

## Goin' down with a ship

Michael Monroe

See the storm comin' in, a cold front, a tail wind  
Somebody take the wheel and steer us off the rocks again  
I can hear the sirens call in the darkness, seein' nothin at all  
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Maybe there's trouble, but nothin can touch our kin

Good times-never fear the reaper  
Hard times- we dig a little deeper  
High tides are never gonna keep us down, down, down

Say goodbye to the town, got no sorrows to drown  
Guess we're all goin' down with the ship  
Ain't no fair-weather friends, we're all mates till the end  
Guess we're all goin' down with the ship

No map or course to chart, lost souls with vagabond hearts  
Gotta roll the bones, ol' Davy Jones is waitin'  
There's a break in the sky, raise up our freak flag high  
Ain't in it for treasures, livin' on our reputation

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We're ragin' 'cross the waters, this life is all we know  
We leave our sons and daughters  
Kiss 'em, miss 'em, we got to go...

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