

Ghosts of Cape Horn

Gordon Lightfoot

All around old Cape Horn
Ships of the line, ships of the morn
Some who wish they'd never been born
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn Fal deral da riddle de rum
With a rim dim diddy and a rum dum dum
Sailing away at the break of dawn
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn See them all in sad repair
Demons dance everywhere
Southern gales, tattered sails
And none to tell the tales Come all of you rustic old sea dogs
Who follow the great Southern Cross
You we're rounding the Horn
In the eye of a storm When ya lost 'er one day
And you read all your letters
From oceans away
Then you took them to the bottom of the sea All around old Cape Horn
Ships of the line, ships of the morn
Those who wish they'd never been born
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn Fal deral da riddle de rum
With a rim dim diddy and a rum dum dum
Sailing away at the break of dawn
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn Come all you old sea dogs from Devon
Southampton, Penzance and Kinsale
You were caught by the chance
Of a sailor's last dance It was not meant to be
And ya read all your letters
Cried [Incomprehensible] away
Then ya took them to the bottom of the sea All around old Cape Horn
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