

Hé, Ho Down Below

Words: © 1995 Marian Woestenburg; Music: © 1995 Ger Lamerus
From the group Drifhout (Driftwood) from the island of Vlieland in the Netherlands.

Hear me out you sailor man
Try to listen if you can
Have you ever wondered noe
What makes this lady go?

Chorus:

Hé, ho down below
Dust and coal, dust and coal
Hé, ho down below
Our ship got to go.

Deep down in this lady's womb
The poor sods of the engine room
Working in this flaming Hell,
Our ship has got to go!

The sun will never shine down there
We never breath the salty air
We never feel the wind that blows
Our ship has got to go!

And when we are going for the worst
The first mate he will swear and curse
And we will always get the blame
Our ship has got to go!

Although we never seen a soul
Better than being on the dole
God let me sail until I'm old
Our ship has got to go!