

## Great Pirates

## The Mountain Goats

On the morning when I stop looking back  
I'll be up to see the sunrise in deep bruised black  
And bright blood red, and pale desert rose  
And several other colors like those

Great pirates testing the waves  
Great pirates testing the waves

Everybody gone from here  
May you all emerge free and clear  
And may you do some good where you go  
High in the hands of the crosswinds, or in the arms of the undertow

Great pirates testing the waves  
Great pirates testing the waves

And calling the roll- let's see:  
Just me  
And checking the rigging before  
Heading off to war

Peach rose black sky up early  
Carry what I need to carry  
Bury what I have to bury  
Dancing, whistling, singing past the cemetery

Great pirates testing the waves  
Great Great pirates  
Great pirates testing the waves  
Great Great pirates  
Great pirates testing the waves