

# The Trawlerman's Song

Mark Knopfler

Weâre taking on water  
Diesel and stores  
Laying up awhile  
Before iâm back on board  
Theyâre patching her up  
To go fishing again  
Theyâre 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  
Thereâs nobody new  
Soon weâll be leaving  
With the same old crew  
On the green water  
The tumbling sea  
They ainât running  
Like the good old days  
Timeâs 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 thereâs a loan to pay off  
And a few skipjack  
So itâs 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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My only prayer  
Is just to see you there

At the end  
Of my wandering  
Back in the dock