

The Drift

Running Wild

Pavement's all wet - there's fog in the streets
Despite that, a weathered shield just appears
Mysterious search is finally done now
That mystical place you heard of for years

Foggy nights and outrageous stories
Sailors yarn right all the way

Rascals and seamen and loose girls drop by
The smokescreen is reaching its high
Legends of raids - hidden treasures and fate
At a sinister dive called "The Drift" - called "The Drift"

One Legged Sam knows what you've been through
A journey of madness 'till the "The Drift" found you too

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Tobacco and pipes and the dark candle lights
So outlaws are taking their hide
Draught beer and rum and dark shanties are sung
At a sinister dive called "The Drift" - called "The Drift"