

Riverboat Gamblers, The Curse Of The Ivory Coast

Late at night with our sharpest eyes on,
spot land on the horizon.
There's something creeping in the dark.
The sea swells crashing to the shallow
but this path leads to the gallows.
I'm afraid we may have missed our mark.

No time to break a sweat,
no sense to leave just yet.
Hold on.

I know, I know this time,
no turning back, we're closing in.
I know, I know this life, was never meant for living in.
We tried, but we couldn't break this curse.
I get the feeling it's much worse
when there's no demons left to fend,
you'll be seeing me again.

The air is stale, and the water's sour.
She feels a chill at the witching hour.
The wind is cold but I can't feel a thing.
It's too late, I can't stop him falling,
the moon is full and the wolves are calling
out the names of all the lands we've never been.

The worst has come to pass, sleep long and well at last. So long.

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