

# Rotten Town

## Ludo

'Twas quite the inky black night  
All the weather vanes were turning  
And the constable was burning out his light  
When low our anchors went down, barnacle bound  
The men were up and churning  
Yes, and soon the square was burning to the ground  
And oh the flames were as gold  
I scowl at the angry moon  
I am sick on myself I'm a bum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town  
It's been a fortnight or two  
The mutineers were plotting against the captain as I'm rotting in the goo  
The constable was set to drown while the shabby scabs that went to town were reconnoitering with blades and  
gun  
But the ale had started spilling  
Yes, and soon the crew was killing everyone  
And all the streets burned with gold,  
But all my bones were so cold  
I scowl at the angry moon  
I am sick on myself I'm a bum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town  
I still walk down the harbor to the tavern on the square  
  
and heard a raucous ruckus as it rang  
from some foul inebriates  
some men i used to call my mates  
were lost in song and this is what they sang  
they sang  
"Hey, hi, yo, ho! O'er the Atlantic we go  
Drinking 'till we all get sick  
And coming up with limericks  
But we never quite remember how they end"  
I can see my childhood home  
I think of my dear old mum  
What have I become

I scowl at the angry moon  
I am sick on myself I'm a bum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (I scowl at the angry moon)  
I am sick on myself I'm a bum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (I scowl at the angry moon)  
I am sick in a barrel of rum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (In this rotten)  
In this rotten, In this rotten  
Town!

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