

# 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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