

My arm's aching, back's breaking, legs aching neck  
And this whole ruddy ship is a huge creaking wreck.  
We've flown ten thousand miles with this thorn in our sides,  
though the wind's steady strong with no clouds in the skies.

The ropes creaking, ship's leaking, sails are on fire,  
and this whole bloody ship could go up like a pyre.  
We've got smiles on our faces, but we've seen this before  
No telling just now what we have in store.

The back-stabbing, loot-nabbing plans behind doors  
Running low on the rum and they're bleeding our stores  
Can't tell who's on our side and who's ready to flip  
When we hit the next port the whole crew could jump ship.

With the moods flaring, crew's glaring, cutthroats the lot  
With a paranoid captain always smelling a plot  
We've worked hard on this journey but there's no end in sight,  
And before it's all ended there could be a fight.

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