

# Alestorm, That Famous Ol' Spiced

Many a year I have worked in these parts  
Running this inn that ain't marked on no charts  
Though its location to many is known  
If you're to find it you have to be shown  
Through methods long hidden we carefully craft  
A beverage to rival the Huntmaster's draught  
The mere smell of which, the Gods would entice  
And them that know call it that Famous Ol' Spiced  
Here sits a man, a smuggler by trade  
A-boastin' of all of the money he's made  
Runnin' his liquor to here and to there  
Travellin' all over and peddlin' his wares  
He says he's had beers from Prussia and wines  
Taken from all of the very best vines  
But none of these tipples could ever suffice  
So I'll bring him a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced  
Oh, pour me a slug of it  
Throw me a mug of it  
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced  
In walks a sailor all battered and blue  
Fallen afoul of his captain and crew  
They'd pulled in to port, their cargo was stacked  
But three hours later he's caught in the act  
Acquainting himself with the skipper's own wife  
This fool was lucky to leave with his life  
He's not here for doctors or friendly advice  
He just wants a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced  
Oh, pour me a slug of it  
Throw me a mug of it  
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced  
For men of the sea go as fast as they come  
And leave little more than the tales they have spun  
So sing me your sermon and pay me my price  
And I'll give you a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced  
Oh, pour me a slug of it  
Throw me a mug of it  
Bring me a jug of that Famous Ol' Spiced