

# Man the Pumps

Alestorm

Into the oceans of hell, my friend  
Into the oceans we ride  
Pump with both hands 'til you're back on dry land  
We're sailing the seas 'til we die

Well I was just a boy of 12 when I first left the land  
I'd never seen a pump before nor held one in my hand  
But fate it had in store for me a different destiny  
When I joined the crew of the leakiest ship that ever sailed the seas

We were a crew of scurvy dogs but sure we loved to pump  
Even though the ship we sailed was just a ragged dump  
Every day we pumped together standing side by side  
The water kept on creeping in, I thought that we might die

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Twas in the gulf of Mexico we sailed a crimson tide  
And all the other pirates began to run and hide  
"This is a devil's omen, we cannot pump these seas"  
I found myself alone on deck, so the task it fell to me

The pumpy quest ahead of me was ominous and grim  
Our ship was sinking rapidly, the red tide flowing in  
I battened down the hatches, prepared to do what's right  
I screamed a mighty battle cry and pumped all through the night

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Then daylight came, and all was calm, the ship she did not sink

And all the crew did celebrate their rescue from the brink  
But when they spied where I did lay, the mood it fell bereft  
For by the time the sun arose, I'd pumped myself to death