

Santiano (Dm)

We were sailing down the river from Liverpool,
Heave away, Santiano.

Hay the sails were set and the hatches full.

All across the plains of Mexico.

**So we'll heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away, Santiano.**

Heave her up and away we'll go.

All across the plains of Mexico.

Oh in Mexico I long to be,
With a thigh waisted girl one on each knee.

Oh the Spanish girls I do adore,
They will drink you blind and ask for more.

Them girls are fine with their long black hair,
They will drink yours blind and skin yours bare.

Now I was a young man in my prime,
I chased them little girls two at a time.

But now I'm old and getting grey,
Them little girls turn the other way.

In the Mexico the land lies low,

Heave away, Santiano.

Where there ain't no snow and the whale fishes blow.

All across the plains of Mexico.

**So we'll heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away, Santiano.**

Heave her up and away we'll go.

All across the plains of Mexico.