

The Plank

The Devil Makes Three

Your mumblin words that I can't hear any more
Your totally entertained but I am absolutely bored
To the sharks with your conversations see what they say
Your thrown over bored and disappear into the waves

Down to Neptune's kingdom in the ink-black drink
Octopus bartenders, you can hear the mermaids sing
That'll teach you all to try and disobey
Heres a one way ticket to your watery grave

And we say
To all our enemies, we'll see you in hell
We're gonna walk'em off the plank into the wishing well
Down to Davey Jones' locker where the fishes sleep
Won't be prayin for you, so don't be prayin for me, oh

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or me

Kill all the prisoners till their skin turns green
Let the salts of the ocean wash their skeletons clean
Raise up the oars and let them fall
As the wind steady sings you can hear the crew call, oh

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