

# Black Gold

Rufus Wainwright

I had seen the captain drinking  
I don't know what he was thinking  
When he took that stinking cargo out:  
Without a doubt  
He went too far  
But he will take us out to sea

Eighty thousand metric tons of crude  
A crew of twenty-one  
Were pounding through the ocean  
Just ajar her screws in motion  
All the stars rotating in their canopy

Black gold  
Rolling in the hold  
Back and forth  
In time for every swell  
Black gold  
Time would now unfold  
The heavens fixed  
Upon our last farewell  
To this black gold

Then she hit the water with a shudder  
It had got her  
As she went down  
Heard to utter was the captain in his cups  
"What's up?" says  
"In my gut I know we all are doomed!"

She broke up  
A hemorrhage of oil gushed  
A rage, a broil from the soiled foil of her hull  
And she was pulled beneath  
The waves into her grave down in the gloom

Black gold  
My heart is still in pain  
My mandolin will tell her how I feel  
Black gold  
Bounding on the main  
An agony of ebony and steel  
All this black gold

What great balls of fire felt for miles around  
A river spelt an ess of oil slithering  
To leave your blackened  
It is not romantic in the morning  
And never mind come hithering  
Slick stick on the shore  
Seaside panic scores of frantic birds  
Yet antic as they slog through all  
It augurs as an ecologic nightmare to be sure

I'm the way the resurrection:  
Christ  
I'd say on him reflecting

I'm not sure he'd feel secure  
With what we're doing here  
For sure  
Lead us clear out of this dark  
He'd want to

Down the deepest trenches  
Man is stewing in his stench  
Their cadavers hold palaver  
And the gravity of their endeavors  
Cleverly convert them into shark

Black gold  
Nature's upper hand  
With ladies in Mercedes on the strand  
Black gold  
Hades' high command  
The tar upon her car and in the sand  
All this black gold