

# Rotten Town

## Ludo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

'Twas quite the inky black night

All the weather vanes were turning

And the constable was burning out his lightWhen low our anchors went down, barnacle bound  
The men were up and churning

Yes, and soon the square was burning to the ground

And oh the flames were as goldI scowl at the angry moon

I am sick on myself I'm a bum

What have I become

A drunken maroon run aground

In this rotten townIt's been a fortnight or two

The mutineers were plotting against the captain as I'm rotting in the goo

The constable was set to drown while the shabby scabs that went to town were reconnoitering with blades and  
gun

But the ale had started spilling

Yes, and soon the crew was killing everyoneAnd all the streets burned with gold,

But all my bones were so coldI scowl at the angry moon

I am sick on myself I'm a bum

What have I become

A drunken maroon run aground

In this rotten townI still walk down the harbor to the tavern on the square  
and heard a raucous ruckus as it rang

from some foul inebrates

some men i used to call my mates

were lost in song and this is what they sang

they sang"Hey, hi, yo, ho! O'er the Atlantic we go

Drinking 'till we all get sick

And coming up with limericks

But we never quite remember how they end"I can see my childhood home

I think of my dear old mum

What have I becomeI scowl at the angry moon

I am sick on myself I'm a bum

What have I become

A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (I scowl at the angry moon)I am sick on myself I'm a bum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (I scowl at the angry moon)I am sick in a barrel of rum  
What have I become  
A drunken maroon run aground  
In this rotten town (In this rotten)  
In this rotten, In this rotten  
Town!

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