

Buccaneer

Fiddler's Green

I was sitting in an old-school pub, my memories and me
A lot of drinks, a lot of songs, the next round was for free
A man was sitting next to me, his hair was long and grey
He'd lost one eye, one wodden leg and he had much to say
He smoked a lot of cigarettes, his voice was rough and deep
So many scars upon his face, his skin was thick and weak

He was the old buccaneer and he said: "My friend, come on over,
lend an ear."

He was the old buccaneer, my friend, come on over, lend an ear

He told me stories 'bout his life, so many fights and girls
So many kisses, so much booze and so much gold and pearls
He looked upon a yellowed map, his fingers on a place
He said: "This is my gift to you", and looked into my face

He was the old buccaneer and he said: "My friend, come on over,
lend an ear."

He was the old buccaneer, my friend, come on over, lend an ear

So we went on, the whole night through, we drank from dusk till
dawn

As I woke up, the sky went blue, the grey old man was gone
I lay beside the kitchen door, my head was sick and wierd
His words remained inside my mind - so cruel, beloved and feare
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