

Flogging molly - 1/1

Interprété par Salty Dog.

Ill wait for you till i turn blue,
There's nothing more that a man can do,
Don't get your bollocks in a twist,
Settle down and take a fit,
You drank with demons straight from hell,
They almost nearly won as well,
You wipe the floor with victory,
Then puked until you fell asleep.

Blackened was the banshees wail,
thes boots 'll never fill her jail,
You crawled into an empty boat,
for the gulf of mexico,
Cortez game of solitude,
from the ashes a charred and blue,
Smelling like a Salty Dog,
Back From hell where you belong.

Anarchy, the scourge of every sea,
The antichrist aboard a rig,
(ya blah blah blah, dunt kno the wurdz) Cortez
The ship went down we all near drowned,
You stood there on the deck,
Until the spanish came and flogged ur arse,
and dragged ya from the wreck,

They tied a rope around yer neck,
To watch ya dance the jig of death,
They left ya for the starvin crows,
hoverin the hungry whors,
One flew down plucked out yer eye,
The other almost it in sights,
ya (i dunno, i think he says swashbuckled) him said leave me be.
(pause)
I need the bugger so i can see