

STRANDED

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Voice



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18 grand - father both had foll - owed th fish - er-man's way, I want - ed to be the sa - me as them a - nd

27 pick up a fish - er-man's pay. It was all I ev - er want - ed to do it was all I want - ed to

36 be. To work on deck with a fish - ing boat crew a - way on the false heart-ed sea.

My mother tried to hide her tears when she asked what I wanted to be.
I was only seven years old but I was in love with the sea.
My father and my grandfather both had followed the fisherman's way,
I wanted to be the same as them and pick up a fisherman's pay.

*It was all I ever wanted to do, it was all I wanted to be.
To work on deck with a fishing boat crew
away on the false hearted sea.*

My mother couldn't hide her tears on the day that I first went to sea.
A boy of fourteen I was ready to sail and I knew how it felt to be free.
Found a berth on a Stevenson's boat, gutting fish and shovelling ice.
Although the work was filthy and cold, not once did I ever think twice.

My mother shed such bitter tears when we heard that a boat had gone down.
I was forty-four years of age and my father was not coming home.
Through her pain she pleaded and begged for me to come home from the sea
and in my heart I knew that I must though I'd lose all that life meant to me.

Now I've found a berth on the shore and work with a landsman's crew.
Day in, day out the same old routine with my wings clipped where once I flew.
I sit by the window and watch the sea and I know she's mine for the taking
and nobody by looking at me can tell how my heart is breaking