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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