

# Flying Dutchman

Jethro Tull

Old lady with a barrow, life near ending  
Standing by the harbor wall, warm wishes sending  
Children on the cold sea swell, not fishers of men  
Gone to chase away the last herring  
Come empty home again

So come all you lovers of the good life  
On your supermarket run  
And set a sail of your own devising  
And be there when the Dutchman comes  
Oh, you better be there when the Dutchman comes

Wee girl in a straw hat, from far east warring  
Sad cargo of an old ship, young bodies whoring  
Slow ocean hobo, ports closed to her crew  
No hope of immigration, keep on passing through

So come all you lovers of the good life  
Your children playing in the sun  
And set a sympathetic flag a-flying  
Oh, and be there when the Dutchman comes  
Oh, you better be there when the Dutchman comes

Death grinning like a scarecrow, Flying Dutchman  
Seagull pilots flown from nowhere, oh, try and touch one  
As she slips in on the full tide and the harbor master yells  
All hands vanished with the captain, no one left, the tale to tell

So come all you lovers of the good life  
Look around you, can you see?  
Staring ghostly from the mirror, it's the Dutchman you will be  
Floating slowly out to sea, oh, in a misty misery, no