

# Jim Jones

## Bob Dylan

Come and listen for a moment, lads  
And hear me tell my tale  
How across the sea from England  
I was condemned to sail  
Now the jury found me guilty  
Then says the judge, says he  
"Oh, for life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you  
Across the stormy sea  
But take a tip before you ship  
To join the iron gang  
Don't get too gay in Botany Bay  
Or else you'll surely hang  
Or else you'll surely hang," says he  
"And after that, Jim Jones  
It's high above on the gallows tree  
The crows will pick your bones" And our ship was high upon the sea  
When pirates came along  
But the soldiers on our convict ship  
Were full five hundred strong  
For they opened fire and somehow drove  
That pirate ship away  
But I'd rather have joined that pirate ship  
Than gone to Botany Bay  
With the storms ragin' round us  
And the winds a-blowin' gale  
I'd rather have drowned in misery  
Than gone to New South Wales  
There's no time for mischief there they say  
Remember that, says they  
Or they'll flog the poaching out of you  
Down there in Botany Bay Now it's day and night and the irons clang  
And like poor galley slaves  
We toil and toil, and when we die  
Must fill dishonored graves  
And it's by and by I'll slip my chains  
Into the bush I'll go  
And I'll join the bravest rankers there  
Jack Donohue and co  
And some dark night, when everything

Is silent in the town  
I'll shoot those tyrants one and all  
I'll gun the flogger down  
Oh, I'll give the land a little shock  
Remember what I say  
And they'll yet regret they've sent Jim Jones  
In chains to Botany Bay

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