

The windjammer's pickin' up, with the old man's Virginia Blend
Cuttin' to the quick, with his navy cut
Hoping that no one will take notice of the ragged dirt on his shirt sleeve

He wants a song, to practice his drinking
The girl with the jukebox voice
Lost in the memory but caught in the riptide
Undertow... overload

Bale on my job, slip on my ship
Drown beneath the surface
Fall to the wreckage, get snapped on a line
With crayfish and bottom dwellers

Dreams of the thinkers, the expert drinkers
And the wave of new regulars rollin' in
Come close, stand near, let me hear what you hear

Put one down
Put one down
Put one down
Put one down