

# The Trawlerman's Song

Mark Knopfler

Weâre taking on water  
Diesel and stores  
Laying up awhile  
Before iâm back on board  
Theyâre patching her up  
To go fishing again  
Theyâre welding her rudder  
Scrubbing her keel  
Scars on her belly  
Need time to heal  
In the dock  
With the trawlermen

I know all the people  
Thereâs nobody new  
Soon weâll be leaving  
With the same old crew  
On the green water  
The tumbling sea  
They ainât running  
Like the good old days  
Timeâs just slipping  
Down the old slipways  
In the dock  
So dear to me

Dark is the night  
I need a guiding light  
To keep me  
From foundering  
On the rocks  
My only prayer  
Is just to see you there  
At the end  
Of my wandering  
Back in the dock

I could use a layoff  
Getting my strength back  
But thereâs a loan to pay off  
And a few skipjack  
So itâs a turnaround  
Back in the southerly wind  
Pirates coming in  
To steal our gold  
You can count yourself lucky  
With a profit in the hold  
In the dock  
When we come in

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I need a guiding light  
To keep me  
From foundering  
On the rocks  
My only prayer  
Is just to see you there

At the end  
Of my wandering  
Back in the dock