

Here I stand on the deck of my ship on the Spanish main
I've got a charter in my cabin, signed and sealed by
the King of Spain
That his standard be unfurled past the edge of the
world
I dare not go back again
History will be kind and bear me in mind
Will you remember my name?

History book
History book
Let's take a look
At my history book

South Devon pirates buccanneers on the Panama coast
With a cargo of potatoes and indian princes
But what they want the most
Is to fill that hold with spanish gold
And make proud their boast
That England will smile on their piracy while
They drink Elisabeth's toast

History book
History book
Let's take a look
At my history book

Everyday I used to skip to school
With my history book in my book bag lord

Everyday I used to skip to school
With my history book in my book bag...

What a crashin whata smashin whata magnin ona you fo
mine
What a crashin whata smashin whata magnin ona you fo
mine

Arab traders fly their weapons on the Africa shore
And hapless victims bound in chains on the galleon
floor
That their blood may be spilled in the land of Brazil
And they'll see their homes forlorn
History will be cruel as it uses this tool
To shame the new world more

History book
Ah History book
Let's take a look
At my history book

My history book
My history book
My history book
My history book
My history book