

# Running Wild, Treasure Island

Squire Trelawny and Dr. Livesay having asked me, Jim Hawkins,  
to tell everybody the whole tale about the 'Island',  
Flint's treasure and Mr. Silver.

Keeping nothing back but its position and that only,  
because the major part of the treasure has not been lifted yet.  
I personally think we would never have begun this adventure  
and set course with the 'Hispaniola', if we had known  
what would happen and that some of us would never return,  
having lost their lives. Sometimes the whole story haunts to my dreams  
and brings me the worst nightmares I ever had.

That's when I hear the cries of the fallen,  
the waves pounding the rocks on the coast and Captain Flint's  
raw voice screaming: 'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Hahahah!'.  
And I tell you, no oxen and wain ropes will ever take me  
back to 'Treasure Island'!!!

Mr. Bones is fighting 'Black Dog'  
He wants to split him to the chine  
'Blind Pew' the bringer of the spot  
Horse-hooves trampling his spine  
We have the map to start our trip  
The 'Squire' has the ship and the sailors  
'Long John' is the man with the grip  
No one knows he will raid us

The yell of the slain  
The waves on the rocks  
Captain Flint's raising hell  
He's calling my name  
To drive me insane

Treasure Island  
Where the brave fell  
A one-legged devil  
From the pit of hell  
A greedy demon on his treasury  
Cursed the island, oh, eternally

'Long John' is spreading his law  
Hatching a death bringing plot  
I show up in a council of war  
What I heard in the barrel from this toad

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He's calling my name  
To drive me insane  
But I'll never return to

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We see the land, shining sand  
But it can be our grave  
I jump the boat, overload  
Trying to be too brave  
Burning sun, find 'Ben Gunn'  
Assassins claim the ship  
I cut the rope, I try to cope

To free it from 'Hand's' grip

Pulling row, cannon law  
The jolly-boats last trip  
Killing tried, stockade fight  
'Silver's' villains quit  
Abandonment, to 'Silver's' hand  
A cunning pact is made  
Trick or treat, make scoundrels  
Bleed, their dullness will be paid

I stumble to the stockade  
The sweat drips from my brow  
No one keeps a lookout, oh no!  
The rabble owns it now  
'Silver' tries to shield me  
The 'Black spot' comes again  
He throws the map onto the ground  
He plays a tricky game

Pickaxe, rope and shovel  
The dead-man marks the way  
No chest, no gold, no silver  
2 guineas is their pay  
Musket cracks like thunder  
The blood is running red  
'Ben Gunn' kept the treasure  
From the beginning to the end

When we put back to the sea  
'Silver's' chains are doubly tight  
'Long John' and his counterfeit key  
Sidle away into the night

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