A hundred miles to sea,
Two men in a boat,
And the boat it did float
Out a hundred miles to sea.

One man in the boat,
Said "hey Bill there's a hole,
In this boat, it won't float,
Back a hundred miles of sea."

"Hey Bob" "Hey Bill"
"I see the hole in this boat
It won't float
Back a hundred miles of sea."

"Hey Bill" "Hey Bob"
"So we see there's a hole,
And we're taking on water,
Don'tcha think, don't we oughter,
Do something 'bout the hole,
In this boat, won't it float,
Back a hundred miles of sea?"

"Hmmm, Bob?" "A huh, Bill?"
"Now is no time for thrills,
So I'll linger my finger
In the hole in the hull
Of this boat so it floats
Back a hundred miles of sea."

"You know Bill, I don't think,
That'll work, and we'll sink,
In the drink,
For your finger may linger
But not keep out the water,
So don't bother, we oughter
Do something else."

So with two chins a-scratchin'
While waves they were catchin'
Says Bob, says to Bill,
"You know, we've got this bucket,
So the water, I'll chuck it,
And this boat, it'll float,
Back a hundred miles of sea."

So says Bill back to Bob,
"I don't think that'll work,
You'll be tired, and you'll jerk
The whole boat, and we'll take
On more drink, and we'll sink,
And this boat, it won't float,
Back a hundred miles of sea."

So the two men did think,
Scratched their chins,
Slowly blinked,
As the boat took on drink,
All a hundred miles to sea.

And so Bob said to Bill,
"An idea, an idyll,
We've got work, we've got will,
Let's do both,
Plug the hole in the hull,
With the pail, we will bail,
And the boat, it'll float
Back a hundred miles of sea."

But Bill shot back at Bob,
"Oh but Bob can't you see,
That won't work, it'll jerk
And the boat, it'll sink,
Cause we took on more drink,
And shore still will be
Back a hundred miles of sea."

So the two, Bob and Bill,
They stood all deathly still
And the boat it did fill
Up with drink, and did sink,
So they didn't survive,
But they'd still be alive,
If they just had the courage
To rock the boat.