

## Sir Bodsworth Rugglesby lii

Klaatu

Well do you get the itching to  
Trek about the latitudes, you do?  
Well likely you're a chip  
Off old Sir Rugglesby  
Well he was quite a sporting sort  
Behind his cup o'tea he'd snort  
I'll wager on the line  
Ten thousand pounds and five  
I'm the only man who'll ever get to  
Hell and come back alive

Now in the fall of forty-nine  
He skipped across the seven brine this time  
Looking for a berth in naval history  
T'was never heard nor seen again  
Officially presumed as dead  
But the words he left behind  
Still echoed through my mind  
I'm the only man who'll ever get to  
Hell and come back alive  
He's the only man who'd ever get to  
Hell and come back alive

then one night  
While tripping down the English coast  
The moon was whiter than a ghost, almost  
When I heard a voice yell through a megaphone  
And there upon the midnight sea  
A signal lamp signaled me  
I could feel me blood run cold  
As the message did decode  
I'm the only man who's ever been to  
Hell and come back alive  
Well who else could it be  
But good old Rugglesby?  
He's the only man could ever get to  
Hell and come back alive  
Yes he's the only man who's  
(He's the only one)  
Ever gone and been to  
(Who's been and gone)  
To hell and come back  
Hell and come back  
Hell and come back alive