

The Incredible String Band, Old Buccaneer

sissie wouldn't believe when I told her the old man was gone
the one who lived all alone in the shack on the shore
that's so hard to find, so har to go past
he used to light our cigarettes and never tell anyone
he had blue tattoos and he'd tell us tall stories from the bottom of a rum glass
he's got things to see on the spanish main he's gone away for awhile
he's gone skullduggering on the spanish main he's gone away far away

thought I heard sails creaking as the stars paled
anchor chains clinking as the night failed way out on the bay

no one else knows how he crowed when they crowned him king of the cannibal isles
or how he'd really feel blind drunk at the wheel through a high hurricane
he could dupe the devil at dice and charm charmers whit his beguiling smile
how he fell in love in Lima and a schemer stole his pearly girl and broke his heart again
now all the foes he killed call him in to fight with their beckoning bones
and all the gold he stole sparkles in the morning light
his sweet ladies are all alone

sissie dear let's not go near the church today
the big bells tolling the hearse goes rolling the holy joes pray
as they lay him away

lived one too many winters cold cold weather
had to sail down to the south sea waters warm
his old bones there
let an old man go through
let an old man go through