

Flogging Molly, Cruel Mistress

Next time out to sea
Bring enough soil to bury me
For I don't want my final jig
In the belly of a squid
Take my trousers take my shirt
Just give me that sweet dirt
For the water's cold and grim
And I never did learn to swim
No her love never set me free
So I set off for the ocean
Now in my dreams she comes to me
Whispering of peace
But I've known since the day
That we sailed for Santiago
Her dry embrace would kiss my face
No never, no more

The Sea is a Cruel Mistress
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Many moons to the day
That I threw her love away
Now every whale spouts, "go to hell"
As the wind laughs in my face
I've grown harder on the eyes
And salty on the taste
My pride has gone with the wake
As I wait a cold wet grave
I rose to the smell
Of a wet desert hell
And I thought to myself
How'd I wind up in this jail
Till a voice called to me
From deep within the sea
Dry your eyes my dear fisherman
Your ass belongs to me

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The earth will rest my bones
Lord I know, Lord I know
But I'll see you when I get home
From the cold, yeah from the cold

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