

## Old Buccaneer

The Incredible String Band

sissie wouldn't believe when I told her the old man was gone  
the one who lived all alone in the shack on the shore  
that's so hard to find, so har to go past  
he used to light our cigarettes and never tell anyone  
he had blue tattoos and he'd tell us tall stories from the bott  
om of a rum glass  
he's got things to see on the spanish main he's gone away for a  
while  
he's gone skullduggering on the spanish main he's gone away far  
away

thought I heard sails creaking as the stars paled  
anchor chains clinking as the night failed way out on the bay

no one else knows how he crowed when they crowned him king of t  
he cannibal isles  
or how he'd really feel blind drunk at the wheel through a high  
hurricane  
he could dupe the devil at dice and charm charmers whit his beg  
uiling smile  
how he fell in love in Lima and a schemer stole his pearly girl  
and broke his heart again  
now all the foes he killed call him in to fight with their beck  
oning bones  
and all the gold he stole sparkles in the morning light  
his sweet ladies are all alone

sissie dear let's not go near the church today  
the big bells tolling the hearse goes rolling the holy joes pra  
y  
as they lay him away

lived one too many winters cold cold weather  
had to sail down to the south sea waters warm  
his old bones there  
let an old man go through  
let an old man go through