

Scums Of The Seven Seas

Paddy and the Rats

If you're tired of the conquer
Or just a shipwrecked sailor
Come to the filthiest boozier
Of the seven seas
Here you don't find an angel
Just the toper rangers
Boozier bums, shifty scums
Drinking cheap rum

We danced all night with the big, fatty ladies
At morning Vince collapsed tipsy in the massive tits
They are angels for robbers and gift for the marines
Run aground shifty hounds
Waitin' at the mouth

Joey, the beast, lost on poker heavily
He tried to beat the sailors
Till they got him on the ground
Seamus took a fresh bath in the whiskey tun
Soaked up all, sang alone
'Till he's gettin' drowned

Bernie's got lust for the sluts in the alley
He always praise the ugliest, smelly, toothless whore
Sam cooked all night the finest rum jelly
The tiny doll, gorged it all,
Then puked it on the wall

I'm sick of all my friends
So i seek a romance
And I'll find a place where nights turns to day
I go without the bastards
I'm weary of the bluster
And I sail, sail, sail far away