

# The Pogues, Navigator

(Phil Gaston)

The canals and the bridges, the embankments and cuts  
They blasted and dug with their sweat and their guts  
They never drank water but whiskey by pints  
And the shanty towns rang with their songs and their fights

Navigator, Navigator rise up and be strong  
The morning is here and there's work to be done  
Take your pick and your shovel and the bold dynamite  
For to shift a few tons of this earthly delight  
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly delight

They died in their hundreds with no sign to mark where  
Save the brass in the pocket of the entrepreneur.  
By landslide and rockblast they got buried so deep  
That in death if not life they'll have peace while they sleep.

Their mark on this land is still seen and still laid  
The way for a commerce where vast fortunes were made  
The supply of an Empire where the sun never set  
Which is now deep in darkness, but the railway's there yet.