

# Sting, The Pirate's Bride

Sometimes in the light at the edge of the world  
Is the ghost of a ship with it's black sail furled  
And night after night she would stand on the shore  
And dream of the love that she knew before

The tide rolls out, the tide rolls in  
Without a thought for the ways of men

We set sail for the Spanish Main  
To rob the ships of the Queen of Spain  
And she would be his pirate's bride  
She gave him the pistol and the sword at his side

The tide rolls out, the tide rolls in  
Without a care for the ways of men  
I'd give three ships of Spanish gold  
To see my love again

Full fathom five my true love lies  
In a fine wooden casket with gold on his eyes  
Where is the glory and where is the pride?  
Where is the joy for the pirate's bride?

The tide rolls out, the tide rolls in  
Without a care for the ways of men

Here in the light at the edge of the world  
He'd wait for a ship with it's black sail furled  
And day after day he would stand on the shore  
And dream of the life that he knew before

The tide rolls out, the tide rolls in  
Without a care for the ways of men  
I'd give three ships of Spanish gold  
To see my love again