

The West Country

The Dreadnoughts

Santa Marina, what you've done to me
Santa Marina, all upon the Spanish sea
The truth to tell, she is the belle
Of high society

She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country

Santa Marina, with cannons 1 to 4
Santa Marina, you've sent us to the floor
She's soft and fine, 5 foot 9
Her eyes are royalty

She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country

So radiant and fair with locks of auburn hair
Like moonlight shining on the tide
And I swore I'd go to die 100,000 times
For one night by her side
One night turned into 17
Before we put to sea

She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country

Santa Marina, you're the end of Danny Doan
Santa Marina, his grave shall have no stone
Alone, the waters gather 'round
And set this soldier free

She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country