

'Cross the Ocean

The Real McKenzies

off to the harbour, under drungeon in the morning
i've got a press gang looking after me.
i'll awaken sometime on the morrow.
by then we'll be a league away te sea.

full sails, bouncing on the briney
asway about they spreay&windy all the day
tellin' by the swells an adventure's in the making
that's if i don't die upon the way

i'm the boy they pressed aboard & took me out to sea
the captain is a tyrant & he tells what to do
but the firstmate is a cutthroat, with a muntineering ?
he plans to take the captain & feed him to the sharks

i'll never forget the trungeons & the harbour in the morning
and what the navy did to me & pressed me on the sea
still alive & i survived so many years later
as big a buccaneer as i could claim to be

full sails bounding on the briney
jolly rodgers flappin' score o' loaded '84's
many pretty treasures, lots of booty to be taken
the cannon and the cutlass on a rebel man o war.

i was the boy they trungeoned & they pressed me out to sea
but now i am the captain & i tell ye what te do
my firstmate is a cutthroat, a tarjack run askew
he has the skill to skin the king
and feed him to the crew

we are sailing from our homeland
cross the ocean, on the sea
for whatever reason be
we question all authority

[Repeat Last Chorus]