The Privateer

Running Wild

The privateer is watching The moon provides the only light Roaring winds are blowing A flag appears out of the night Guns are spitting fire The cannonball tears up the rail The vessel's changing course The thunderstorm blows up the sail A furious fight is raging Red-hot cannon's shooting hard Iron balls are flying Tearing all the planks apart His allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea No mariner has the slightest chance to flee His crystal ball's revealing where he has to steer He fights the covered evil without a fear Oh, the privateer The sea-dog's reamed in legends It said he had the second sight His assignment must be holy He fought the fight with power and pride The key to ancient wisdom The power to have seen the truth He'll return to holy ground Where his tortured soul had died in youth His allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea No mariner has the slightest chance to flee His crystal ball's revealing where he has to steer He fights the covered evil without a fear Oh, the privateer His allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea No mariner has the slightest chance to flee His crystal ball's revealing where he has to steer He fights the covered evil without a fear Oh, the privateer Oh, the privateer Oh, the privateer Oh, the privateer Oh, the privateer