

(Sometimes I Feel Like) Fletcher Christian

The Mekons

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian
staring out across the sea
torn apart by duties shackles
The twisted tongues oif loyalty

Well I sucked hard on every pleasure
til my head begun to spin
he'll choose between the whip and feather
and that is where the crime begins

Chorus

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian
in paradise with the tables turned
Yes and I can feel the tatooists nedle
I can feel my neck and ankles burn

These south seas isles are cold and barren
but this civil war's been good for me
We took drugs and tore our uniforms
gave up our captain to the sea

Chorus

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian
twisting off the serpents head
for the mutiny I'll shoot the big one
hot and hungry, far from home

Through the sun and sea my skin is peeling
but it don't make the pictures fade
those shapes and symbols, I know their meaning
the shameless riches of another world

If I return they're sure to hang me
so I guess I'll have to stay
and if I should croak out in the darkness
No-one will know I got away