

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