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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