

The Gulls

Hammers of Misfortune

Sky is overcast
Old man of the sails
Summoning to mass
Terns upon the rails
By some mystic means
Of changing gulls to kings
Old man had a way
So the seagulls sang

[Chorus:]

Our hoard has been abducted by a common draft

Old craft of mine
And left us on a raft
Goodbye ye kings in the sky
Our stand has been abandoned by the rubes we crossed

Ships in the sky
And left us at a loss
Ye old craft of mine
Our vessel has been boarded by a common craft
Ships in the sky

And left us on a raft

So long ye old craft of mine
Our channels are abandoned and the craft is lost
Ships in the sky

Left with an Albatross

Cursed flock descending
Terns upon the rails
Charmed by instruments and charts
Compasses and scales

Din is overwhelming
Screaming mob will find
So as they have made us deaf
The old man made them blind

By some scheme or sorcery
The ship had taken flight
Capsized by the moon and strewn
Its wreckage through the night

See gulls all the same
Searching for the rails
Summoning in vain
Old man of the sails
Still they dive and sing
Of becoming kings
Old man now they say
Lives far below the waves

[Chorus]

So long, ye old craft of mine
Good bye, ye ships in the sky