

Blow The Candle Out

The Kingston Trio

When I sailed into Portland town, I called upon my dear. Her window held a candle. It's light shone bright and clear.
I walked up to her doorstep. I knew she was within. Her candle told the story, boys, and I was home again.

I like her good behaviour. I like her easy way. I cannot sleep contented. The night seems like the day.
To sail in muddy weather, it makes me want to shout and roll her in my arms, boys, and blow the candle out.

When I got home to Portland, 'twas as I said before. The candle at the window and my love at the door.
We let the candle go, boys. We had no care or strife. We went to see the parson and she became my wife.

And when we have a baby, boys, we'll name him after me. She'll keep him neat and kiss him and rock him on her knee,
And when this trip is over, I'll sail no more about. Yes, I'll remain in Portland, Maine, to blow the candle out.