

Katie, Bar The Door

The Dreadnoughts

Katie, bar the door, the Devil's here again.
He's looking for a savior, he's looking for a friend.
The Devil drinks in places you and I have never been.
So Katie, bar the door, and never let him in.

When I was just a young'un, Sir, I came without a sound.
She said this ship is sank and now a nice soldier's drowned.
Sir, damn I met the Devil on the backs of hostelry.
We took three hundred British to the bottom of the sea.

Well I was eighteen years old, I was down in the hull,
Of a prison ship bound for Australia.
Many good men believe, I'm the bastard of the sea,
And the ghost of a highwayman. Sails! Hurry up!

As a ghost I damned you, I brought you to the world,
Or I'd just shuck and sully seven miles below hell.
For dune strips and Covent ships and smiling bastards lay,
Counting out their pennies to escape another day.

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Of a prison ship bound for Australia.
Many good men believe, I'm the bastard of the sea,
And a ghost of a highwayman. Sails! Hurry up!

So, Katie, bar the door, the Devil's here again.
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