

No Mans Land

The cold north wind it whistles
And cuts straight to the core
And I dream it is the summer
And there's no more bloody war
*My little boat 's short handed
Though we toil as toil we can
There's a place to fill since Jacks been killed
Somewhere in no mans land*

We're heading out the harbour
Our tackle checked and stowed
Out to face a grey North Sea
Where the shoals of herring go
And like this boat my thoughts just float
From fish and sea and sand
To Flanders and to my son Jack
Somewhere in no mans land

He's left an empty space in boat
An empty chair at home
But life goes on both land and sea
And above the raging foam
Our Jack has gone life must go on
Though we could use 'is big strong hands
But his golden hair blows in the wind
Somewhere in no man's land

We've stowed our haul of herring
And the sun is setting red
As red is the blood of my son Jack
Red as the blood he shed
It's a rough old night, by the Whitby light
So rough I cannot stand
It's a long way back for my son Jack
Somewhere in no mans land

We're safely moored in harbour
Beneath the abbey ruin
Safe from UBoat, storm and mine
With a catch of silver herrin
Our lass and lovely Molly,
The brine cuts in their hands
They grieve for Jack laid on his back
Somewhere in no mans land

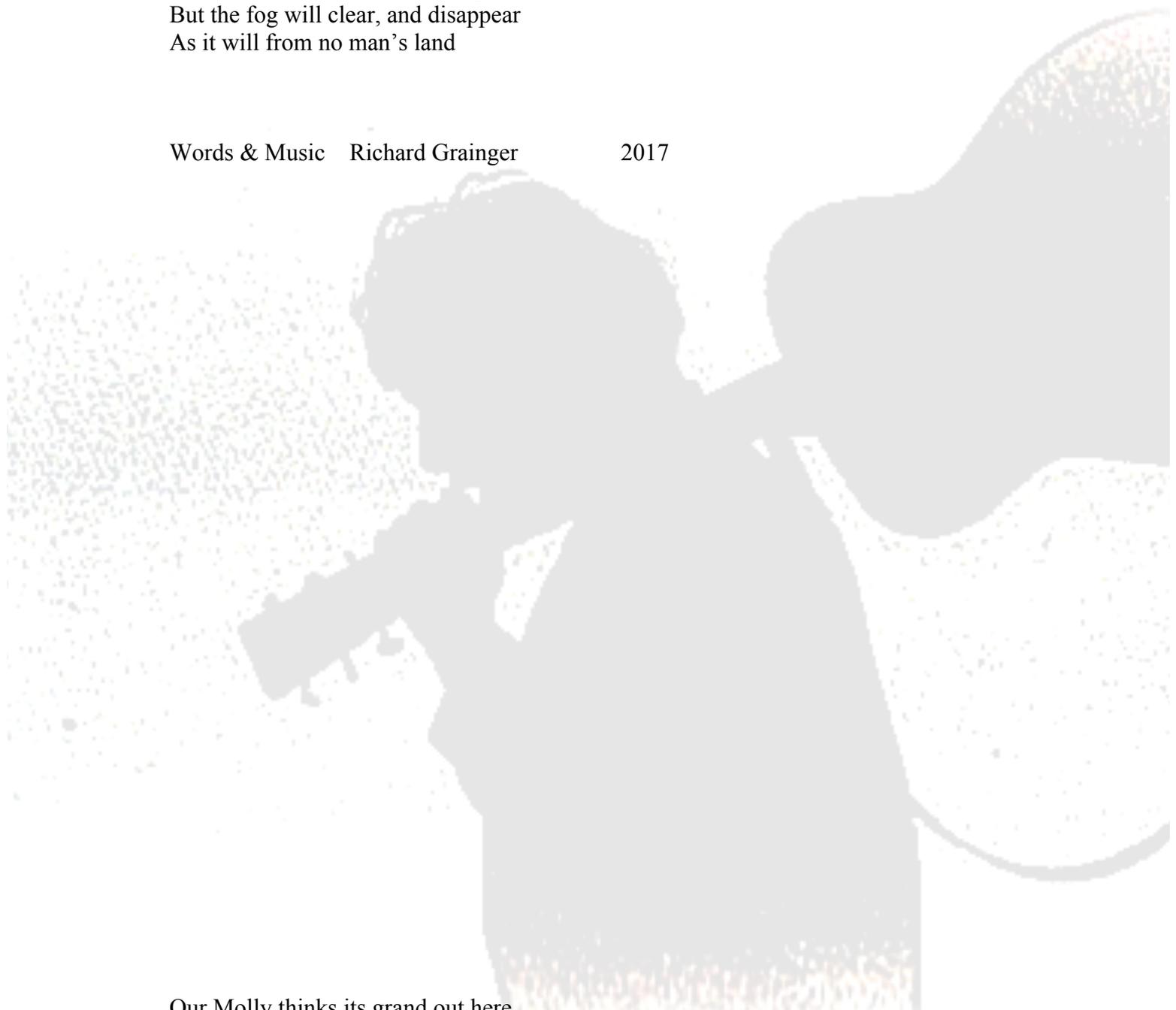
Though Jack is gone his light shines on
Around this harbour town
Through storm and sea, he pilots me
He's never let me down
The past is gone, but our boat sails on
How he's missed, he was right grand
But the fog will clear, and disappear
As it will from no man's land

Words & Music Richard Grainger

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Our Molly thinks its grand out here
She'll be talking of me come New Year
She doesn't how we live out here
Or how they live and die

Its 30 years since Molly and me wed



His chair is empty now
Theres a vacant space in the boat

