## **Port Royal**

## **Running Wild**

Hundred masts, thirty flags An island in the golf of Darien Sandglass, bloody heart Flying high above the scene

Marooners with loaded guns Are still waiting at the quay A hungry fleet from underworld "Freedom" is the law they pray

"Black strap", rum and gin Sexual freedom all the way A rolling dice, an ace of hearts One shall win and one's to pay

Coricord and freedom No need for the holy writ Rebellious, non-servile Spitting on religious hypocrites

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea

When the "Oxford" hits the sea Slave driver learns the moses law There is no chance, they can't escape They hunt'em down and eat'em raw

Gin Lane, New Providence It all is now since a long time gone But there are still descendants Port Royal's spirit lives forever on

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea