

Down With The Ship

Danny Michel

Farewell to gloomy Sunday,
So long to slip n' slide.
Say "night" to Mr. Good bar,
No more Mr. Shine.
Shipwreckd on fuzzy Monday,
Sunburnt on vodka lime.
Hey Mr. Salmonella,
Hung over one more time.
I'm gonna show,
You'll be so surprised.
I'm gonna fix it so we never leave alive,
I'm going down with the ship this time.
You set sail for Sunny Monday,
I punched holes in your hull.
No more Mr. Nice Guy,
No more Mr. Gull.
You're too old to know the lingo,
You're too young to cause it harm.
Hey ho Mr. Goodbar,
Make way for Mr. Charm.
I got something for you,
So just close your eyes.
I'm gonna full it fill,
With your bitter blue good-byes.
I'm going down with the ship this time.
Well I'm up to my neck and the tide's come in,
And the sun has set to sailor's hymn.
And the nautical bones of 1000 souls,
Sleep on the ocean floor as the timpani roll.