

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

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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