



I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN ..
TO THE VAGRANT GYPSY LIFE, TO THE
GULLS WAY AND THE WHALES WAY WHERE
THE MINDS LIKE A WHETTED KNIFE,
AND ALL I ASK IS A PEPPY YARN FROM A
LAUGHING FELLOW ROVER AND A QUIET
SLEEP AND A SWEET DREAM WHEN THE
LONG TRICKS OVER.....

