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MARICIBO CRUDE

It's full of wax, it's full of shale

CH. It's Maricibo crude

It flows slower than a snail

CH. It's Maricibo crude

The Mate cries out "O I'll be damned!"

His pumps are clogged, his valves are jammed

What's the reason? Just understand,

CH. It's Maricibo crude!

Discharge in winter is no fun, Ch.

Every hour just a hundred tons, Ch.

When you're up in Connecticut

And it's ten below then you can bet

The blasted stuff like tar has set. Ch.

When at last that job is done, Ch.

O what joy! There's worse to come, Ch.

The lads turn too eager & keen

The happiest gang you've ever seen

They've only 30 tanks to clean! Ch.

Winds'ls hoisted to clear the gas, Ch

If you breath too deep it'll be your last, Ch.

When down the tanks at last you stand

Ain't life fun, o ain't life grand?

Up to your knees in sludge & sand. Ch.

The tanks are cleaned, then you see, Ch.

Once more the refinery. Ch

No El Dorordo, no land of gold

Just more crude to be bought and sold

So start the pumps prepare to load, Ch.

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