# Drunken Sailor

## The Longest Johns

from tortugas port we put to sea head south for sixteen days
in the biggest storm I'd ever seen we almost lost our way
well a call came from a deckhand "boys I think she's going down"
but don't you fear there's enough rum here to drink until we die!

what should we do with the drunken sailor
horay and up she rises
early in the morning

So his deckhand grabbed a barrel broke the seal and took a swig;
and soon their screams turned into songs, their panicked work turned into jigs.
The first mate bellowed orders ever trying to save their skins;
and he drunk and wretch the captain catch-all be torn limb from limb!

what should we do with the drunken sailor
horay and up she rises
early in the morning

every man continued drinking all their dutis long forgot
they were deaf to every order til they heard a pistol shot
the captain stood on folks all, swung the cat'o' above his head
"back to your posts, or by my ghost, you'd wish that you were dead!"

what should we do with the drunken sailor
horay and up she rises
early in the morning

every drunk recieved a beating some of the drunker managed too
the captain kept an eye until he'd sobered up his crew
he then retired to quarters, put the rum upon his shelf
sat in his seat, put up his feet, and drank the rest himself!

what should we do with the drunken sailor
horay and up she rises
early in the morning

put him in a longboat til he's sober
shave his belly with a rusty razor
throw him in the hull with the captains daughter

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