

My arms aching, back's breaking, legs aching, neck
And this whole ruddy ship is a huge creaking wreck.
We've flown ten thousand miles with this thorn in our sides
Though the wind's steady, strong with no clouds in the skies.

The ropes creaking, ship's leaking, sails are on fire,
And this whole bloody ship could go up like a pyre.
We've got smiles on our faces, but we've seen this before
No telling just now what we have in store.

The back-stabbing, loot-nabbing plans behind doors
Running low on the rum and depleting our stores
Can't tell who's on our side and who's ready to flip
When we hit the next port the whole crew could jump ship.

With the moods flaring, crew's glaring, cut-throats the lot
With a paranoid captain always smelling a plot
We've worked hard on this journey, but there's no land in sight
And before it's all ended there could be a fight.

My arms aching, back's breaking, legs aching, neck
And this whole ruddy ship is a huge creaking wreck.
We've flown ten thousand miles with this thorn in our sides
Though the wind's steady strong with no clouds in the skies.

The ropes creaking, ship's leaking, sails are on fire,
And this whole bloody ship could go up like a pyre.
We've got smiles on our faces, but we've seen this before
No telling just now what we have in store.