

Old Zeb

I'm not tired of the wind, I'm not weary of the sea
But she's probably had her bellyful of a damn old coot like me
I'm goin' ashore, she's bound for better days
But I'll see her topsail flying when I come down off the ways

*Oh, Rosie get my Sunday shoes
Gertie get my walking cane
We'll take another walk to see
Old Alice sail again*

I'd like to have a nickel for the men I used to know
Who could load three cord of lumber in a half an hour or so
Who could put on sail by haulin' instead of donkeying around
Then I'd be the poorest coasterman this side of Edgartown

Any fool can work an engine, takes brains to work a sail
And I never seen no steamer make much good out of a gale
You can go and pay your taxes on the ration gas you get
But at least to me the wind is free and they haven't run out yet

If I ever get back to her, you know I'll treat her just the same
I'll jibe her when I want to, boys, and I'll sail in the freezing rain
I'll park that old boat on the beach and go dancin' in the town
'Cause a man who's fit for hangin' probably never will get drowned

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