I Must Go Down To The Docks Again

I must go down to the docks again, on this lonely winter night.

To inspect my boat. It’s lines and canvas don’t always stay good and tight.

And all I need is a bag of salt to keep from slippin’ on the ice.

And I’d best bring some extra line, and a fender or two would be nice.

I must go check on my boat again, I’ll check out yours too if you’d like.

For the winter witch can be quite a b\*\*\*\* as it cuts like a whetted knife.

And the waves can kick my fenders high, and my boat will rock and rock.

Are the spring lines sprung? Are the fenders secure? Or are they on top the dock?

I must go down to the dock again, to check if I left it right.

Are the seacocks closed? Are the hatches secure? Did I close them good and tight?

Is the jib furled right with the sheets pulled back or did I leave them slack?

Is the mainsail cover still buttoned up tight? Are the halyards slapping the mast?

I must go check on my boat again. I’m feeling nervous as hell.

Is there water coming in? Are the cushions wet? Is that mold that I smell?

Check the bilge pump. Is it getting power? Will it come on automatically?

Maybe I should just stay aboard. It has all the stuff I need. Really.

Skip Meisch

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