

# The Pogues, When The Ship Comes In

Oh the time will come up  
When the winds will stop  
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'  
Like the stillness in the wind  
'Fore the hurricane begins  
The hour when the ship comes in

Oh the seas will split  
And the ship will hit  
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking  
Then the tide will sound  
And the wind will pound  
And the morning will be breaking

Oh the fishes will laugh  
As they swim out of the path  
And the seagulls they'll be smiling  
And the rocks on the sand  
Will proudly stand  
The hour that the ship comes in

And the words that are used  
For to get the ship confused  
Will not be understood as they're spoken  
For the chains of the sea  
Will have busted in the night  
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean

A song will lift  
As the mainsail shifts  
And the boat that drifts on to the shore line  
And the sun will respect  
Every face on the deck  
The hour that the ship comes in

Then the sands will roll  
Out a carpet of gold  
For your weary toes to be a touchin'  
And the ship's wise men  
Will remind you once again  
That the whole wide world is watchin'

Oh the foes will rise  
With the sleep still in their eyes  
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're still dreamin'  
But they'll pinch themselves and squeel  
And know that it's for real  
The hour that the ship comes in

Then they'll raise their hands  
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands  
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered  
And like Pharaoh's tribe  
They'll be drownded in the tide  
And like Goliath they'll be conquered