

## (Sometimes I Feel Like) Fletcher Christian

The Mekons

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian  
staring out across the sea  
torn apart by duties shackles  
The twisted tongues oif loyalty

Well I sucked hard on every pleasure  
til my head begun to spin  
he'll choose between the whip and feather  
and that is where the crime begins

Chorus

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian  
in paradise with the tables turned  
Yes and I can feel the tatooists nedle  
I can feel my neck and ankles burn

These south seas isles are cold and barren  
but this civil war's been good for me  
We took drugs and tore our uniforms  
gave up our captain to the sea

Chorus

Sometimes I feel like Fletcher Christian  
twisting off the serpents head  
for the mutiny I'll shoot the big one  
hot and hungry, far from home

Through the sun and sea my skin is peeling  
but it don't make the pictures fade  
those shapes and symbols, I know their meaning  
the shameless riches of another world

If I return they're sure to hang me  
so I guess I'll have to stay  
and if I should croak out in the darkness  
No-one will know I got away