

So Far From The Clyde

Mark Knopfler

They had a last supper
The day of the Beaching
She's a dead ship sailing
Skeleton Crew
The galley is empty
The stove pots are cooling
With what's left of the stew

The time is approaching
The captain moves over
The hangman steps in
To do what he's paid for
With the wind down the tide
She goes proud ahead steaming
And he drives her hard into the shore

So far from the Clyde
Together we ride
We did ride

As if to a wave
From her bows to her rudder
Bravely she rises to meet with the land
Under their feet they all feel her keel shatter
The shallow sea washes their hands

Later the captain
Shakes hands with the hangman
And climbs slowly down
To the oily wet ground
Goes 'bout to the car that has come here to take him
To the graveyard and back to the town

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Together we ride
We did ride

They pull out her cables
And hack off her hatches
Too poor to be wasteful with pity or time
They swarm on her carcass with torches and axes
Like a whale on the bloody shoreline

Stripped of her pillars
Her stays and her stantions
When there's only her bones on the wet poison land
Steel ropes will drag her with winches and engines
'Til it's only a stain on the sand

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