

Hans Zimmer, Hoist The Colours

The king and his men,
stole the queen from her bed,
And bound her in her bones.
The seas be ours,
And by the powers,
Where we will, we'll row.

Yo, ho, all hands,
hoist the colors high.
Heave ho, thieves and beggars,
never shall we die.

Yo, ho, haul together,
hoist the colors high.
Heave ho, thieves and beggars,
never shall we die.

Some men have died
and some are alive
and others sail on the sea
with the keys to the cage...
and the Devil to pay
we lay to Fiddler's Green!

The bell has been raised
from it's watery grave...
Do you hear it's sepulchral tone?
We are a call to all,
pay head the squall
and turn your sail toward home!

Yo, ho, haul together,
hoist the colors high.
Heave ho, thieves and beggars,
never say we die.