

Let's get drunk.
The troops are assembled and ordered to loosen their ties.
For on this sabbath day, the fortress is ours.
Every hour the shot heard around the world is shot by the likes
of Jack or Jose.
What is this place you ask?
It's where we resurrect ourselves from one week ago.
Free roam.
Everything is ours.
What is this place you ask?
It's Shannon's pub.
Who wants to be immortal?
Who wants to drink from the Fountain of Youth?
Who wants free food and arcade golf?
With this treasure you'll never ever grow old.
The rules are simple, gentlemen.
Once you walk through those doors there's no way out.
And there's no last call in this port.
Everyone is the captain and they abide the code.
So when this ship has sunk, well then so will I, with honor and
my fill.
With no rules it's like Camp Nowhere without the Lloyd of course.
But then again, maybe we should get the doc.
This way we can go back in time and relive the memories of when
we rocked the house.
Where everybody knows your name.
And they're always glad you came.
You wanna be where you can see.
Our troubles are all the same.
You wanna be where everybody knows your name.