

# Amadan, Cadance To A Drunkin Arms Deal/Morrison's Jig

Well one fine day when I was twelve I went to stock my mother's shelves from the highland plains  
And weigh, hey, and up she rises, British sailing ships comprised that view that spread before my eyes

'Put him in the hold with the drunken sailors and put him to work as the captain's taylor.' Five long hours  
And weigh, hey, and up I rises, weigh hey and up I rises, weigh hey and up I rises early every morning

Chorus:

Well you can take your longboats, your swabbies and your lash  
You can take your sailing ship and shove it up your ass!  
Those endless nights of drinking rum they chill me to the bone  
Give me beer and whisky, tell my mom I'm coming home!

God damn the Yanks, but fuck the Brits and each and every English ship whose crew must work by the rules  
I slip one night out of my lashings, pack my bedroll and some rations, through the hold and soon I'm on the ground

I gut the bosun with my knife and throw his body to the brine, just to make sure he won't be crying out  
And weigh, hey, and up he rises, weigh hey and up he rises, weigh hey and up he rises early the next morning

(Chorus:)

Well, heave the longboat till it's over, splashing water makes me sober  
I find I'm now an Irish rower towards the break of morning  
So long to impressment and strife, a sailor's way it's not my life,  
I want a farm, a home, a wife, towards freedom I keep rowing

Well, two long weeks I'm nearly there, can't stop for food or drink or air the sky my compass, or I err  
And weigh, hey, and up she rises, weigh hey and up she rises, weigh hey and up she rises on the water

(Chorus:)