

Got No Beard

This song was written ca.2020 as a mockery of the tendency for shanty singers to face criticism about their appearance, and the numerous outlandish qualifiers for being a member of a shanty band. Dave Robinson and Robbie Sattin wrote the song as a collaborative effort and as such it is a Longest Johns original.

I once met a man who said he was a fan
And he wanted to sing in my shanty band
But the bottom of his face looked weird <so weird!>
There was skin on his chin that I loathed and feared
From his crown to ear he was most sincere
But you can't sing shanties if you got no beard

*Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no beard
Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no b..e..a..rd*

I once met a girl who heard sea songs
She came to the show and she sang along
But the timing of the shout was slow <so slow!>
She was graced with a face like the morning glow
But her holler was a blow from the very front row
'Cos you can't sing shanties if you can't shout "Ho!"

*Can't shout "Ho!" you can't shout "Ho!"
You can't sing shanties if you can't shout "Ho!"
Can't shout "Ho!" you can't shout "Ho!"
You can't sing shanties if you can't shout "Ho!"
And you've got no b..e..a..rd*

I once met a man on a weird machine
Two pedals two wheels but no mast to be seen
He was shouting from a pad of notes <no notes!>
And the wheels got caught on his overcoat
And he fell from the pier clutching at his throat

So you can't sing shanties if you don't own a boat

*Don't own a boat, you don't own a boat
You can't sing shanties if you don't own a boat
Don't own a boat you don't own a boat!
You can't sing shanties if you don't own a boat
And you can't shout "Ho!"
And you've got no b..e..a..rd*

I once met a bloke on a tavern floor
He'd had ten beers but I had ten more
And his piggy little face was pink <so pink!>
He tried to shout the words but t'were all out of sync
With a voice so bad it'll make you think that
You can't sing shanties if you can't hold your drink

*Can't hold your drink, you can't hold your drink
You can't sing shanties if you can't hold your drink
You can't hold a drink you can't hold your drink
You can't sing shanties if you can't hold your drink
And you don't own a boat
And you can't shout "Ho!"
And you've got no b..e..a..rd*

I once met a sailor all big and broad
With an eye-patch, parrot and a long curved sword
Had a chest like a powder keg <big chest>
But he had both shoes and he smelled like eggs
I expect he would look better with a wooden peg
'Cause you can't sing shanties if you got two legs

*Got two legs, you've got two legs
You can't sing shanties if you've got two legs
Got two legs, you've got two legs
You can't sing shanties if you've got two legs*

*And you can't hold your drink
And you don't own a boat
And you can't shout "Ho!"
And you've got no b..e..a..rd*

Well, Dave has got no beard
And Matthew has a bike
And John in his prime had boats but no longer sings on the mic
And Nigel can't shout "Ho!" because his wife takes much offence
And Norman's got *two beautiful hairy legs*

But that's no reason good enough not to join us
So sing along with this very last chorus

Two, three, four

*Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no beard
Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no beard
Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no beard
Got no beard you've got no beard
You can't sing shanties if you've got no b..e..a..rd*

*And you've got two legs
And you can't hold your drink
And you don't own a boat
And you can't shout "Ho!"
And you've got ... no b..e..a..rd*