

Ballad of William Kidd

Running Wild

He was born at the shore of Greenock in the year 1645
Ran away at the age of fourteen, to flee from his soul-
killing life
He signed on to sail the wild-winds
But he worked down his hands and his knees
He stood his test on the waters, so they said he was bred to th
e sea

In 1697, the "Adventure..." was setting its sails
With the letter of marque and reprisal, Kidd was prepared for h
is trail
They sailed the sea with the mission, to hunt down "Tew" and "L
ong Ben"
A serious riot was rising, so Kidd struck down one of his men
And he died!

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace
Piranhas eating their own
They sacrificed at the altar of lies
So fate took its course in the ballad of William Kidd

The "Adventure..." returned to her hometown, Kidd was forced to
defence
They charged him with looting and murder, his patrons and gener
ous friends
He'd left his crew at St. Thomas, to guard his honour from sham
e
But the lords they lied like a trooper, not to lose their own h
eads in the game

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace
Piranhas eating their own
They sacrificed at the altar of lies
So fate took its course in the ballad of William Kidd

The lords testified their unholy lies, to save their own heads
from the gallows
They sacrificed Kidd, they took him for a ride, that conspirato
rial fellows

They judged him and they found him guilty of piracy on the high
seas
Betraying men of honour, you know lie and cheat as they please
A case of judicial murder caused the death of the seafaring man

Slandorous bunch of liars, to hell your souls will be damned

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace

Piranhas eating their own
They sacrificed at the altar of lies
So fate took its portentous course. What a shame!
In the ballad of William Kidd

[Dedicated to the memory of William Kidd]