

Charles Gibbs

Chris Foster

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Words and Music Chris Foster

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Terror on the high seas wrought by Charles Gibbs

Brandishing his sword in pirate fame

For wealth that surfed the currents between the old world and the new

Countless were the victims that he claimed A modus operandi of debauchery and greed

No prisoners were the words of his command

A cruel and vicious person with a gross incessant need

To claim the life of every single hand Chorus

They would hoist their mighty sails under the black flag

Catch a trade wind to their date with infamy

On a mission to destroy every time that they deployed

They lived a vile evil life of treachery He sailed the Florida Straits searching for his prey

Stealing all the treasures from their fold

This madman on a mission would abscond with what he claimed

Pavilion key was where he stored his gold. His ship would pull along side and tie their ropes to fore and aft

They'd swing aboard with lust and greedy hearts

They'd rape and murder woman and torture all the men

Then throw their bloody carcass to the sharks. Repeat chorus

Sax solo To romanticize a pirate is to make a mockery of life

The Dark ages from our past in maritime

But good traverses evil, so let the record show

Charles Gibbs was hung at the age 29 Repeat Chorus

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