

Great Big Sea, French Perfume

It's of a bold young smuggler
From Fortune he did sail
He rode the waves from St. Pierre
And never saw the jail
He filled her up with contraband
Perfume, smokes and rum
He hoped the fog was thick enough
To make another run

Chorus:
You can still see the sight
On a winter's night
Of his wake in the light of the moon
If the wind turns right
If you don't take fright
You can smell that French perfume

But the Mountie boat was waiting
As he crawled up Fordger Bay
And when they hit the spotlight
It was like the light of day

He didn't bring her head round
When they told him to heave to
He opened up the engines
And he ran for Spanish Room

Chorus

They said they heard him laughing
With the Mounties closing in
His engines screaming murder
And his face set in a grin

The seagulls started lifting
Like an angry banshee choir
He hit the rocks at 50 clicks
And the sky lit up with fire

It's of a bold young smuggler
From Fortune he did sail
He rode the waves from St. Pierre
And he never saw the jail

And when it's cold and foggy
On the rocks near Spanish Room
They say you hear him laughing
And you smell that French perfume

Chorus (2x)