

Little bit of rum

1. That strange-looking thing on a long piece of string
– that's the anchor.

This tall bit of tin overflowed to the brim
– that's me tankard.

There's a long piece of wood,
Where many have stood, cursing the day they
were born.

That's 'cause they knew they was gonna be walkin' the
planka.

2. If you pull on this rope, it may keep us afloat,
We'll be riding the waves until morning.

In this part of the world there are pirates (I'm told),
They could strike any time without warning.
We sail through the night with the stars shining bright,
Under the silvery moon.
So it's anchors away at the end of the day,
As we head for the old blue lagoon.

*Little bit of rum, little bit of rum, little bit of rum,
little bit of rum,*

We're praying for those who have sinned.

*Little bit of rum, little bit of rum, little bit of rum,
little bit of rum,*

We're sailing four sheets to the wind.





3. We have left, we have right, it's confusin' alright,
And you know that we ain't been to Harvard.
But when you're at sea, you can't disagree,
So we calls them the port and the starboard.
When the rum starts to flow and there's trouble below,
The rights and the wrongs don't apply.
If you turn your back, you'll be under attack,
And soon you'll be hung out to dry.

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We're praying for those who have sinned.
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We're sailing four sheets to the wind.*

