

## Aesop Rock "The Harbor Is Yours"

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Dead, men, tell no tales.  
Up push the daisies 'till the soil is stale.  
In a powder blue tux for the farmer's sail.  
Mister big sleep with the carp and kale.

Once upon a time in the days of yore.  
When the people lived fresh outta legend and folk lore.  
There was an old pirate who piloted a vile slang  
Had a bird perched on him, and swashbuckled the  
same  
Peg leg navigated starboard to port  
By the nautical starry night yellin' "The harbor is  
yours!"  
You should tell him where you situate the gold  
That is unless you'd like a vacation with Davey J-J-J-  
Jones

Like walk the plank, for whom the shark thank  
Maroon the mutineers, consume the souvenirs  
And while the shiny spoils piled higher every year  
He was suffocating slow in the box of a buccaneer  
Ten summers prior on a night like this  
Crows nest saw something that float to the boats west  
Sword blew him a kiss, and when he focused  
Seen the face of an angel upon the body of a F-F-F-Fish.

What the heck! Frazzled, his telescope shattered,  
gathered himself  
She was ghost, he was down the rope ladder to deck  
Circl'd the vessel 360, swiftly  
Found nothing in the water but salt, piss, and whiskey  
Yargh, heckled by the Swabies at the bar  
He'll be the laughing stock of the Barbary Coast War  
Like "This dude either got two glass eyes  
Or he's wearin' his patch on the wrong S-S-S-Side"

Now he knew what he saw, but had to prove he was raw  
So he raped and he pillaged and he'd feud any brawl  
Tried to rekindle his rep via sabers and gun smoke  
And vowed to always find her, though he never told his  
cutthroats  
Meanwhile, back in the now,

Got a brand new skeleton crew on the move now  
When they aren't manning thirty burning cannons stern  
and bow  
They are prying shiny metals out your M-M-M-Mouth

Okay, youth wanes, holler wisdom n disease like the  
scurvy made his yellow gums bleed  
And he was achy from his boots to the feather in his hat  
'Till his quartermaster showed up with a stolen treasure  
map  
One look down and leaped off the dock  
See if you can guess where X mark the spot  
The capital was buried at sea in a cursed cave  
Only one mile from where he'd seen the M-M-M-  
Mermaid

Anchors up, hoist the jolly roger thank you much  
Day and night with his hook hands raised and clutched  
But see, the vitamin deficiency was strong  
So by the time they bumped into the island, he could  
barely lift his grog  
Crawled off the boat, collapsed in the sand  
Prayers in the air, seashells at his hand  
An area high tide so grand  
It's the one that put the lady of the lake on dry L-L-L-  
Land

And I wish I could tell you that it ended happy  
Pretend like his bones weren't practically snapping  
Pretend like her gills didn't dry up and suffer  
But that's a half dead pirate and a fish out of water  
No lie, scouts honor, got a million more  
From the burgundy lighting above the Shores of  
Whores  
Before your visions of grandeur go to swell those sails,  
Remember dead men tell no T-T-T-Tales.

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