

Untitled Bitter Song

The Poxy Boggards

Our good captain's pride
Was the portrait of his Bride
He kept it in a very special place
He'd say, "When I've had enough
And I feel like giving up
I pull it out and look into her face

And it's not 'cause of love
And it's not 'cause she's my dove
it reminds me of why I'm out at sea
And when I feel like quitting
I remember all her spitting
And her cussing
and her hurling knives at me"

Well the rations are thin
And the ropes tear at our skin
And the Spanish they will try and take me life
But I won't go home
'Cross the seas I will roam
It's better than living with me wife

We'd returned from a trip
Set to unload the ship
When a rope slipped away from its place
But poor old Mickey Goff
It tore his leg right off
And sent him straight down on his face
We were about to cut free
And to sail out to sea
Mickey hopped up with a scowl upon his face
He said "I'm going with you I'm not staying with that shrew
Now 'fore she comes lets get out of this place"

Well the rations are thin
And the ropes tear at our skin
And the Spanish they will try and take me life
But I won't go home
'Cross the seas I will roam

It's better than living with me wife

I saw Benji McGee
As he washed out to sea
When a wave swept him over the deck
Our sailors were tough
But the storm proved too rough
If we turned her around she would wreck
And as the sea pulled him down
But before he could drown
I heard him yell with his last breath
"Tell that harpy at home I am free from her scorn!
I finally find peace in my death!"
Well the rations are thin
And the ropes tear at our skin
And the Spanish they will try and take me life
But I won't go home
'Cross the seas I will roam
It's better than living with me wife
Well the rations are thin
And the ropes tear at our skin
And a falling mast could rip you in half
You could get keelhauled Or catch a cannonball
But at least I'm not home with me...
Wife

Lyrics Submitted by Alexandro Case

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