

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*.