

Big News I (Live in Flint)

Clutch

The fog is rolling in, the tide is high
Diane's as fat can be, aye Captain aye
The guests' seem more than pleased
How is the wine?
We shall be underway on the bye and bye Ahead one third, ahead two thirds!
Full ahead, flank
And out from the belly of a whale came a prophet
Amen! Go shoot the moon, the sun, the great divide
I believe there's a storm a brewin'
Nine crows at nine o'clock nye
Dutch men on the mizzen mast
Six harpies are singing to the lee
I believe she's going down
I believe we're gonna die, die, die Fortune tellers make a killing nowadays
Me oh my!
Howdy Doody's past the house of Aquarius
Bring me more whisky and rye
Big news from the party boat Oh sir, do not distress, the food is fine
Oh, but I must confess
I do find the wine a wee bit dry
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rye
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
She's sunk full fathom, five, five, five Fortune tellers make a killing nowadays
Me oh my!
Howdy Doody's past the house of Aquarius
Bring me more whisky and rye
Big news from the party boat Them bones, them bones, them dry, dry bones
Come down to the locker of Davy Jones

Songwriters

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