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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