a pistol crack and the Captain would come back
Rowin' all alone as he returned
The old hands knew how to last the years
Never meet his eye when a landfall nears

Now it's ten years time since that moonlit night
And who's to say that it's not turned out right
We take Spanish, French or Dutch . . . it doesn't matter much
Now my cutlass is the one that leads the way
And the Brits, the Portugese, we take any one of these
Since I took the Captain's place one fateful day
And no more I'll sit 'neath a full pale moon
I sold my soul for a gold doubloon

Beer Can Racer

Every Wednesday evening we gather on the pier
We head straight to the boats and then we rig up all our gear
We head out on the water prepared to go to war
We're here for beer can racing and that's what Wednesday's for

We come from all the places we work at every day
John is a machinist; Sue's a C.P.A.
But once we're on the water we're really all the same
We all are beer can racers, here to play the game

Tack and jibe, watch your course, remember who's the boss
Here comes a starboard tackler, it looks like we will cross
Oops! There goes the protest flag, the umpires must be blind
We're doing a 360, and now we're way behind
That other skipper is a jerk, he's been that way for years
But after we are back ashore we'll buy each other beers

We know the rules of racing, it's all there in our heads
Commit just one transgression, you'll wish that you were dead
We gripe about our rating, we think it is too low
The other boats are all too high or so the story goes

Tack and jibe, watch your course, remember who's the boss
Here comes a starboard tackler, it looks like we will cross
Oops! There goes the protest flag, the umpires must be blind
We're doing a 360, and now we're way behind
That other skipper is a jerk, he's been that way for years
But after we are back ashore we'll buy each other beers

We'll get them at the next mark, that dummy likes to barge
We are fast approaching, the mark is looming large
He thinks he has an overlap, we tell him, "In your dreams!"
We denied him buoy room — listen to him scream!

We're headed for the finish, we have it in our sight
The boat is surging forward and all the trim is right
When suddenly the wind gods deny us our fair place
Our side of the course goes calm and dummy wins the race!

Tack and jibe, watch your course, remember who's the boss
Here comes a starboard tackler, it looks like we will cross
Oops! There goes the protest flag, the umpires must be blind
We're doing a 360, and now we're way behind
That other skipper is a jerk, he's been that way for years
But after we are back ashore we'll buy each other beers

So now the race is over, we gather over drinks
We talk about the other boats and how our rating stinks
We loudly say we won't be back, but why do we pretend?
We'll return next Wednesday when it's beer can night again!

Sailor's Last Request

I've spent my lifetime sailin', it's one thing that I know
It's filled my years with wonder and delight
And though I'm not an old man, I know there'll come a day
When I'll move on into the endless night
I don't intend to leave the world for many years to come
But I'd like to ask a favor when I'm through
Since you are my best friend, when I've passed on
This is what I'm asking you to do

Put me in a barrel, and fill it up with rum
Seal it up tightly if you please
Then take me on your boat for one last sail
And roll me off to wallow in the seas

It might sound strange to ask you while I'm still whole and sound
In fact I must admit it's kind of dumb
But kindly think it over, I'd do the same for you
And I won't mind if you sip a little rum
It's just that when I'm sailing, or drinking rum with friends
That's when I'm as happy as can be
I'd like to think that if you do this one small thing
That's how I can spend eternity

Put me in a barrel, and fill it up with rum
Seal it up tightly if you please
Then take me on your boat for one last sail
And roll me off to wallow in the seas

Yeah, put me in a barrel, and fill it up with rum
And seal it up tightly if you please
Then take me on your boat for one last sail . . .
And roll me off to wallow in the seas

The Sailing Wife

I took my wife out for to teach 'er to sail,
And she wanted to do more than sit on the rail
She said that she thought she could learn well as me
So I bought 'er a book and I took 'er to sea

The parts of a sailboat are many indeed
And I said that she must know 'em all to succeed
And so as we sailed I would call 'em by name
In hopes that she'd soon know the rules o' the game

Take up on the jibsheet and loosen the vang, and load up the winch just so
Put 'er over to port 'til the luffs are both full and then let the traveler go

We tried it all day and I tore out my hair
She just couldn't get all the names that was there
With them nautical terms she was taken aback
So we went out again and I tried a new tack

Pull that rope over there, let the other rope go, wrap the shiny drum up and crank it
Turn left just a bit 'til the sails are both smooth, and pick up the red line and yank it

The years came and went with that little refrain
She just couldn't get all them parts in her brain
That nautical language would fill 'er with dread
But she always did fine if I just up and said

Pull that rope over there, let the other rope go, wrap the shiny drum up and crank it
Turn left just a bit 'til the sails are both smooth, and pick up the red line and yank it

The day of the big race came late in the year
And I told 'er, "You cannot come with me, my dear,
This is serious business, it ain't fun and games,
So I've got me some crewmen that knows all the names."

Take up on the jibsheet and loosen the vang, and load up the winch just so
Put 'er over to port 'til the luffs are both full and then let the traveler go

At the end of the race we were doin' just fine
We were well in the lead as we made for the line
When just at the finish we found ourselves beat
By a boat that had charged from the back o' the fleet
I looked at 'er stern as she gave us a hail
Why me own wife was sittin' right there on the rail
The old skipper hollered, "This boat was dead last
'Til yer lovely wife told us just how to go fast!"

Pull that rope over there, let the other rope go, wrap the shiny drum up and crank it
Turn left just a bit 'til the sails are both smooth, and pick up the red line and yank it
Pull that rope over there, let the other rope go, wrap the shiny drum up and crank it
Turn left just a bit 'til the sails are both smooth, and pick up the red line and yank it

Boat Show

I'm walkin' 'round with a silly grin
And I wonder how I'm gonna take it in
There's always way too much to see
It's October and it's boat show time for me

All summer long I get to sail
The most fun I can have without goin' to jail
But when October rolls around
I'm leavin' for that happy shopping ground

So I'm headed to Annapolis with my head up in the clouds
And a great big list of things my boat could use
I can't afford too many but I might get one or two
Now tell me, who's gonna help me choose?

Do I want to get that brand-new sail
Do I want a bright new finish on the rail
Maybe that new anchor for the bow
But should it be a Danforth or a plow?

Could my galley use new pots and pans
A windlass just might fit into my plans
I'm makin' lots of mental notes
And droolin' at the gorgeous brand-new boats

Soon I'll be headed for the boatyard with boxes full of things
And a bank account that's been left high and dry
I'll put them on this winter, and sail the summer through
And I'll be back when next October's nigh

Then I'll be headed to Annapolis with my head up in the clouds
And a great big list of things my boat could use
I can't afford too many but I might get one or two
Now tell me, who's gonna help me choose?
I can't make up my mind, now
Tell me, who's gonna help me choose?
What should I buy?
Tell me, who's gonna help me choose?

B-O-A-T

Sailors love their boats a lot, sometimes as much as life
But a boat is more demanding than a husband or a wife
She needs our full attention, she needs a lot of time
That's why sailors often come home covered head to toe in grime

You've been working on the bottom, working on the deck
Your knuckles are all bleeding, there's a dirt ring 'round your neck
There's hole for that new through-hull that you just bought last fall
But the big hole in your wallet is the biggest hole of all

We're headed for the poorhouse but at least we get to sail
We'll be back on the water soon if we don't go to jail
For all us sailboat owners here's a chorus that is rousin'
B! – O! – A! – T! Break Out Another Thousand!

She needs a brand new furler, to furl a brand new genny
The diesel needs injectors, they'll cost a pretty penny
The standing rigging's almost shot, and that's a lot to pay
And the teak needs all new finish, what more is there to say

You think the spending's finished when a chill is in the air
You think perhaps this winter there'll be some funds to spare
But you head off to the boat show, ignoring good advice
And you buy that brand-new plotter at the special boat show price

We're headed for the poorhouse but at least we get to sail
We'll be back on the water soon if we don't go to jail
For all us sailboat owners here's a chorus that is rousin'
B! – O! – A! – T! Break Out Another Thousand!

B! – O! – A! – T! Break Out . . . Another Thousand!

Good Old Boat

In October in Annapolis, you'll see the latest gear
You'll see the newest sailing craft they've brought from far and near
From plastic mass production to the finest yachts afloat
But if it's all the same to you, we'll keep these good old boats

You'll never see a radar arch or built-in DVD
And if you need big space below they're not your cup of tea
But they turn heads in the harbor with classic style and grace
And the good old boats are gathering to have a good old race

So we'll raise the sails, I'll meet you at Tolley Point
We'll be joined by the fleet along the way
Then we'll take to the seas in a fine October breeze
And race these good old boats on Chesapeake Bay

There'll be Tartans, Cals, and Pearsons, and others by the score
Comin' in along the coast to the western Chessie shore
They'll gather at the starting line and then await the gun
A grand old fleet of good old boats out to have some fun

So we'll raise the sails, I'll meet you at Tolley Point
We'll be joined by the fleet along the way
Then we'll take to the seas in a fine October breeze
And race these good old boats on Chesapeake Bay

Yes we'll raise the sails, I'll meet you at Tolley Point
We'll be joined by the fleet along the way
Then we'll take to the seas in a fine October breeze
And race these good old boats on Chesapeake Bay

I Love Sailing

When I walk I stagger and sway
It's my kinda life that made me this way
Can't stand straight to save my soul
When the deck beneath my feet don't rock and roll
I been sailin' since I don't know when
When I come in I wanna go out again
Wind in the riggin' sings a song for me
On a heavin' deck is where I'm wild and free

I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing!
Gonna sail my life away!

Got into port just the other day
Saw an old friend o' mine walkin' my way
We went to the tavern and we drank all night
'Til the motion of the floor was just about right
He asked me why I was never ashore
Said he gave up lookin' back in seventy four
Told him that's how I chose to live my life
An' old mama ocean makes a helluva wife

I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing!
Gonna sail my life away!

Next time you see me headin' for the sun
Maybe wing on wing for a downwind run
Maybe reachin' across as fast as she'll go
Maybe tight close-hauled in a near gale blow
That's what I do and that's who I am
For a dryland world I don't give a damn
I may be right and I may be wrong
But I always feel fine when I'm singin' my song

I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing!
Gonna sail my life away!
I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing! I love . . .sailing!
Gonna sail my life away!

Parrot Heads in Winter

It's Friday night and it's snowin', I wish I wasn't here
I guess I'll stop off with my friends and have a glass of beer
We sit around the table and we talk about the spring
We wish we could be sittin' where we could hear the steel drums ring

We're a bunch of landbound sailors workin' jobs we know are wrong
We feed that jukebox quarters and punch up our favorite song
Sing it for us, Jimmy, you're our winter sailin' friend
We want to waste away with you In Margaritaville again

Parrot Heads in the wintertime are such a sorry sight
They lay around and they grumble and they wait for Friday night
But when the weekend comes around and all their work is done
You'll find them with Jimmy, singin' songs and havin' fun

It's past two in the morning, last call's come and gone
The old bartender tells us that we'll have to move along
He'd better call a cab for us, 'cause we're too smashed to drive
I don't know where we're goin', but we're gettin' there alive

Let's pile into the taxi; we'll pretend that it's a boat
Hey! Drive it in the river, and we'll see if it will float
Take us to the airport and we'll catch a southbound flight
A carload full of Parrot Heads on a winter Friday night

Parrot Heads in the wintertime are such a sorry sight
They lay around and they grumble and they wait for Friday night
But when the weekend comes around and all their work is done
You'll find them with Jimmy, singin' songs and havin' fun
Yeah, you'll find them with Jimmy, singin' songs . . . and havin' fun

The Inland Sailor

I had just gotten down to the old seacoast town and my throat was feelin' dry
So I stopped by the tavern to have me a few and I caught an old seaman's eye
He said, "Son, I can tell by the cut o' yer jib yer a drylander full and by."
And he said all true sailors must learn on the sea, and I gave him my standard reply

I'm an inland sailor, I don't sail yer seas, but I sail any boat just as well as ya please
I can tack 'em an' jibe 'em as good as they come, an' I handle me own share o' rum

The old seaman picked up his mug full o' grog and we stood face to face at the bar
He said he'd been sailin' for forty-five years from Alaska to old Zanzibar
And he told me no drylander ever could sail like the boys from the big briny blue
Then we emptied our mugs and we filled 'em again and I told him just what I could do

I'm an inland sailor, I don't sail yer seas, but I sail any boat just as well as ya please
I can tack 'em an' jibe 'em as good as they come, an' I handle me own share o' rum

We argued all night 'til the kegs had run dry and the floor was pitchin' and heavin'
The old fella still said that I could not sail, and he stopped me as I was leavin'
"There's a couple o' sloops in the harbor," he said, and his eyes was all shiny and bright
"We will race to Rock Head in the teeth o' the wind an' we'll start at the first mornin' light."

The mornin' came early, the wind came in strange — it was gustin' and swirlin' and shiftin'
As we beat for Rock Head I was slightly behind when the wind started headin' and liftin'
So I tacked on the headers, pinched up on the lifts, while the old seaman plodded along
When I got to Rock Head I was well in the lead and I turned and I sang him my song

I'm an inland sailor, I don't sail yer seas, but I sail any boat just as well as ya please
I can tack 'em an' jibe 'em as good as they come, an' I handle me own share o' rum

We got back to the harbor and stepped to the pier, the old seaman was red in the face
He was beat fair and square, by a drylander too, and to him it was quite a disgrace
He said, "Them was the nastiest, shiftiest winds — it was all I could do to get through it!
Yet a drylander beat me in that kind o' stuff." So I told him just why I could do it

I'm an inland sailor, I sail where the wind don't build on the brine and come blowin' straight in
It crosses cold water and land that is hot, and shifty wind's all that we got

I'm an inland sailor, I don't sail yer seas, but I sail any boat just as well as ya please
I can tack 'em an' jibe 'em as good as they come, an' I handle me own share o' rum

The Spinnaker

This morning as we walked the dock, my wife and I were seen
 Lookin' like we hadn't slept, our faces kelly green
With a dozen cuts and bruises we tried to limp away
 If you must know why, we tried to fly our spinnaker yesterday

It's a lovely sail, and it looks so nice a-billowin' in the sun
 And it helps you on your way downwind and it looks like so much fun
But it ain't like that, it'll knock you flat if you don't have six good crew
 You'll try like hell but you cannot tell your spinnaker what to do

I held the tiller with my foot, the guy in my left hand
 My right hand held the topping lift and that's how we began
My wife was hangin' upside down, with the downhaul 'round her toe
 If you could see how she looked at me, you'd leave your spinnaker down below

Just last week I chanced to see my best friend's boat sail by
 I was just about to wave to him when something caught my eye
The head was a clew, and a clew was the head, and I made a mental note
 He's the only guy to fly a sideways spinnaker on his boat

So listen to this sorry tale and learn its lesson well
 It's such a lovely sail, but it can take you straight to hell
There's many a sailing couple who have played this silly game
 They plot their course to a quick divorce and the spinnaker is to blame

Yes, rope burns are in fashion and our hair is ripped away
 If you must know why, we tried to fly our spinnaker yesterday