

The Fog Is Rolling In,  
The Tide Is High.  
Diane's As Fat Can Be,  
Aye, Captain, Aye.

The Guests Seem More Than Pleased,  
How Is The Wine?  
We Shall Be Underway  
On The By And By.

Ahead One Third  
Ahead Two Thirds  
Full Ahead Flank  
And Out From The Belly Of The Whale Came A Prophet  
Amen.

Go Shoot The Moon, The Sun,  
The Great Divide.  
I Believe There's A Storm A' Brewin',  
Nine Crows At Nine O'Clock Nigh.

Dutch Man At The Mizzenmast,  
Six Harpies Are Singin' To The Lee,  
I Believe She's Going Down,  
I Believe Were Gonna Die Die Die!

Fortune Tellers Make A Killing Nowadays,  
Me, Oh My,  
Howdy Doody's Past The House Of Aquarius,  
Bring Me More Whiskey And Rye.

Big News From The Party Boat

Oh Sir, Do Not Distress  
The Food Is Fine.  
Oh, But I Must Confess  
I Do Find The Wine A Wee Bit Dry.

Fifteen Men On A Dead Man's Chest,  
Yo Ho Ho And A Bottle Of Rye.  
Drink And The Devil Had Done For The Rest'  
She's Sunk Full Fathom, Five Five Five!

Fortune Tellers Make A Killing Nowadays,  
Me, Oh My,  
Howdy Doody's Past The House Of Aquarius,  
Bring Me More Whiskey And Rye.

Big News From The Party Boat

Them Bones, Them Bones, Them Dry, Dry Bones,  
Come Down To The Locker Of Davy Jones