Tobacco

Thomas Rhett

Off to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in
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 wit' their musket and their gun
Cromwell and his round heads battered all we knew
Shackled hopes of freedom, we're now but stolen goods
Dark is the horizon, blackened from the sun
This rotten cage of Bridgetown is where I now belongOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco IslandRed 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 their 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 oneOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco IslandAgony, 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 homeDark is the horizon
Blackened by the sun
This rotten cage of Bridgetown
Is where I now belongOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
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