

## Sixteen Fishermen Raving

Sixteen fishermen raving; out on the town on E.  
Sixteen peacocks leave their nest; go flying in to mystery.  
They try to cut a Spanish look, but they look so untidy.  
Don't ask too much, you'll never get enough when you're flying in to  
mystery

*Flying in to mystery when you should be out sea-faring  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality. Go  
flying in to mystery when you should be out sea-faring  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality.*

When their ship is on the ocean, the nights are so empty.  
They weary of the smelly fish and the wash of the salty sea.  
Sixteen fishermen raving, each one carrying his own caul.  
They believe it will keep death away when they face the angry squall.

*Why face the angry squall? When you could go go-go dancing.  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality. Go  
flying in to mystery when you should be out sea-faring  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality.*

To the sixteen fishermen raving, the girl looks so fancy.  
You could eat your fry of the back of her neck and if you want some  
more say please  
When fishermen are feeling good, they feel it musically.  
They go down singing shanties to the dance floor all at sea.

*To the dance floor all at sea. Sixteen fishermen raving.  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality. Go  
flying in to mystery when you should be out sea-faring  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality.*

<more>

To the sixteen fishermen raving, tomorrow is far away  
The heavy passage out again; the swell in the morning grey  
The stink of diesel; sting of salt; a day toils wearily.  
Don't ask too much, you'll never get enough when fishing the sullen  
sea

*No fishing the sullen sea. Sixteen fishermen raving.  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality. Go  
flying in to mystery when you should be out sea-faring  
Run out the jib and rig the boom; step back reality.*