

## Grey Funnel Line

A quiet one written by Cyril Tawney. "Grey funnel line" is slang for the British Navy.

Don` t mind the rain or the rolling sea.  
The weary night never bothers me  
But the hardest time in a sailor`s day  
Is to watch the sun as it dies away.  
*It`s one more day ... on the Grey Funnel line.*

The finest ship that sailed the sea.  
Is still a prison to the likes of me  
But give me wings like Noah`s dove  
I` d fly up harbour to the girl I love

There was a time my heart was free  
Like a floating spar on the open sea.  
But now the spar is washed ashore.  
It comes to rest at me real loves door.

Every time I gaze behind the screw.  
Make me long for old Peter`s shoe  
I` d walk right down that silver rain  
And take my love in my arms again.

Oh lord if dreams were only real.  
I` d have my hands on that wooden wheel  
And with all my heart I` d turn around  
And tell the boys "we` re homeward bound".

I` ll pass the time like some machine  
Until blue water turns to green  
Then I` ll dance on down that walker shore  
And sail the Grey Funnel line no more.