

# Rotten Town

Ludo

'Twas quite the inky black night  
All the weather vanes were turning  
And the constable was burning out his light

When low our anchors went down, barnacle bound  
The men were up and churning  
Yes, and soon the square was burning to the ground  
And oh, the flames were as gold

I scour at the angry moon  
I am sick on myself, I'm a bum  
What have I become?  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town

It's been a fortnight or two  
The mutant ears are plotting  
Against the captain  
As I'm rotting in the goo

The constable was set to drown  
While the shabby scabs that went to town  
Were reconnoitering with blades and gun  
But the ale had started spilling  
Yes, and soon the crew was killing everyone

And all the streets burned with gold  
Baha'ullah, my bones were so cold

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I still walk down the harbor  
To the tavern on the square  
And heard a raucous ruckus as it rang

From some foul inebriates  
Some men I used to call my mates  
Were lost in song  
And this is what they sang, they sang

"Hey, hi, oh, ho, o'er the Atlantic we go  
Drinking 'til we all get sick  
And coming up with limericks  
But we never quite remember how they end"

I can see my childhood home  
I think of my dear old mum  
What have I become?

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