Blood Red Roses

Rod Stewart

Go down you Blood Red Roses
Go down you pinks and posies
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Go down you pinks and posies

Sailing out of Boston one hundred days at sea
On the good ship Bonadventure, a'whaling men are we
We set sail for the Cape Horn, where the seas are cold as ice
The wind will bite right through you like a thousand starving m
ice

Our ship is made of solid wood but our men are made of steel
One step outta line you'll be hauled beneath the keel

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Ahh the captains name is Joshua, a mountain of a man
The rest of us are salty dogs, misfits of the land
There's something in the air tonight, the men they cannot sleep
Are they dreaming of a watery grave or the ghost of Moby Dick

We'll be home before the new year with stories to be told
With a ship load of whale oil and a pocket full of gold

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Ahoy me boys there she blows, a monster of the deep
Lower the boats away me lads she must be sixty feet
Steady boys, now hold your nerve she's a killer of a whale
She could sink this ship with just one flick of her mighty, mig
hty tail

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