

Sinking...

Alabama 3

We ain't seen land for 13 months
The water's running dry
The Captains drunk, stoned in his bunk
I seen the bosun gettm the rum
that came from a bottle now long gone
St Chr

The Albatross flew across the bow
Below ding high
My mouth so dry from the rum
That came from a bottle now long gone
St Christopher if you hear this now
Give us hope to carry on

The albatross flew across the bow
Below deck the captain roared
Bring me my gun
I want Opium
Stoned he shot the bird
When the wind died down the only sound
Was the whisper of his dying words
Beware don't stare at the Marie Celeste
This quest of ours is cursed

The full moon light burned bright as fire
As fever gripped the crew
To the east Ahab's screams
Split the winding sheet in two
To the west six silhouettes
Hung sailors now long gone
We prayed that night that in the morning light
We'd all be blown to kingdom come

Just as we started sinking
The harbour lights came on
Arms of angels carried us
From the rocks we brokblown to kingdom come

Just as we started sinking
The harbour lights came on
Arms of angels carried us
From the rock we broke upon
As we swam into the still waters
The band began to play
I heard again that sweet refrain
Lord O happy day

Its gotta be alright