

## Billy's Shirts

James

Shirt's on fire, church on fire  
Billy's dream boat stills as the house alights  
Sailors come from miles for a drink and a fight  
But the harbour thrills pull back from the light  
To the belly of a boat in a hammer try tight

Holler  
Pleasures of the night  
Seaman's delight

Holler

Pleasures of the night  
What a sight  
Oh no, the organ plays by itself  
It doesn't need the grinder's help and the monkey  
And the monkey stow away to sea  
Back to his wife and a nest in the trees

Billy's brother plays bass in a band called man  
He fancies himself as a travelling ham  
Strutting and fretting them into fame  
In a torn t-shirt he'll carve his name

Holler

Looking for adventure and some mystery  
He doesn't need the grinder and he doesn't want me

Stripped off his suit  
So let the poor beast be  
Oh, let the poor beast be

The man said, "ho ho wee, this is too hot for me!"  
Billy's shirt's on fire in the night  
He said, "ho wee this is too hot to see."  
Billy's shirt's on fire in the night