

Fiery Furnaces, The "Quay Cur"

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I had a locket
A little silver charm
Given to me so to keep me out of harm
Canvassing the quay side trying to earn my keep
A killick tore it off my neck and threw it in the deep

And now I'll never, never, never feel like I am safe
again
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Up to the quarantine, late night aboard
Try to raise our fees but we get what they afford
Busy work below deck according to form
Waiting for the clear to leave but then comes up a
storm

We hid beneath the barrels of blubber hoping that the
rain had passed
But when the wind kept up the rats cut down the rigging
off the mast
And then the rust chewed through the anchor chain
and out to sea we're cast

The clouds dried and cracked
It was calm and in fact
The ship had been towed
By sea Dyaks towed

So we're sold Kolaba
And sent, I let out a sob
A cry oh no it's disaster
T-Ranter Bay Madagascar.

Great gulps of Greek fire get us in
Sling sticks at the stockade Fort Dauphin
A guardsman gave a griffin said grease my duke
Down by the chimney and out through the fluke

A looby, a lordant, a lagerhead, lozel
A lungio lathback made me a proposal
Straight sail, top mast, astrolabe prospected
Down in his dry dock erected infected

Mocked up with silk strings and taffeta tricked
With nails out of driftwood already iron sicked
Now spy out the glass at whatever missteps me
Aand the press gang warrant's signed Sir Edward Pepsi

Course it wasn't long till I caught the croup
Dawding on the drizzly deck of my majesty's sloop
If only the helmsman would turn from his whip staff
With my azimuth compass I'd go by the hectograph

Up to the whaling fleet in Gilbert sound
Then back in the hull when we come around
With one hundred seals and two polar bears
Nearly in the harbor without any cares

But then
A looby, a lordant, a lagerhead, lozel
A lungio lathback made me a proposal
Straight sail, top mast, astrolabe prospected
Down in his dry dock erected infected

Mocked up with silk strings and taffeta tricked
With nails out of driftwood already iron sicked
Now spy out the glass at whatever missteps me
And the press gang warrant's signed Sir Edward Pepsi

Half-hour sandglass
Seven saker round shot
Ice for the moonshine
And chichsaneg

Canyglow, canyglow, canyglow don't say nugo
Tie tight my sugnacoon
In comes the tucktodo
Aba in aob aginyoh.

Look awennye
Get out my sawygmeg
Yliaout, yliaout
Weave us on shore

Unuiche quoysah
Maconmeg
And I gave a sasobneg.

Canyglow, canyglow, canyglow don't say nugo

Tie tight my sugnacoon
In comes the tucktodo
Aba in aob aginyoh.

And now we live by muskles, water weeds with small
relief in store
And all the sick men in the Galean were then put upon
the shore
And on the twenty second we didn't see our general
any more.

Down came our trestle-trees, no pitch tar or nails
Fore shrouds break no rope we trust
Only shift of sails

Drink my Rosa Solis, struck suddenly ahull
Yield ourselves we spoomed, my sinews stiff
My eyes were dull

And as we pass the equinoctial only five of us could
stand
And while the capsten without sheets or tacks by all of
us was manned
And on the eleventh day of June ran in at Barehaven to
land

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