

Sir Bodsworth Rugglesby lii

Klaatu

Well do you get the itching to
Trek about the latitudes, you do?
Well likely you're a chip
Off old Sir Rugglesby
Well he was quite a sporting sort
Behind his cup o'tea he'd snort
I'll wager on the line
Ten thousand pounds and five
I'm the only man who'll ever get to
Hell and come back alive

Now in the fall of forty-nine
He skipped across the seven brine this time
Looking for a berth in naval history
T'was never heard nor seen again
Officially presumed as dead
But the words he left behind
Still echoed through my mind
I'm the only man who'll ever get to
Hell and come back alive
He's the only man who'd ever get to
Hell and come back alive

then one night
While tripping down the English coast
The moon was whiter than a ghost, almost
When I heard a voice yell through a megaphone
And there upon the midnight sea
A signal lamp signaled me
I could feel me blood run cold
As the message did decode
I'm the only man who's ever been to
Hell and come back alive
Well who else could it be
But good old Rugglesby?
He's the only man could ever get to
Hell and come back alive
Yes he's the only man who's
(He's the only one)
Ever gone and been to
(Who's been and gone)
To hell and come back
Hell and come back
Hell and come back alive