

# Big News I

## Clutch

The fog is rolling in, the tide is high  
Diane's as fat can be, aye, Captain, aye  
The guests seem more than pleased, how is the wine?  
We shall be underway on the by and by  
Ahead one third, ahead two thirds  
Full ahead flank and out from the belly  
Of the whale came a prophet, Amen  
Go shoot the moon, the sun, the Great Divide  
I believe there's a storm a' brewin', a nine crows at nine o'clock nigh  
Dutch man at the mizzenmast six harpies are singin' to the Lee  
I believe she's going down, I believe we're gonna die die die  
Fortune tellers make a killing nowadays, me, oh my  
Howdy Doody's past the house of Aquarius  
Bring me more whiskey and rye  
Big news from the party boat  
Oh sir, do not distress, the food is fine  
Oh, but I must confess, I do find the wine a wee bit dry  
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho ho and a bottle of rye  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest, she's sunk full fathom, five five five  
Fortune tellers make a killing nowadays, me, oh my  
Howdy Doody's past the house of Aquarius  
Bring me more whiskey and rye  
Big news from the party boat

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