

Skull and crossbones

1. In the heart of the blue Caribbean,
where ships trade in silver and gold,
There's a sail on the distant horizon,
a sight that will turn your blood cold.
The flag of the old skull and crossbones
is engraved on our gold bandolier,
It's a symbol of death and destruction
– a touch of the bold buccaneer.

*Yo ho ho and up she rises, yo ho ho and up she rises,
Yo ho ho and up she rises now.
Yo ho ho and up she rises, yo ho ho and up she rises,
Yo ho and up she rises now.*

[Rap]

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
hanging with a skeleton crew,
Eleven men died in the first broadside
and the rest we cut in two.





2. In the still of the night we drop anchor,
on an island forsaken and cold,
We hoist up the old skull and crossbones
and lay down the silver and gold.

*Yo ho ho and up she rises, yo ho ho and up she rises,
Yo ho ho and up she rises now.*

*Yo ho ho and up she rises, yo ho ho and up she rises,
Yo ho and up she rises now.*

*Yo ho ho and up she rises, yo ho ho and up she rises,
Yo ho and up she rises now.*

