

AS SAINT RACKHAM TEACHES

By Richard Paul

The night is ours, so let us not be sensible.

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We've wages to drink so let's be indefensible,

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For it's time to unwind

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With the nectars we find

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To lay waste to our minds

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Until we're confined

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Or make ourselves blind

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Or wake up in a ditch,

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For as Saint Rackham teaches: 'Fuck it.'

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The morning shall be dismal but let's not dwell on that,

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This night we stride beside the Angels, till we fall down flat,

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No matter, on we go,

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More alcohol to stow,

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More faculties to slow,

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More brain cells to lay low,

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So let the liquor flow

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And let our corpses twitch,

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For as Saint Rackham teaches: 'Fuck it.'

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CHORUS

We drink to our health,

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We squander our wealth,

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We drink to our friends,

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The motley bell-ends.

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We drink to the seas,

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Make fools of our knees,

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Pass out and then freeze

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Then drink on as we bloody well please.

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CHORUS END

(CHORUS X2)

-*- = Suggested Stressed Syllables.

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www.rmepaul@googlemail.com
rmepaul@googlemail.com