

# Treasure Island

Running Wild

Squire Trelawny and Dr. Livesay  
Having asked me, Jim Hawkins  
To tell everybody the whole tale about the 'Island'  
Flint's treasure and Mr. Silver.  
Keeping nothing back but its position and that only  
Because the major part of the treasure has not been lifted yet.  
I personally think we would never have begun this adventure  
And set course with the 'Hispaniola', if we had known  
What would happen and that some of us would never return  
Having lost their lives  
Sometimes the whole story haunts dreams  
And brings me the worst nightmares I ever had.  
That's when I hear the cries of the fallen  
The waves pounding the rocks on the coast  
And Captain Flint's raw voice screaming  
?Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Ha ha ha  
And I tell you, no oxen and wain ropes  
Will ever take me back to Treasure Island!  
Mr. Bones is fighting Black Dog  
He want to split him to the chine  
Blind Pew the bringer of the spot  
Horse-hooves trampling his spine, yeah  
We have the map to start our trip  
The Squire has the ship and the sailors  
Long John is the man with the grip  
But no one knows he will raid us  
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks  
Captain Flint's raising hell  
He's calling my name to drive me insane  
But I'll never return to  
Treasure Island, where the brave fell  
A one-legged devil from the pit of hell  
A greedy demon on his treasury  
Cursed the island, oh, eternally  
Long John is spreading his law  
Hatching a death bringing plot  
I show up in a council of war  
What I heard in the barrel from this toad  
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks  
Captain Flint's raising hell  
He's calling my name to drive me insane  
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Cursed the island, oh, eternally  
We see the land, shining sand  
But it can be our grave  
I jump the boat, overload  
Trying to be too brave  
Burning sun, find Ben Gunn  
Assassins claim the ship  
I cut the rope, I try to cope  
To free it from Hand's grip  
Bulling row, cannon law  
The jolly-boats last trip  
Killing tried, stockade fight

Silver's villains quit  
Abandonment, to Silver's hand  
A cunning pack is made  
Trick or treat, make scoundrels bleed  
Their dullness will be paid  
I stumble to the stockade  
The sweat drips from my brow  
No one keeps a lookout, oh no  
The rebel owns it now  
Silver tries to shield me  
The Black spot comes again  
He throws the map onto the ground  
He plays a tricky game  
Pickaxe, rope and shovel  
The dead-man marks the way  
No chest, no gold, no silver  
2 guineas is their pay  
Musket cracks like thunder  
The blood is running red  
Of Ben Gunn kept the treasure  
From beginning to end  
When we put back to the sea  
Silver's chains are doubly tight  
Long John and his counterfeit key  
Sidle away through the night  
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks  
Captain Flint's raising hell  
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