

Eamon swallowed anchor and stepped himself ashore
Set seaboot down on cobblestone he'd never trod before
A lone fog on the harbour did obscure the rigging lights
And the terra firma tavern cast a warm and glowing light

Sing fare thee well
Calm seas or swell
Red evening sky
Home and dry

Eamon went to sea for life the day he turned fourteen
On a merchant cargo steamer bound for Kwajalein
By way of Cartagena he wound up in Istanbul
Nineteen times around the horn would make a Dutchman drool

Sing fare thee well
Calm seas or swell
Red evening sky
Home and dry

Now Eamon headed inland till he could not smell the sea
Where they'd never seen a boat, that's where he went to be
And they dressed him in his peacoat pulled his seaboots on
Stitched him in his hammock and sent him sailing home

Sing fare thee well
Calm seas or swell
Red evening sky
Home and dry

Sing fare thee well
Calm seas or swell
Just close your eyes
Home and dry