

Aesop Rock, The Harbor Is Yours

Dead men tell no tales.
Up push the daisies till the soil is stale
In a powder blue tux for the farmer's sale
Mr. big sleep with the carp and kelp

Once upon a time in the days of yore
when the people lived fresh outta legend and folklore
There was an old pirate who piloted vile slang
had a bird perched on him and swash buckled the same
peg leg navigator starboard to port
by the nautical star of Emanuel an the harbor is yours
and you should tell them where you situate the gold
that is unless you'd like a vacation with davy j-j-j-jones.

like "walk the plank" for whom the shark thank
maroon the mutineers consume the souvenirs.
come all the shiny spoils piled higher every year
he was suffocating slow in the box of a buccaneer
ten summers prior on a night like this
crows nest scopes something afloat to the boats west
swore it blew him a kiss
when he focus seen the face of an angel upon the body of a
f-f-f-fish.

"What the heck!" grabbed for his telescope
shatter gathered himself she was ghost he was down the rope ladder
to deck circled the vessel the 360 swiftly
found nothing in the water but salt, piss and whiskey.
Yarr, heckled by the swabbies at the bar,
he'll be the laughing stock of the barbary coast war
like this dude either got two glass eyes
or he wearing his patch on the wrong s-s-s-side

Now he knew what he saw
But had to prove he was raw
So he raped and he pillaged and
and he'd feud and he'd brawl
try to rekindle his rep via sabers and gun smoke
and vowed to always find her though he never told his cutthroats
Meanwhile, back in the now, Got a brand new skeleton crew
On the move out When they aren't manning thirty burning cannons stern and bow
they are prying shiny metals out your m-m-m-mouth

Okay, youth wanes old age holler wisdom and disease
like the scurvy made his yellow gums bleed.
And he was aching from his boots to the feather in his cap
till his quartermaster showed up with a stolen treasure map
One look down and lept off the dock,
see if you can guess where X marked the spot
The capital was buried at sea in a cursed cave,
only one mile from where he'd seen the mer-mer-mer-maid.

anchors up, hoist the jolly roger thank you much.
day and night with his hook hands raised and clutched
but see the vitamin deficiency was strong
so by the time they bumped into the island he could barely lift his grog
crawled off the boat, collapsed in the sand
prayers in the air, seashells in his hand
and nary a high tide so grand as the one that put
the lady of the lake on dry la-la-la-land

I wish i could tell you that it ended happy
pretend like his bones weren't practically snapping
pretend like her gills didn't dry up and suffer

but that's a half-dead pirate and a fish outta water.
No lie, scout's honor, got a million more
from the burgundy lighting above the shores of whores
before your visions of grandeur go to swell those sails
remember dead men tell no t-t-t-ales