

Shanty Man's Life

Mark Lanegan

A shanty man's life
Is a wearisome one
Though some say it's free from care
It's the swinging of an axe
From morning 'till night
In the forest wild and drear

Transported as we are
From a lady so fair
To the banks of some lonely stream
Where the wolf, bear, and owl
Give a terrifying howl
And disturb our nightly dreams

Oh sleeping at night
In our bunks without cheer
While the cold winter winds do blow
But as soon as the morning
Star does appear
To the wild woods we must go

Had we ale, wine, or beer
Our spirits far to cheer
When we're in those woods so wild
Where a glass of whiskey shone
When we're in the woods alone
For to pass away our long exile

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