

Ben Gunn

There were fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Gentlemen of fortune who were laid to rest.

Far, far below in the shifting sand,
Marooned on an island where no ships would
ever land.

Poor old Ben, on his own again,
Richest man in all the world,
He hasn't got a friend.

Poor old soul, living in a hole,
Hangs around with skeletons, playing just pretend.

Then up steps Jim, now isn't life grand –
Want to introduce him to the one-man band.
They're a wealthy crew – the finest in the land,
They can't spend the money coz it's slipping through
their hands.

Got no way home, living all alone,
And the days drift by,
While I'm watching the sky.

I got money to spend with my imaginary friends.

We do it all, we do it all and do it all again.

It's Saturday night and I'm out with the sprites,

I'm in and out of town with the ghouls –

But then I'm all alone with an empty bag of bones...

That's when I dream about home.





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Poor old Ben on his own again,
Richest man in all the world,
He hasn't got a friend.
Not a ghost of a chance for a little romance,
But I've got to keep my spirits up high.

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But then I'm all alone with an empty bag of bones...
That's when I dream about –
That's when I dream about –
That's when I dream about home. Yeah.

