

## The Grey Funnel Line

by Cyril Tawney

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea,  
The weary night never worries me.  
But the hardest time in sailor's day  
Is to watch the sun as it dies away.  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

The finest ship that sailed the sea  
Is still a prison for the likes of me.  
But give me wings like Noah's dove,  
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love.  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

There was a time my heart was free  
Like a floating spar on the open sea  
But now the spar is washed ashore  
It comes to rest at my real love's door.  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

Every time I gaze behind the screws  
Makes me long for old Peter's shoes  
I'd walk right down that silver lane  
And take my love in my arms again.  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real,  
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel.  
And with all my heart I'd turn her round  
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound.  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

I'll pass the time like some machine  
Until blue water turns to green.  
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

