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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