

# Big News I (live)

## 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 bye and bye Ahead one third, ahead two thirds!  
Full ahead, flank  
And out from the belly of a whale came a prophet  
Amen! Go shoot the moon, the sun, the great divide  
I believe there's a storm a brewin'  
Nine crows at nine o'clock nite  
Dutch men on the mizzen mast  
Six harpies are singing 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 whisky 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 whisky and rye  
Big news from the party boat Them bones, them bones, them dry, dry bones  
Come down to the locker of Davy Jones

Songwriters

FALLON/SULT/MAINES/GASTER Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>