

The Captain's Dead

Paddy and the Rats

We're sailin' out in foggy, dewy weahter
Pillagin' the Westcoasts
Singin' out the „turalurao”
But labouring on wicked, old sea
Was always making us row
Tired of the „turalurao”

Hunger and no capture
From plague we're no more raptured
You didn't really treat us well
So much different stories
But we came for gold and glories
Now we will send you back to hell

You traitors, the captain's dead, hail!
So long live me
Now I'm in charge so no wail! Way-hey
We'll riding on thunder
The world's gonna humble
Under favour of the night we'll sail
The captain's dead

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Abandoned families
Got only catching disease
Now we've got nothing left to lose
The soup is served with rat tag
No lumber for wooden leg
Fighting beside you it's no use

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