

THE FORTY THIEVES
(D Evaratson)

On the fish pontoon
On a night without a moon
Only stars look down
Upon a silent town
And watch a trawler glide
Slowly in upon the tide
To where the lumpers stand
For they've a catch to land

Well you've worked like hell
And you've risked your life as well
And all those weeks at sea
Were worse than slavery
But if the trip's been good
You don't mind the sweat & blood
Cos if the landin's fair
Then you'll pick up your share

And you daren't even whisper
You can only look
And watch the lorries driven up
And see the prime fish took
Nobody talks about
The old ghost train
But the lorries & the fish
Are never seen again

Now you weren't long at school
But you're not a bloody fool
And all the prime fish sold
Is worth its weight in gold
And as you watch it go
Man, it's robbery you know
But still you just look on
Until the ghost train's gone

There's a foolish few
Who've protested for the crew
They should have looked away
Better had note to say
Now they'll not work again
Though they're able trawlermen
You'll see them on the street
Look how they drag their feet

And you daren't even whisper ...

Now the catch is ashore
And the market's very poor
And the mate's in the galley
Reconciling his tally
And he's fifty kit short
Fifty kit that wasn't caught
And wasn't spirited away
Before the light of day

There's more than one believes
There's a band of forty thieves
Forty trawler owners
And they'll have their bonus
And it's measured in lives
And the tears of kids & wives
Who've seen their menfolk sail
To perish in the gale

And you daren't even whisper ...