

The Napoli

By Steve Knightley (*Show of Hands*)

Midwinter a few years ago,
Out to the West a storm began to blow.
The word went round to those in the know.
The Napoli's going to run aground
The Napoli's going to run aground

She's listing a week out of the docks.
A hundred containers are heading for the rocks.
Gather round lads, now quick out of your blocks.
Everyone's Branscombe bound
Said, everyone's Branscombe bound

*Come gangs from the North, lads off the moor,
Wreckers on the cliff, get down to the shore.
Scratch Joe Public, what's underneath?
A looter and a pirate and a thief.*

All those boxes washed off the deck,
Right through the hands of the Receiver of the Wrecks.
We ought to fill a form in but no-ones going to check.
'Cos there ain't no coppers on the shore
No there ain't no coppers on the shore
Chorus

Four and twenty ponies, trotting through the dark.
Brandy for the Parson, baccy for the clerk.
Lace for a lady and letters for spy
Watch the wall my darling while the gentlemen go by.
Watch the wall my darling while the gentlemen go by.
Chorus

<more>

Flotsam, jetsam. Call it what you like.
A big oak barrel or a german motorbike.
Lyme Bay to ebay, tell me where's the sin
Everyone's a wrecker 'neath the skin
Everyone's a wrecker 'neath the skin

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