NEVER TRUST THE SEA

MY [D] FAMILY ARE [D7] FISHERMEN
FROM THE [G] NORTHERN COAST OF [D] IRELAND
IT'S [A] NEVER BEEN AN [Bm] EASY LIFE
BUT WE [G] KNOW NO [Em] OTHER [A] WAY
THE [D] SEA IS EVER- [D7] CHANGING SHE CAN [G] LOVE OR SHE CAN [D] HATE YOU
AND THE [A] ONES YOU LEAVE BE- [Bm] HIND ON SHORE
CAN [G] ONLY [A] WAIT AND [G] PRAY

MY UNCLE IS THE SKIPPER
OF A THIRTY-METER TRAWLER
THE MATE'S MY ELDEST BROTHER
AND A COUSIN IS THE COOK
IN THE PLEASANT DAYS OF SUMMER
THEY GO NORTH AS FAR AS ICELAND
WITH THE LONG LINES OUT FOR CODFISH
AND BAIT ON EVERY HOOK

BUT [A] EVEN ON THE [D] CALMEST DAYS
WHEN THE [G] SEA IS [A] LIKE A [Bm] MIRROR
THE [A] FISHERMAN DREADS WHAT HE'LL [Bm] NEVER KNOW
OF THE [G] OCEAN'S [A] MYSTE- [G] RY:
(AFTER VERSE 1)

HE [A] FEARS TO HEAR THE [D] PHANTOM WORDS
OF [G] SAILORS [A] DEAD BE- [Bm] FORE HIM:
(AFTER VV 2 & 3)

HE [A] KNOWS THE WORDS MY [D] FATHER SPOKE BEFORE HE [G] SAILED A- [A] WAY FOR- [BM] EVER: [Em] "EVEN WHEN THE [Bm] SUN SHINES, YOU CAN [G] NEVER [A] TRUST THE [D] SEA..."

THEN TOO SOON COME WINTER DAYS
WHEN IT'S HARD TO MAKE A LIVING
- LIVING'S WHAT WE CALL IT,
THOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT AGREE
THE DAYS ARE SHORT AND BRUTAL,
ONE GALE AFTER ANOTHER
THE BANSHEE RIDES THE WIND
AND THERE ARE MOUNTAINS IN THE SEA

TOO WELL I DO REMEMBER
A WINTER OF MY CHILDHOOD
IT WAS GETTING CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS
BACK IN NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE
A BOAT AND SIX GOOD MEN WERE LOST
OUT SOMEWHERE PAST THE ISLANDS
THEY SAID ONE OF THEM WAS MY FATHER HIS BOAT WAS NAMED FOR ME

BUT TIME IS FULL OF CHANGES THE OLD MEN ALL RETIRING COME ASHORE TO TAKE THEIR PENSIONS NO MORE TO RISK THEIR LIVES THE BOATS ARE STANDING IDLE AND THE MEN WHO ONCE WOULD CREW THEM ARE SAFE OUT IN AUSTRALIA WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR WIVES IN THE PUBS THE OLD MEN GATHER IN THE BLEAKEST DAYS OF WINTER TO WARM THEMSELVES WITH WHISKEY AND THE STORIES EACH ONE KNOWS THEY SPEAK OF THE ATLANTIC LIKE SOME TEMPERAMENTAL LOVER NOT ONE OF THEM WILL CURSE IT AS HIS LIFE DRAWS TO A CLOSE!