

## WHEN YOU'RE THE SKIP

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2008)

When you're the skip – skip of the ship  
And every ear and hand and mate's command  
is waiting on the order of the captain  
It's the Old Man – since time began  
Who'll navigate through every twist of fickle fate  
or trick or trap that's set to happen

And opportunities abound for all good luck to run aground  
You'll hear the sound (Ha ha ha ho ha ha!)  
Of laughter from a locker forty fathoms down

When you're the chief – chief engineer  
And everything that moves and every winch and gear  
from stern to steer is your department  
Each grunt and creak – and diesel shriek  
Will haunt your cares and dreams and sleep and burrow deep  
And to your heart a devil's dart's sent

And opportunities abound for all good luck to run aground  
You'll hear the sound (Ha ha ha ho ha ha!)  
Of laughter from a locker forty fathoms down

8 to 12 or 12 to 4 or 4 to 8  
Then get what sleep you can  
And get up and out and do it all again  
4 to 8 or 8 to 12 or 12 to 4  
And once you get to shore  
You know it won't be long  
Til there's a call to do it all once more

When you're the cook – put down that book  
'cause every Able Seaman, Porter, Tech and Mate  
Is forced to wait on your soufflé bowl  
Or slab of steak – or pie you make  
Or every corned-beef hash or ham or candied yam  
That they can cram into their cake-hole

And opportunities abound for all good luck to run aground  
You'll hear the sound (Ha ha ha ho ha ha!)  
Of laughter from a locker forty fathoms down