

All seafarers know
yer ship will sink
without some blooms
of orange and pink

In days of old, folks would peck
an' find on me the treasures they seek

When things be hot, y'all find me they
to cool it off an' clean the air.

Inside me ye'll find yer clue,
me gives you rest an' holds yer tunes.

When ye blabberin' with me chum,
me puts on these to rest me bum.



The answer ye seek ye will not find
until ya get a dollar an' give a dime.

That be wonder trees
all round when me
lover at me abodes

The treasure ye seek is sweet! Be haste,
it's in the route, ye must make haste!

Open me up an' see what's inside,
y'all find yerself closer t' the ultimate prize.

Me thinks 'bout me
sister lass from Kent,
when me hears the tunes
o' this instrument

A ship like this me never seen,
the animals 'board probably weren't clean.

These be men, me sure ye'll find,
that we could really get behind.

Me mateys that wash an' scrub ye ole starboard,
use these to spread the word o' the Lord.

When me sails the ocean blue,
me uses one o' these to steer me true.