

## **Captain Dan And The Scurvy Crew "Drunken Sailor"**

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(Cap D)

Drunken sailors always favor  
To savor the flavor  
Of rum that they won  
From the fruits of their labors  
Braver from their greater  
Tolerance for them vapors  
Alcohol always falls  
At the root of their Capers  
What happens when they sawing log  
In a haze or a fog  
Face first in their grog?  
You gotta leave em with a mark cause they bein a wog!  
How dare they call them selves a great sea dawg  
Piss on their leg, pose em up on their peg  
Kick them off of their keg, crush their head like an  
Egg  
We don't tolerate debates cause your late  
Yet in a sad sorry state supposed to man your post by 8

(Chorus)

What do we do with a drunken sailor  
You know we got them drunken sailors  
What we gonna do with them drunken sailors?  
Earl ae in the mornin? (Wake em up yo)

(Admiralty)

Eeeeeearly in the morning is when sailors get to  
Drinking  
In the Royal British Navy where the whiskey does the  
Thinking!  
Make haste to the waste when them mugs begin a  
clinking  
Yeah you pirates lack the bullocks for the bottles we  
Be sinking  
We're Steaming! The sun's up over the yardarm,  
Dreaming of the better times when we're becalmed

When you don't know your name, and you smell like a  
Farm  
Time to pop another cork and do yourself some harm  
You may see fit to complain but we can sail when we're

Tanked,  
Getting the job done while you boys be collapsing like  
Banks  
Pissed as rats but propped up in immaculate ranks

(Chorus)

(Sea Dawg)  
A drunken sailor, is there any other kind?  
Where we come from the sober are very hard to find  
Why else are we inclined to be so unkind  
We leave the daily grind behind and risk one eye goin'  
Blind  
Our style is here, albeit a bit belated,  
A fiery breeze in a field so saturated  
Yer sound can be drowned by the screams of others  
If the scurvy crew knocks ye down  
Ye might never recover  
So take cover  
Lest ye discover how  
Merciless we are  
On the battlefield, the card table, or the bar  
We don't give in, we never falter  
Not a man who serves with us will sniff the hempen  
Halter  
We'd rather die in battle instead,  
My men get paid unless they're swingin the lead,  
Fight with me and you'll lose at least a leg,  
Sorry I meant yer head  
Once I made a jury mast from the enemy's dead

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