

The »Mary Sue«

am C D am  
I am a brisk young sailor lad, and handsome, I must say -  
F C am E E7  
but being young and handsome is a hardship on my way.  
F C am G  
For many a captain I have fled - for though they are not gay,  
C G C G am  
they think I am some cross-dressed gal and then try me to lay.  
am G am  
I've gone ten weeks without a bath, I've let my whiskers grow,  
C E  
and still those captains wink at me and wish to be my beau.  
F C am G  
And ofttimes I have told myself: No more to sea I'll go -  
C G C G am  
yet end up in some captain's arms and set his heart aglow.

am C F E E7  
Now listen, all ye sailor lads, of all bad things to do  
F C G em am  
the worst is to set foot upon that ship called *Mary Sue*.

O drunk I was that evening, as sailors tend to be  
when they've received their pay and spend the night away from sea.  
And little did I know that I no longer would free,  
when I espied a lovely lassie wink her eye at me.  
So back I winked and back I smiled when o'er to her I swayed.  
She said: »Come join me on my ship, come on, it's getting late!«  
Gone were the times when captains wished for me to be a maid:  
She was a female captain, boys, how did I love my fate.

But women on a ship will bring bad luck to all her crew:  
The same applies to everyone upon the *Mary Sue*.

When I woke up next morning, boys, how did I curse that drink!  
The very ship that I was on was worse than one could think:  
Her rigging looked like frilled with lace, her sails they were all pink  
It was no help to rub my eyes, to bang my head, or wink.  
And every sailor I could spy did wear a petticoat  
Their hair was curls, their lips were glossed, their blue eyes brightly glowed,  
They were all cute, but mostly dead, as I was shocked to note,  
and then I knew that I had ended on the devil's boat.

There's but one ghost ship on the main with an all-female crew:  
And here I'm trapped, a living male, upon the *Mary Sue*.

Now listen, all young sailor boys, watch every step you take  
and be as manly as you can, a loudish, unkempt rake.  
Make sure you wear a bushy beard, although it may be fake,  
and never ever blush or faint - it for your own best sake.  
And as for me, I staid onboard that curséd ship instead.  
Some still think me a maiden here, some ask why I'm not dead,  
they should go ask their captain 'bout the one who shares her bed,  
and if we ever get ashore, we'll find a way to wed.

But don't you think that what I did's a splendid thing to do:  
I will not let another man onto my *Mary Sue*.