

Tip the Black Spot

Pirate Jenny

People will tell you that I'm slime,
but what do they know?
Saying that it is time,
time for me to go.
Saying I'm a marked man,
that I've been chosen.
A man who called me ugly names
but never spoken.

But I'm holding on,
with both hands
As I navigate
these shifty lads
And I'm watching out
with both eyes
My friends come and go
in disguise

I wont go down
I wont go down
'til they tip the Black Spot
'til they tip the Black Spot
'til they tip the Black Spot
'til they tip the Black Spot

The message is as clear
as it is simple
A Black Spot on a page
ripped from the Bible
And time is running out
that much I do know
The Black Spot never lies
as far as I know

And so I'm holding on,
there must be some mistake
And I'm praying that,
that it's not too late
And I'm rattled by
the cries of mutiny

And I watch them throw
my ashes to the sea

I guess I'll go

I guess I'll go

I'll go

When they tip the Black Spot

Fifteen men down a Dead Man's alley
got a quarter pound keg for a guilty man to tally
And we never play games and we never dillydally
In the midnight sun, keep those lights from the galley
We'll not bear his strikes or his bleeding or his whining
His irrational hope for a life will be tiny
Tie him up in the rope for the neck we're departing to the end of the pier

Lyrics submitted by DreadfulRed.

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