

## **Lowest Of The Low "St Brendan's Way"**

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Our fortunes are fleeting  
And our passage in steer  
And God knows if I'll perish  
In my twenty-fifth year

In this ship full of scurvy  
With my bride at my hand  
But I shall kiss her tenderly  
In the great Newfoundland

And it's love / hope that we follow today  
If we dare follow St. Brendan's way

Our fathers were tillers  
And our mothers knew chance  
And we've tasted hunger  
In Ireland and France

And these seeds of misfortune  
St. Bartholomew's Day  
Shall be drowned in the new world  
Chosen St. Brendan's way

There's a light shining on you tonight  
A siren call, a harbour town... a northern light

A curse on the Union Jack  
On its empire and lance  
And I'll piss on the troubled head  
Of king Charles of France

But that's all behind us now a thousand miles away  
And nothing can match the beauty  
In the sight of Gaspé

There's salt on your naked skin  
And there's salt in my tears  
And without you I'd pass away  
Under these privateers

But that baby inside you  
Is the work of our hand

A child of the revolution  
And a free thinking man

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