

To the Bottom of the Sea

Voltaire

Our Chinese cook, he grabbed all he could took
He said, "No storm is stoppin' me!"
He made fricassee of a sea anemone
Down at the bottom of the sea

I turned to my first officer and I said,
"What have you got to say to me?"
Well, he turned and said, "I'm in over my head."
Down at the bottom of the sea

A She-Kraken, lurkin' under my men
Looked up at their legs hungrily
She counted eight so she thought she found a mate
Down at the bottom of the sea

They kicked and they fought but it was all for naught
'Cause she just wouldn't set 'em free
She had them taut in a tight sailor's knot
Down at the bottom of the sea

Some men call to God
When their number's up
Some cry for their mums
I just lament all these barrels of wasted rum

Seaman Shaft, we all knew he was daft
His story don't end happily
He drifted by with a fishgig in his eye
Down at the bottom of the sea

Down at the bottom was treasure galore,
But guarding it so greedily
Was an angry horde of skeletons with swords
Down at the bottom of the sea (for the Horde!)

Some men call to God
When their number's up
Some cry for their mums
I just lament all these barrels of wasted rum

Down to the bottom of the—
We're at the bottom of the—
Stuck at the bottom of the deep, dark, crazy-ass fish dwellin'
Between the devil and the deep blue sea!