

Rum Runners

Gaelic Storm

From Bimini to the Jersey Shore they ran their sacred mission
To help the poor unfortunates, oppressed by the Prohibition
When the Puritans in politics began to play their dirty tricks
And outlaw every thing that we enjoy

Rum boats ahoy

Were gonna get ourselves a drop of the Real McCoyChorus:

Rum runner, rum runner

Run your rum right up the line

Rum runner, rum runner

Rum, whiskey, gin and rye

Run rum runners run

Were running dry

Were running dryThree miles off the shoreline waits the infamous Rum Row

Well if its gambling, or girls, or drink you want just ask Havana Joe

You wont be taxed so never mind, and once youve left the law behind

You can have it all, whatever is your vice

Just name your price

Its a free and easy floating paradise(Chorus)Well the boats come up from Charleston, and down from

Gloucester Bay

Theyre giving out free samples boys, and the partys underway

Somebody brought a Calypso band, its loud enough to hear on land

And the hold is filled with barrels fit to burst

To quench our thirst

If the excise cutters dont get to it first(Chorus)The shore patrol is on the way, our machine gun's at the ready

God help us if we need it now, our hands are none too steady

Uncle Sam is closing in, to take our women, take our gin

Youve bled us dry with all your revenues

Whats left to lose?

You can take our lives but youll never take our booze

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