

# The Kraken

## Plate Fork Knife Spoon

Some say he steers a spectral ship  
Thats ghostly gray and grand  
Hes doomed to sail the seven seas and ne'er set foot on land  
And if you chance to see him  
You will soon be dead from fright  
So sailors tell their children on a dark and stormy night  
Oh forty fathoms deep he walks  
With rusty keys his locker locks  
Just like hes half asleep he stalks  
Forty fathoms deep  
Forty fathoms deep he owns  
Each sleeping sailor's soggy bones  
The legend they call Davey Jones  
At forty fathoms deep  
Nor east we sail to brimstone head the captain crew and I  
At 16 knots we fairly flew  
Beneath a darkening sky  
Atop the main mast I rode  
Near 10 stories high  
When up there blew an icy squall and over board went IOh forty fathoms deep he walks  
With rusty keys his locker locks  
Just like hes half asleep he stalks  
Forty fathoms deep  
Forty fathoms deep he owns  
Each sleeping sailor's soggy bones  
The legend they call Davey Jones  
At forty fathoms deep  
I hold my breath, I say prayer for all the mates who died  
I turn my back on Davey Jones and cast my fears aside  
Raise up my head and kick my feet  
And toward the light I go  
The heartless jailer left behind the locker far below  
Oh forty fathoms deep he walks  
With rusty keys his locker locks  
Just like hes half asleep he stalks  
Forty fathoms deep  
Forty fathoms deep he owns  
Each sleeping sailor's soggy bones  
The legend they call Davey Jones  
At forty fathoms deep

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