

Pleasure Island

MC Lars

On a very dark and foggy night out down at the old Red Lobster Inn
We were celebrating that the little payment from a job we'd done had just come in
See, we'd lured a young and wooden hapless lad into the wicked business of show
So then a coachman did approach, and he spoke in a voice so very low
When he offered us ten times the coin we'd just raked in
For another gig that was no more big than the one that we had just taken
He collected young hoodlums, troubled ruffians and punks
Juvenile delinquents, rugged ragamuffins, common riff riff and such
And once he got them in his grip, he'd put them on a ship and send them off
across the sea
To a rock only heard in talk and some boozy rumors that we'd not believed
With our eyes on the scratch still we had to ask him, "fine, man, but what's
the catch?"
He said, "little boys go to Pleasure Island, but they never ever come back"

Hi diddle dee dee, hi diddle dee ho
All aboard, boys, off to Pleasure Island you go
Hi diddle dee dee, and a yo ho ho ho
Hoist the sails, lads, off to Pleasure Island you go
Off you go, baby

Now Pleasure Island was a very nice and perfect paradise for little boys
All the food and drink that they could dream, and it was free, and everywhere
a pile of toys
Not a mom or pop and not a single cop, not a schoolteacher around to make them
stop
Not a limit to a thing they'd wanna do, they were a herd of calves inside a
china shop
Big old stogies for the smoking given to them on Tobacco Road
There was a rough house for the punch-
outs for the ones who want a scrap to go
And a lovely model home for busting up, the only reason it was even built
And a pool hall where frosty mugs of frothy ale would all so quickly be refilled
Oh, they ate and drank, and they smoked and fought, tearing everything around
d apart
Smashing glass and thrashing axes, hacking into priceless works of art
At this point we had to ask the coachman, "what part of this amasses any wealth?"
He said, "give a bad boy enough rope and soon he'll make a jackass of himself"

Hi diddle dee dee, hi diddle dee ho
Anchors away, boys, off to Pleasure Island you go
Hi diddle dee dee, and a yo ho ho ho
All lads on deck, off to Pleasure Island you go
Off you go

Then the coachman came in close, and we were stunned with what he told us next
See, all the vices and the sins the boys imbibed had been cursed with some evil
hex
And when they finally reached the very highest peak of self-indulgence, get a load of this
They turned to zombies then to donkeys, some ungodly metamorphosis

And shadow creatures without features, only creepy green and glowing eyes
Shut the doors and locked them tight and slaughtered off the ones who weren'
t to size
But the livestock that was right got corralled into the shipping crates for
selling to
The old salt mines, to the circuses, to the carnivals and farms and petting
zoos
And they're never seen again, parents now and then search for their kids and
fail
Ask that one taker, that old clockmaker in the belly of a giant whale
For once our conscience finally stopped us, but it washed away with gold dis
played
We put our puppet pal on the next boat and his ticket was the ace of spades

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