

# Running Wild, Port Royal

Hundred masts, thirty flags  
An island in the golf of Darien  
Sandglass, bloody heart  
Flying high above the scene

Marooners with loaded guns  
Are still waiting at the quay  
A hungry fleet from underworld  
"Freedom" is the law they pray

"Black strap", rum and gin  
Sexual freedom all the way  
A rolling dice, an ace of hearts  
One shall win and one's to pay

Coricord and freedom  
No need for the holy writ  
Rebellious, non-servile  
Spitting on religious hypocrites

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea

When the "Oxford" hits the sea  
Slave driver learns the Moses law  
There is no chance, they can't escape  
They hunt'em down and eat'em raw

Gin Lane, New Providence  
It all is now since a long time gone  
But there are still descendants  
Port Royal's spirit lives forever on

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea