

Celtic Sea

Ghost Mice

At the last minute everything was okay
We bought our tickets, we were on our way
It cost us six hundred and sixty-six Francs
But that didn't mean anything

On our way to Ireland on a French boat
And she had a Spanish captain
He welcomed us aboard and told us some jokes
We tried our best to laugh at them

He said, "Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no
We can't have any women on here
Don't you know, don't you know, don't you know, don't you know
Truckers are like pirates, my dear"

He said not to worry, it was only a joke
And he showed us to our room
And as I was throwing my pack on the bed
A man came in behind you

Said, "Hey, little lassie, are you alone?
Do you need some company?"
Then he saw me and he turned to leave
Sayin' he was sorry

We closed our door and we locked it shut
And jumped up on our fluffy beds
Blankets and pillows were luxury to us,
We had twenty-four hours of them

The captain he knocked and he woke us up
He told us it was time to eat
There was cake, there were fries, there were all sorts of drinks
And then we looked out at the sea

The waves, the waves, the waves, they rose
Up, up thirty feet
Then down, down, down they'd go
And our stomachs started to sink

The captain, the captain, well he saved our lives
He gave us some tiny white pills
We went to sleep for the rest of the ride,
Woke up to the sight of green hills