

Wuthering Heights

"The Mad Sailor"

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If this is the end, then what was it all worth?
Don't bother to ask, there's no price on this earth
'Cause life's still a mystery
You can't cost-benefit-analyse it
And the hereafter's all in our minds
Though we try to disguise it
Still it shall be exciting to see the end of the show
Abra-macabra, baby, here we go!

"The Meaning of Life", well I don't really care
Though this could be the last time we come up for air
And maybe there's really no reason to stay
Still I'll play you a shanty to brighten your day

Quiet! When they pull the plug on this world all
mechanic
A dreamgig to play on the deck of this last Titanic

I will dance on the gunwale, as the ship's going down
I will write no solemn epitaphs
For a world that's gone insane
When there is no tomorrow, even then will I know
That as long as the minstrels are playing
All is not in vain

Maybe the meaning was lost on the way
Maybe we've anchored at the last bay
But I will not lose spirit, though it may not be sound
So crack open the barrels if we're really going down

Riot!
When the lights go out, law and order vanished
They'll beg to be steered free
By the mad sailor that they banished

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I will welcome the Gods in their chariots of war
Stand up as they fire the first round
I'll have peace of mind, when the new day will find
Your carts and castles only dust on the ground
And I'd be as dead as the rest and it would not mean a
thing
Misanthrope! Allow me this last fling

Liar! Did they cry, freak, absurd and manic
But when this ship turns upside down these rats will
panic

The weight of the world proved much too tough
Just dragging myself along was more than enough
But remember my words like marks from a whip
This old salt will go down with his ship

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