

Fishermen

The Tiger Lillies

On the portside whores are singing
while the rubbers they are flinging
of a night of fornicating
of a night of fornicating
of a night of fornicating
of a night of fornicating
with sailors far away
While the sun it is setting
the fishermen are netting
the whores sperm they are begetting
the whores sperm they are begetting
the whores sperm they are begetting
the whores sperm they are begetting
of sailors far away
And the sailors they are ithubing
their syphillis is twitching
a gift of those bewitching
a gift of those bewitching
a gift of those bewitching
a gift of those bewitching
whores now far away
The sailors they are singing
for soon they will be drowning
on the sea on which they're sailing
on the sea on which they're sailing
on the sea on which they're sailing
their lives they will be failing
on seas now far away