

THE COMMON KIND

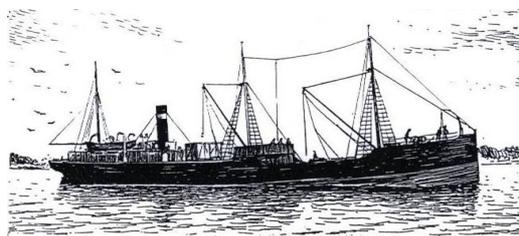
Steady with easy swing

Words & music by Bob Watson

Verse

I'll tell you of-an ir-on ship, once built for the coa-stal
trade, -- And it was in a Black-wall yard that ROB-IN's keel was
laid. --- But now her wan-der-ing days-- are done, and
peo-ple can come -- to see --- John Mase-field's dir-ty old
coa-ster cleaned and moored to a Dock-lands quay. -- And
she was of the com-mon kind, you ne-ver would think -- it
true, -- That once they were so plen-ti-ful, but
now so scar-ce and few, --- Fa-mi-liar things of
yes-ter year that no-one thought much up-on, --- U2 --
til one day -- We wake and find the com-mon kind are gone. ---

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THE COMMON KIND

Words & Music by Bob Watson

1 I'll tell you of an iron ship, once built for the coastal trade,
And it was in a Blackwall yard that **ROBIN'S** keel was laid.
But now her wandering days are done, and people can come to see
John Masefield's dirty old coaster cleaned and moored to a Docklands quay.

Chorus: And she was of the common kind, you never would think it true
That once they were so plentiful, but now so scarce and few;
Familiar things of yesteryear, that no one thought much upon,
Until one day we wake and find the common kind are gone.

2 Once plenty more of **ROBIN'S** kind were gathered in every port:
Who'd think them worth a second glance, or more than a passing thought?
No fancy cargoes laid in their holds, no glamorous ocean run --
But a final trip to the breaker's yard, when their working days were done.

Chorus: And they were of the common kind etc

3 That surely would have been **ROBIN'S** fate, had she not been sold to Spain,
To ply the Andalusian ports and carry a different name;
We've spoken ill of the Spanish folks so many's the time before,
But it's thanks to them that old **ROBIN** was spared from the fate that her sisters bore.

Chorus: And she was of the common kind etc

4 Beside the Thames by Tower Bridge, old **ROBIN'S** got moorings there,
Along with other old common ships, now sadly scarce and rare;
Restored to how they used to be, and spared from the rigs of' fate
By the Maritime Trust that saved them just before it was too late.

Chorus: And they were of the common kind etc

