

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers,

Hoist your black flag, your raven's wing
You're brimmin' poetry, spill it and sing it
Your sword is sharp, sugar, pull it and swing it now
ndale!

You can wear that gag if that's your choice
But your thoughts want wings, now give 'em a voice
Making your peace means making some noise now
ndale!

Every crooked man, every crooked mile
Every crooked back of the rank and file
Same flood force
Same blood course
Same muddy source
As the crooked waters of the crooked Nile
And we come to plunder the day
We give all our takings away
Pulling off the veil the grass is pushing through the clay
ndale!

There in the wake of our daily grind
Beware the black ship creeping up from behind
Let's have a nice trip 'cause you know she's gonna find us
ndale!

Something there is doesn't love a wall
Heavy thing, that cannonball
Choose to rise, don't wait for the fall
ndale!

For every rusty bell that rings
For calloused hands and tattered wings
The butcher, baker, candlestick maker
Of thee I sing
ndale!