

Cruel Mistress

Clint Mansell

Next time out to sea
Bring enough soul to bury me
For I don't want my final jig
In a belly of a squid
Next time out to sea
Bring enough soul to bury me
For I don't want my final jig
In a belly of a squid
Take my trousers take my shirt
Just give me that sweet dirt
For the water's cold and grim
And I never did learn to swim
No her love never set me free
So I set off for the ocean
Now in my dreams she comes to me
Whispering of peace
But I've known since the day
That we sailed for Santiago
Her dry embrace would kiss my face
No never, no more
The sea is a cruel mistress
The sea is a cruel mistress
Many moons to the day
That I threw her love away
Now every whale spouts, "Go to hell"
As the wind laughs in my face
I've grown harder on the eyes
And salty to the taste
My pride has gone with the wake
As I wait a cold wet grave
I rose to the smell
Of a wet desert hell
And I thought to myself
How'd I wind up in this jail

Till a voice called to me
From deep within the sea
Dry your eyes my dear fisherman
Your ass belongs to me

The sea is a cruel mistress
The sea is a cruel mistress
The earth will rest my bones
Lord I know, Lord I know
But I'll see you when I get home
From the cold, yeah from the cold
No her love never set me free
So I set out for the ocean
Now in my dreams she comes to me
Whispering of peace
But I've known since the day
That we sailed for Santiago
Her dry embrace would kiss my face
No never, no more
The sea is a cruel mistress
The sea is a cruel mistress
Next time out to sea
Bring enough soil to bury me
For I don't want my final jig
In the belly of a squid
Next time out to sea
Bring enough soil to bury me
For in my dreams she comes to me
Whispering of peace
Next time out to sea
Bring enough soil to bury me
For I don't want my final jig
In the belly of a squid

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