

# The Thresher

Phil Ochs

In Portsmouth town on the eastern shore  
Where many a fine ship was born.  
The Thresher was built  
And the Thresher was launched  
And the crew of the Thresher was sworn.

She was shaped like a tear  
She was built like a shark  
She was made to run fast and free.  
And the builders shook their hands  
And the builders shared their wine,  
And thought that they had mastered the sea.  
Yes, she'll always run silent  
And she'll always run deep  
Though the ocean has no pity

Though the waves will never weep  
They'll never weep.  
And they marvelled at her speed  
marvelled at her depth  
marvelled at her deadly design.  
And they sailed to every land  
And they sailed to every port  
Just to see what faults they could find.  
Then they put her on the land  
For nine months to stand  
And they worked on her from stem to stern.  
But they could never see  
It was their coffin to be  
For the sea was waiting for their return.

Yes, she'll always run silent  
And she'll always run deep  
Though the ocean has no pity  
And the waves will never weep  
They'll never weep.

On a cold Wednesday morn  
They put her her out to sea  
When the waves they were nine feet high.  
And they dove beneath the waves  
And they dove to their graves  
And they never said a last goodbye.  
And its deeper and deeper  
And deeper they dove  
Just to see what their ship could stand.  
But the hull gave a moan  
And the hull gave a groan  
And they plunged to the deepest darkest sand.

Now she lies in the depths  
Of the darkened ocean floor  
Covered by the waters cold and still.  
Oh can't you see the wrong  
She was a death ship all along  
Died before she had a chance to kill.

And she'll never run silent,  
And she'll never run deep,  
For the ocean had no pity  
And the waves, they never weep,  
They never weep.

And it's 8000 fathoms of the water above  
And over 100 men below  
And sealed in their tomb  
Is the cause of their doom  
That only the sea will ever know