

# Real Mckenzie's, Cross The Ocean

off to the harbour, under drungeon in the morning  
i've got a press gang looking after me.  
i'll awaken sometime on the morrow.  
by then we'll be a league away te sea.

full sails, bouncing on the briney  
asway about they spreay&windy all the day  
tellin' by the swells an adventure's in the making  
that's if i don't die upon the way

i'm the boy they pressed aboard & took me out to sea  
the captain is a tyrant & he tells what to do  
but the firstmate is a cutthroat, with a muntineering ?  
he plans to take the captain & feed him to the sharks

i'll never forget the trungeons & the harbour in the morning  
and what the navy did to me & pressed me on the sea  
still alive & i survived so many years later  
as big a buccaneer as i could claim to be

(Repeat This Chorus:)

full sails bounding on the briney  
jolly rodgers flappin' score o' loaded '84's  
many pretty treasures, lots of booty to be taken  
the cannon and the cutlass on a rebel man o war.

i was the boy they trungeoned & they pressed me out to sea  
but now i am the captain & i tell ye what te do  
my firstmate is a cutthroat, a tarjack run askew  
he has the skill to skin the king  
and feed him to the crew

we are sailing from our homeland  
cross the ocean, on the sea  
for whatever reason be  
we question all authority

(Repeat Last Chorus)