

# Flogging Molly, Salty Dog

I'll wait for you till I turn blue,  
There's nothing more that a man can do,  
Don't get your bollocks in a twist,  
Settle down don't take a fit,  
You drank with demons straight from hell,  
They almost nearly won as well,  
You wiped the floor with victory,  
Then puked until you fell asleep.

Blackened was the banshees wail,  
These boots'll never fit her jail,  
So you crawled into an empty boat,  
For the Gulf of Mexico,  
'Til Cortez came an' when so did you  
From the ashes charred and blue,  
Smelling like a Salty Dog,  
Back From hell where you belong.

Anarchy, the scourge of every sea,  
The antichrist aboard a rig,  
With us your cutthroat thieves  
The ship went down we all near drowned,  
You stood there on the deck,  
Until the Spanish came and flogged your arse,  
And dragged ya from the wreck,

They threw a rope around yer neck,  
To watch ya dance the jig of death,  
They left ya for the starving' crows,  
Hoverin' like hungry whores,  
One flew down plucked out yer eye,  
The other he had in his sights  
Ya snarled at him, said leave me be  
I need the bugger so I can see