

# The Woman and the Bell

## Punch Brothers

Captain, if it's all the same to you  
Let me ready a lifeboat  
Sorry, son, though your heart may be true,  
You'd best get it stoutened or I'll run it through.  
Here's a sip to wash the wicked words back down your throat. I know my ship, my catch, and my men,  
And I know what you think you've seen"  
Captain, you may well take offense,  
But something has to be done nonetheless  
Or it's off to Davy's Locker for to calm the sea. Sir, it's angry, you're not listening,  
I saw a woman, I heard a bell. Captain, the rum welling up in your eyes  
Will chase neither care nor curse  
Nor will abstinence, son, for my fertile mind bore this ghost  
Of the true dove that I've left behind, and you'll make her haunt  
No lifeboat while I'm gone from her. I hear the peal of our wedding bells  
Many miles away and months from now Captain, if you can't but do well by a phantom future,  
You're destined to dwell and weep and gnash your teeth  
With all the rightly drowned. Sir, I'm fighting for a home on the Fiddler's Green,  
Not for a woman and a bell. Captain, the sea took your ship, catch, and men,  
Left you, me, and this lifeboat  
Sorry, son, you're dead wrong again.  
I'll sail on with only the love you condemn,  
Having offered up your weak heart for a safe trip home.

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