

Alestorm

"That Famous Ol' Spiced"

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Many a year I have worked in these parts
Running this inn that ain't marked on no charts
Though its location to many is known
If you're to find it you have to be shown
Through methods long hidden we carefully craft
A beverage to rival the Huntmaster's draught
The mere smell of which, the Gods would entice
And them that know call it that Famous Ol' Spiced

Here sits a man, a smuggler by trade
A-boastin' of all of the money he's made
Runnin' his liquor to here and to there
Travellin' all over and peddlin' his wares
He says he's had beers from Prussia and wines
Taken from all of the very best vines
But none of these tipples could ever suffice
So I'll bring him a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

Oh, pour me a slug of it
Throw me a mug of it
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

In walks a sailor all battered and blue
Fallen afoul of his captain and crew
They'd pulled in to port, their cargo was stacked
But three hours later he's caught in the act
Acquainting himself with the skipper's own wife
This fool was lucky to leave with his life
He's not here for doctors or friendly advice
He just wants a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

Oh, pour me a slug of it
Throw me a mug of it
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

For men of the sea go as fast as they come
And leave little more than the tales they have spun
So sing me your sermon and pay me my price
And I'll give you a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

Oh, pour me a slug of it

Throw me a mug of it
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced

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