

Turn This Ship Around

Gaelic Storm

Man-catchers took me family, shipped them to Kingston town

I was left in Dublin, no way out but down

I shipped aboard for better fare, stories I could tell

I left that hole behind me, landed straight in hellChorus:

We want the sun, the ocean to swim in

Tobacco, rum, the wild island women

The old man says were homeward bound

The crew says, No, turn this ship around" They lash us without warning, they starve us every man

They work us day and night, even longer when they can

Our backs are burned and blistered, fevers taken hold

Theres fire in our bellies, but our blood is running coldNo rum to warm the spirit, no breeze to cool the brow

We sighted land two days ago, an island off the prow

Red sky in the morning, captain best beware

Theres rumblings down below decks, theres murder in the air(Chorus)Bermuda waits behind us, its time for treachery

Its now or never lads, lets put an end to misery

The knives are out and flashing, theres powder in the guns

Were sick of slop and scurvy, its time to cut and runThe captains in his cabin, with a glass of sherry wine

Well keelhaul that bastard, well make him drink the brine

The first mates on the foredeck, with a pistol in his hand

Well string him from the rigging, hell never see dry land(Chorus)

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