



SAILING ON THE BARROW

T'was in the merry month of May, a couple of years ago
when I with friends in Ireland stayed, all on a narrow boat
t'was on the river Barrow, we sailed from north to south
and when we were not sailing, we were run a ground

Sailing sailing sailing on the Barrow (2 X)

And sailing on the Barrow, we stopped a lot of times
because the pubs all on the banks need customers in time
a Guinness or a whiskey a stout or an ale
and when we stepped on board again not knew wich way to sail

Sailing, sailing, sailing on the Barrow (2 X)

We passed a lot of locks, to open with a key
and sometimes it was done, by a keeper for some beer
and next time we sail the Barrow, to pass twenty locks or more
we never have to open locks we take thirty bottles in store

Sailing, sailing, sailing on the Barrow (2 X)

And after six days sailing, t'was time of going home
by taxi and by plane, all to the place our own
and we would ask the pilot, turn two times to the right
and then we have the Barrow, for a last time in our sight

Flying, flying, flying our the Barrow (2 X)

And if you walk along the Barrow, just open up your eyes
if you see a narrow boat, with 4 longbearded guys
you will know we missed the taxi, you will know we missed the plane and
then we stepped on board again and sailed for years away

Sailing , sailing, sailing on the Barrow (2 X)

Written by Jan Hamelink
when sailing on the river Barrow with his friends