When you're Twenty-One and North of the border the chance is The Military Man will come and offer a hand and advances

Go to sea boy, go to sea

With the shipyards sunk on the Clyde And the sea the junk life is dangerous With a pocket of woes in this perishing hole it's so obvious

Go to sea boy, go to sea boy Go to sea boy, go to sea

Then you'll sail away and we'll teach you a trade That's for life
It's only killing but there's nobody willing
So we're asking on the Clyde

When you're Twenty-One and North of the border the chance is You'll sail away to a life in the dirt then advances