

I took the road to Cambridge City - Looked for work to earn my pay -  
Found me a job upon the river, Punting tourists all the day...  
'Twas then I saw my long-haired lady - How my heart then missed a beat...  
I fell in love with the long-haired lady, On the bridge of Silver Street...

They gave me a pole, white suit with waistcoat, Old straw hat of fashion quaint -  
I tout all day for paying custom, Curse the days of empty rain...  
Day-in-Day-out 'neath cold, stone bridges, See the same sights o'er again...  
Then I dream of my long-haired lady - Love's sweet thoughts relieve my brain...

Boating slow on this green river, I tell tales of gentle lies -  
'Neath Mordlin Bridge so dark and danky - Spinning yarns o' The Bridge of Sighs...  
My skin's as tough as pigskin leather - Arms as strong as dynamite...  
Shoulders ache, hands hard and calloused - Two-webbed feet...I tell you right....!

One day, perhaps, my long-haired lady will come and ask to hire me -  
I'll use the charms of a Cambridge Boater, Make her fall in love with me...  
We'll push the boat right on down the river, Where city turns to fair country...  
And in my arms I'll surely roll her...In my fine little boat we'll drift freely....

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