

Pleasures Of The Harbor

Phil Ochs

And the ship sets the sail
They've lived the tale
To carry to the shore
Straining at the oars
Or staring from the rail

And the sea bids farewell
She waves in swells
And sends them on their way
Time has been her pay
And time will have to tell

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

And the anchor hits the sand
The hungry hands
Have tied them to the port
The hour will be short
For leisure on the land

And the girls scent the air
They seem so fair
With paint on their face
Soft is their embrace
To lead them up the stairs

Soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

In the room dark and dim
Touch of skin
He asks her of her name
She answers with no shame
And not a sense of sin

'Til the fingers draw the blinds
Sip of wine
The cigarette of doubt
The candle is blown out
The darkness is so kind

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

And the shadows frame the light
Same old sight
Thrill has blown away
Now all alone they lay
Two strangers in the night

Till his heart skips a beat
He's on his feet
To shipmates he must join
She's counting up the coins
He's swallowed by the street

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In the bar hangs a cloud
The whiskey's loud
There's laughter in their eyes
The lonely in disguise
Are clinging to the crowd

And the bottle fills the glass
The haze is fast
He's trembling for the taste
Of passion gone to waste
In memories of the past

Oh, soon your
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In the alley, red with rain
Cry of pain
For love was but a smile
Teasing all the while
Now dancing down the drain

'Til the boys reach the dock
They gently mock
And lift him on their backs
Lay him on his rack
And leave beneath the light

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