

The Harbor Is Yours

Aesop Rock

Dead, men, tell no tales.
Up push the daisies till the soil is stale.
In a powder blue tux for the farmer's sail.
Mister big sleep with the carp and kale. Once upon a time in the days of yore.
When the people lived fresh outta legend and folk lore.
There was an old pirate who piloted a vile slang
Had a bird perched on him, and swashbuckled the same
Peg leg navigated starboard to port
By the nautical starry night yellin' "The harbor is yours!"
You should tell him where you situate the gold
That is unless you'd like a vacation with Davey J-J-J-Jones
Like walk the plank, for whom the shark thank
Maroon the mutineers, consume the souvenirs
And while the shiny spoils piled higher every year
He was suffocating slow in the box of a buccaneer
Ten summers prior on a night like this
Crows nest saw something that float to the boats west
Sword blew him a kiss, and when he focused
Seen the face of an angel upon the body of a F-F-F-Fish. What the heck! Frazzled, his telescope shattered,
gathered himself
She was ghost, he was down the rope ladder to deck
Circled the vessel 360, swiftly
Found nothing in the water but salt, piss, and whiskey
Yargh, heckled by the Swabies at the bar
Hell be the laughing stock of the Barbary Coast War
Like This dude either got two glass eyes
Or hes wearin his patch on the wrong S-S-S-Side "Now he knew what he saw, but had to prove he was raw
So he raped and he pillaged and hed feud any brawl
Tried to rekindle his rep via sabers and gun smoke
And vowed to always find her, though he never told his cutthroats
Meanwhile, back in the now,
Got a brand new skeleton crew on the move now
When they aren't manning thirty burning cannons stern and bow
They are prying shiny metals out your M-M-M-Mouth Okay, youth wanes, holler wisdom n disease like the
scurvy made his yellow gums bleed
And he was achy from his boots to the feather in his hat
Till his quartermaster showed up with a stolen treasure map
One look down and leaped off the dock
See if you can guess where X mark the spot
The capital was buried at sea in a cursed cave

Only one mile from where he'd seen the M-M-M-Mermaid
Anchors up, hoist the jolly roger thank you much
Day and night with his hook hands raised and clutched
But see, the vitamin deficiency was strong
So by the time they bumped into the island, he could barely lift his grog
Crawled off the boat, collapsed in the sand
Prayers in the air, seashells at his hand
An area high tide so grand
It's the one that put the lady of the lake on dry L-L-L-Land
And I wish I could tell you that it ended happy
Pretend like his bones weren't practically snapping
Pretend like her gills didn't dry up and suffer
But that's a half dead pirate and a fish out of water
No lie, scouts honor, got a million more
From the burgundy lighting above the Shores of Whores
Before your visions of grandeur go to swell those sails,
Remember dead men tell no T-T-T-Tales.
Dead, men, tell no tales
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