

## Gaelic Storm

# "Turn This Ship Around"

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Man-catchers took me family, shipped them to  
Kingston town  
I was left in Dublin, no way out but down  
I shipped aboard for better fare, stories I could tell  
I left that hole behind me, landed straight in hell

Chorus:

We want the sun, the ocean to swim in  
Tobacco, rum, the wild island women  
The old man says weâ€™re homeward bound  
The crew says, â€œNo, turn this ship around"

They lash us without warning, they starve us every man  
They work us day and night, even longer when they can  
Our backs are burned and blistered, feverâ€™s taken  
hold  
Thereâ€™s fire in our bellies, but our blood is running  
cold

No rum to warm the spirit, no breeze to cool the brow  
We sighted land two days ago, an island off the prow  
Red sky in the morning, captain best beware  
Thereâ€™s rumblings down below decks, thereâ€™s  
murder in the air

(Chorus)

Bermuda waits behind us, itâ€™s time for treachery  
Itâ€™s now or never lads, letâ€™s put an end to  
misery  
The knives are out and flashing, thereâ€™s powder in  
the guns  
Weâ€™re sick of slop and scurvy, itâ€™s time to cut  
and run

The captainâ€™s in his cabin, with a glass of sherry  
wine  
Weâ€™ll keelhaul that bastard, weâ€™ll make him  
drink the brine  
The first mateâ€™s on the foredeck, with a pistol in his  
hand  
Weâ€™ll string him from the rigging, heâ€™ll never

see dry land

(Chorus)

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