

Treasure Island

Running Wild

Squire Trelawny and Dr. Livesay
Having asked me, Jim Hawkins
To tell everybody the whole tale about the 'Island'
Flint's treasure and Mr. Silver.
Keeping nothing back but its position and that only
Because the major part of the treasure has not been lifted yet.
I personally think we would never have begun this adventure
And set course with the 'Hispaniola', if we had known
What would happen and that some of us would never return
Having lost their lives
Sometimes the whole story haunts dreams
And brings me the worst nightmares I ever had.
That's when I hear the cries of the fallen
The waves pounding the rocks on the coast
And Captain Flint's raw voice screaming
?Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Ha ha ha
And I tell you, no oxen and wain ropes
Will ever take me back to Treasure Island!
Mr. Bones is fighting Black Dog
He want to split him to the chine
Blind Pew the bringer of the spot
Horse-hooves trampling his spine, yeah
We have the map to start our trip
The Squire has the ship and the sailors
Long John is the man with the grip
But no one knows he will raid us
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks
Captain Flint's raising hell
He's calling my name to drive me insane
But I'll never return to
Treasure Island, where the brave fell
A one-legged devil from the pit of hell
A greedy demon on his treasury
Cursed the island, oh, eternally
Long John is spreading his law
Hatching a death bringing plot
I show up in a council of war
What I heard in the barrel from this toad
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks
Captain Flint's raising hell
He's calling my name to drive me insane
But I'll never return to
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We see the land, shining sand
But it can be our grave
I jump the boat, overload
Trying to be too brave
Burning sun, find Ben Gunn
Assassins claim the ship
I cut the rope, I try to cope
To free it from Hand's grip
Bulling row, cannon law
The jolly-boats last trip
Killing tried, stockade fight

Silver's villains quit
Abandonment, to Silver's hand
A cunning pack is made
Trick or treat, make scoundrels bleed
Their dullness will be paid
I stumble to the stockade
The sweat drips from my brow
No one keeps a lookout, oh no
The rebel owns it now
Silver tries to shield me
The Black spot comes again
He throws the map onto the ground
He plays a tricky game
Pickaxe, rope and shovel
The dead-man marks the way
No chest, no gold, no silver
2 guineas is their pay
Musket cracks like thunder
The blood is running red
Of Ben Gunn kept the treasure
From beginning to end
When we put back to the sea
Silver's chains are doubly tight
Long John and his counterfeit key
Sidle away through the night
The yell of the slain, the waves on the rocks
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