Mutiny

Crosby & Nash

And the blue bird over my head
Is waiting for the sea to dry
And the farmer standing on the bridge
Is hoping that the fish will flyAnd the boat on the bay
Is waiting for the cloud to cry
Mutiny on Sailboat Bay
Mutiny, do far awayAnd the cannibals are waiting on the edge
To eat the meat that they can smell
And the monkeys standing in line
Can do the two step very wellOn the gang plank one at a time
A story for the waves to tell about
Mutiny on Sailboat Bay
Mutiny, so far awayWith the ice man cooling the wind
The coastline can't be very far
With the shore man rowing behind
We'll find our way beneath the starsBut the captain sat there and grinned
And he set the sail for Shangrila
Mutiny on Sailboat Bay
Mutiny, so far away

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