

WHITE SQUALL

C

Am

F

Now it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do

C

F

Dm

G

But watch the deadly waters glide, as we roll north to the Soo

C

Am

F

And wonder when they'll turn again, and pitch us to the rail

C

G

F

And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

The kid was so damned eager, it was all so big and new

You never had to tell him twice, or find him work to do

And evenings on the mess deck, he was always first to sing

C

And show us pictures of the girl he'd wed in spring

G

F

C

But I told that kid a hundred times, don't take the lakes for granted

F

C

Dm

G

They'll go from calm to a hundred knots, so fast they seem en-chanted

C

Am

F

But to-night some red-eyed Wiarton girl, lies staring at the wall

C

G

C

And her lover's gone in-to a white squall

Now it's a thing that us old-timers know, in a sultry summer calm

There comes a blow from nowhere, and it goes off like a bomb

And a sixteen thousand tonner can be thrown upon her beam

While the gale takes all before it with a scream

The kid was on the hatches, lying staring at the sky

From where I stood, I swear I could, see tears fall from his eye

So I hadn't the heart to tell him, that he should be on a line

Even on a night so warm and fine

When it struck, he sat up with a start, I roared to him: Get down

But for all that he could hear, I might as well not made a sound

So I clung there to the stanchions and I felt my face grow pale

As he crawled hand-over-hand along the rail

Now I could feel her heeling over with the fury of the blow
And I watched the rail go under then, so terrible and slow
Then like some great dog she shook herself and roared upright a-gain
While overside I heard him call my name

So it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do
But watch the deadly waters glide, as we roll north to the Soo
And wonder when they'll turn again, and pitch us to the rail
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

And I tell these kids a hundred times, don't take the lakes for granted
They'll go from calm to a hundred knots, so fast they seem en-chanted
But to-night some red-eyed Wiarton girl, lies staring at the wall
And her lover's gone into a white squall