

The Town Pants "Rum Runner"

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With prohibition on
You can make a tidy sum
A sturdy craft a few good hands
The guts to run the rum
The thirsty pay handsomely
For a measly little tot
But you'll pay as much in prison
If you happen to get caught

My rum runner is going out to sea
I don't know if he'll come back to me
Don't she'd a tear of sorrow
For early tomorrow
I'll have a lovely bosun here
Taking care of me

My captain always says
Have a backup plan
I've taken matters so to speak
Into my own hands
To find a good substitute
To take care of me
If my captain goes to prison
Or perishes at sea

The master at arms
Has great hands as well
The mute young cabin boy
Would never kiss and tell
I've even had a lad or two
From the lower deck
They can't support me properly
It never hurts to check

I've made the rounds and all I've found
Are rogues and rakes and drunks
Men who don't own anything
But the contents of their trunks
Not a one can stand up
To my Johnny gone to sea
I've just heard he's made it safe
He's coming back to me

Maybe now he has enough
To take me down the aisle
I'll live with my captain
In luxury and style
But if he's not ready
To settle down with me
I'll start my search again
When he goes out to sea

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