

La Havre

The Tiger Lillies

In the seamen's mission drinking gin
He tried so hard not to give in
The street singers are all whores
Who ruin you when you're ashore

On the portside
Of Le Havre

The mermaids for whose love you'll pay
And the fishes who you'll feed some day
Now in the bars wine holy drink
Then in the stinking gutter sink

On the portside
Of Le Havre

Now in the chapel your body lays
And the angels take your soul away
Up to heaven in the sky
When all the sailors have died

In the portside
Of Le Havre
In the portside
Of Le Havre