

Tobacco Island

Celtic Tribute Players

All to hell we must sail
For the shores of sweet Barbados
Where the sugar cane grows taller
Than the God we once believed in
Till the butcher and his crown
Raped the land we used to sleep in
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes
That haunt tobacco island
'Twas 1659 forgotten now for sure
They dragged us from our homeland
With the musket and their gun
Cromwell and his roundheads
Battered all we know
Shackled hopes of freedom
We're now but stolen goods
Darken the horizon
Blackened from the sun
This rotten cage of Bridgetown
Is where I now belong
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Red leg down a peg
Blistered burns the soul
The floggings they're a plenty
But reasons there are none
Our backs belong to landlords
Where branded is there name
Paid for with ten shillings
Cheap labor never breaks
The silver moon is shinin'
Cools the copper blood
Where the livin' meet the dead
And together dance as one

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Agony, will you cleanse this misery?
For it's never again I'll breathe
The air of home
From this sandy edge
The rolling sea breaks my revenge
With each whisper a thousand waves
I hear roar, I'm coming home
Dark is the horizon
Blackened by the sun
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