

Have a Good Time

Where is me mo- ney the young sail- or cried,
Where ever you left it, his mess- mates re- plied; We on- ly want- ed to
have a good time Be fore we set sail in the morn- ing.

'Where is me money?' the young sailor cried,
'Wherever you left it', his messmates replied
We only wanted to have a good time
Before we set sail in the morning
(Chorus)

We only wanted to have a good time
It isn't a sin and it isn't a crime
We only wanted to have a good time
Before we set sail in the morning



'Where is me sea-boots?' the young sailor cried,
'Wherever you left 'em', his messmates replied
They're stood by the side of the dancing-room floor,
Before we set sail in the morning
(Chorus)

'Where is me jacket?' the young sailor cried,
'Wherever you left it', his messmates replied
It's hung on a nail by the old grog-shop door,
Before we set sail in the morning
(Chorus)



'Where is me trousers?' the young sailor cried,
'Wherever you left 'em', his messmates replied
They're under the bed of a two-shilling whore,
Before we set sail in the morning
(Chorus)

We only wanted to have a good time
It isn't a sin and it isn't a crime
We only wanted to have a good time
Before we set sail in the morning

What every sailor wants when he gets ashore. It isn't a sin and it isn't a crime, but it can cost you all your own. The tango-like rhythm would have been familiar to any sailors visiting the ports of South America.