

Take It From Day To Day

Stan Rogers

Well, it's not the hours of watch-on-watch,
And it's not the work that I mind so much,
Or the long cold miles from my lover's touch,
'Though for sure she's far away.
No stranger, I, to the touch of steel,
Or the honest fear any man can feel,
But I long for dust under my heels
And a pocket full of pay.
So I'll take it from day to day.

The pack-ice 'round us cracks and groans;
The old St. Roch, she creaks and moans.
The icy fog is in my bones,
And the ache won't go away.
Outside I bet it's warm and fair.
I could have her fingers in my hair,
But it's long, cold miles to her out there
So I guess I'll have to stay
And just take it from day to day!

We're as far North as I want to come,
But Larsen's got us under his thumb,
And I signed up for the whole damned run,
I can't get off half way.
But when I get back onto the shore,
I'm going South where it stays warm,
And there'll be someone on my arm
To help me spend my pay,
So I'll take it from day to day. (Repeat of verse)

No stranger, I, to the touch of steel
And the honest fear any man can feel,
But I long for dust under my heels
And a pocket full of pay,
So I'll take it from day to day.