

Dead Man's Chest

The Real McKenzies

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)
Drink and the devil be done for the rest
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)

Well, the mate was fixed by the bosun's pike
The bosun brained with a marlin'spike
And the cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped by fingers ten
And there they lay, all good dead men
Like a break o'day in a boozing den
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)
Ten of the crew had the murder mark
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)

'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead
Or a yawing hole in a battered head
And the scuppers' glit with yawning red
And there they lay, aye, damn me eyes
All lookouts clamped on paradise
Souls a'bound and contrariwise
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)

Arghh... chest on chest of Spanish gold
And a ton of plate in the middle hold
And the cabins riot of stuff untold
They lay there that took the plum
With sightless glare and their lips struck dumb
While we shared all by the rule of thumb
(Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum)

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Hahaha...