

Gaelic Storm "Rum Runners"

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From Bimini to the Jersey Shore they ran their sacred mission
To help the poor unfortunates, oppressed by the Prohibition
When the Puritans in politics began to play their dirty tricks
And outlaw every thing that we enjoy
Rum boats ahoy
Weâ€™ re gonna get ourselves a drop of the Real McCoy

Chorus:
Rum runner, rum runner
Run your rum right up the line
Rum runner, rum runner
Rum, whiskey, gin and rye
Run rum runners run
Weâ€™ re running dry
Weâ€™ re running dry

Three miles off the shoreline waits the infamous
â€™ Rum Rowâ€™
Well if itâ€™ s gambling, or girls, or drink you want just
ask â€™ Havana Joeâ€™
You wonâ€™ t be taxed so never mind, and once
youâ€™ ve left the law behind
You can have it all, whatever is your vice
Just name your price
Itâ€™ s a free and easy floating paradise

(Chorus)

Well the boats come up from Charleston, and down
from Gloucester Bay
Theyâ€™ re giving out free samples boys, and the
partyâ€™ s underway
Somebody brought a Calypso band, itâ€™ s loud
enough to hear on land
And the hold is filled with barrels fit to burst
To quench our thirst
If the excise cutters donâ€™ t get to it first

(Chorus)

The shore patrol is on the way, our machine gun's at
the ready
God help us if we need it now, our hands are none too
steady
Uncle Sam is closing in, to take our women, take our
gin
Youâ€™ve bled us dry with all your revenues
Whatâ€™s left to lose?
You can take our lives but youâ€™ll never take our
booze

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