

## Single-Handed Sailor

Dire Straits

Two in the morning, dry-dock town  
The rivers rolls away in the night  
Little gypsy moth she's all tied down  
She quiver in the wind and the light

Yeah and a sailing ship just held down in chains  
From the lazy days of sail  
She's just lying there in silent pain  
He lean on the turist rail

A mother and her baby and the college of war  
In the concrete graves  
You never wanna fight against the river law  
Nobody rules the waves  
Yeah and on a night when the lazy wind is a-wailing  
Around the Cutty Sark  
Single handed sailor goes sailing  
Sailing away in the dark

He's upon the bridge on the self same night  
The mariner of dry dock land  
Two in the morning, but there is one green light  
And a man on the barge of sand  
She's gonna slip away below him  
Away from the things he's done  
But he just shouts "Hey man, what do you call this thing?"  
He could have said "Pride of London"  
On a night when the lazy wind is a-wailing  
Around the Cutty Sark  
Yeah the single handed sailor goes sailing  
Sailing away in the dark