

Dirty Weather

The Deadfly Ensemble

The last thing I remember was a spot of dirty weather and the captain yelling through his beard!

The next time I saw sunlight, face and fingers didn't feel right! There was a pint of briny stowed in either ear!

Bits of boat and sail confused a glassy sea. Though much abused, the tempest, in the end, had let me live!

Drifting cold and dead, the captain's sideboard knocked against my head! Inside were rum and a soaking crust of bread!

Oh!

Hey-ho for the captain's sideboard!

Hey-ho for the captain's sideboard!

Come evening time a reddened eye gazed down and set the seas awry. The stirring surge revealed a thick-tongued cry!

Not alone; a bubbling moan! I likened it to pale-blue toes... Just there! A pale-blue face o'er pale-blue bones!

Oh!

Hey-ho it's the corpse of Feyrac!

Hey-ho it's the corpse of Feyrac!

The semi-buoyant frist-mate had expired, met dampened fate! But he blinked and swam, at least, a mortal rate...

He beckoned me, where could I run? He asked if I knew how far he'd come. The captain had sent him up to fetch the rum!

Oh!

Hey-ho, for the dead are thirsty!

Hey-ho, for the dead are thirsty!

I wondered if a ghost could drink the ghost of rum, for the bottle tinkled clear and empty; I was long since done.

He waited there, I scratched my hair; I needed rum but how and where? I longed to cut away but hardly dared!

Old Feyrac's drowned and swimming face implied the course was clear. My fate was death at sea, and I was late.

So standing, knife in hand, I plunged the blade into my stomach and the fount was bottled up, as Feyrac planned.

Oh!

Hey-ho, for the dead are thirsty!

Hey-ho for the ghost of Feyrac!

Hey-ho for the corpse of Feyrac!

Hey-ho for the captain's sideboard!

And I went to join my Captain!

And I went to join my Captain!

And I went to join my Captain!