

Spoons, Walk the Plank

We set sight of her sails. She slipped out of the mist one morning. We stayed well out of view, for fear of spoiling our position. And there were many times when we were sure wed lost her forever. But then shed appear again, her holds restocked, from out of the mist that first brought her

Walk the plank
Walk the plank with me
Walk the plank
Walk the plank with me again

Im not yet giving in. Im only probing all the options.
I sense their appetite, the crew await a firm decision.
But I play a waiting game. There will be other nights like this one. And then well cross her bows and take for us what has always been rightfully ours.

Walk the plank
Walk the plank with me
Walk the plank
Walk the plank with me again