

Rotten Town

Ludo

'Twas quite the inky black night
All the weather vanes were turning
And the constable was burning out his light

When low our anchors went down, barnacle bound
The men were up and churning
Yes, and soon the square was burning to the ground
And oh, the flames were as gold

I scour at the angry moon
I am sick on myself, I'm a bum
What have I become?
A drunken maroon run aground
In this rotten town

It's been a fortnight or two
The mutant ears are plotting
Against the captain
As I'm rotting in the goo

The constable was set to drown
While the shabby scabs that went to town
Were reconnoitering with blades and gun
But the ale had started spilling
Yes, and soon the crew was killing everyone

And all the streets burned with gold
Baha'ullah, my bones were so cold

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I still walk down the harbor
To the tavern on the square
And heard a raucous ruckus as it rang

From some foul inebriates
Some men I used to call my mates
Were lost in song
And this is what they sang, they sang

"Hey, hi, oh, ho, o'er the Atlantic we go
Drinking 'til we all get sick
And coming up with limericks
But we never quite remember how they end"

I can see my childhood home
I think of my dear old mum
What have I become?

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