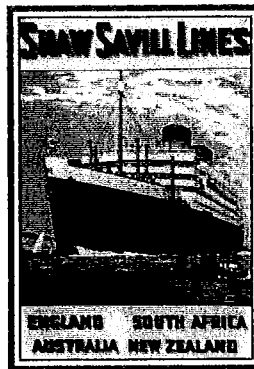
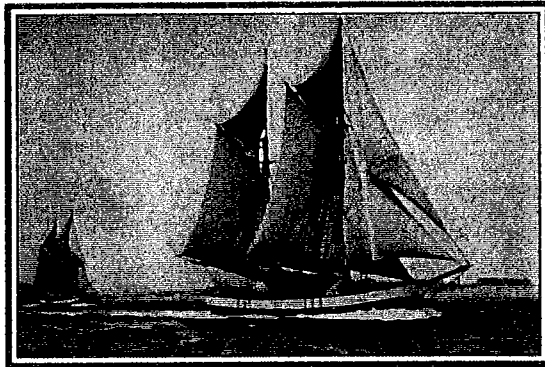


Bred from Bargees



It may have been the Bargee stock
That made me never stay
The slow canal, the swinging lock
A new dawn every day
The gentle breeze on the water leaps
Weed and rushes seem to play
It must have been a better life
In a different age and a different way

Landmans ways are hard for those
Bred from 'Bargee' stock
Forced ashore, to live in a house
Generations pass, they still dream of the lock
They try so hard to settle
And join the eight to five
That not really in their mettle
To return, their nagging drive

Strolling on the towpath
Narrow boats slowly chug along
Peaceful water gurgles and eddy's
Whispering a hidden song
The lyrics it is singing
Not recognised by all
Only it's sons may hear it
And understand it's call

I feel that urge upon me
The call from a Grandfather gone
When on the towpath walking
I'm a son who hears the song.
I've sailed many oceans
The traveller's life was mine
It was as a sailor
That my life did brightly shine

I speak of living in ~~Australia~~, New Zealand
#H Singapore and Hong Kong
But wherever near the water
I swear I heard that song
The waterman's life contains more mystery
Than landfolk may ever know
Hear sailor's tales, as the wild wind wails
While albatross cry and swing so low

So back, happy in my home town
And living near 'The Cui'
I still hear the water calling
Life is never in a rut
You may not see the connection
'Tween barges, ships and boat
But the same men are attracted
To vessels that chug, sail and float

So in the end it seems a blessing
A gift to hear the call
To a creaking, leaking coaster
A liner, barge or yawl
That part of my life as a sailor
May be as good as life can get
Though now over
Cherished memories of many faces, memories never to forget

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