

# Procol Harum, A Salty Dog

"All hands on deck! We've run afloat!"  
I heard the captain cry  
"Explore the ship! Replace the cook!  
Let no one leave alive!"  
Across the straits, around the horn  
How far can sailors fly?  
A twisted path, our tortured course  
And no one left alive

We sailed for parts unknown to man  
Where ships come home to die  
No lofty peak, nor fortress bold  
Could match our captain's eye  
Upon the seventh sea-sick day  
We made our port of call  
A sand so white, and sea so blue  
No mortal place at all

We fired the guns and burned the mast  
And rowed from ship to shore  
The captain cried, we sailors wept  
Our tears were tears of joy  
Now many moons and many Junes  
Have passed since we made land  
Salty Dog, the seaman's log  
Your witness in my own hand