

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 beyond the screw.
Makes 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.
And sail the Grey Funnel line no more.