

The Harbor Is Yours

Aesop Rock

Dead men tell no tales.
Up push the daisies 'til 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 a vile slang
had a bird perched on him that swash buckled the same
peg leg navigator starboard to port
by the nautical starry night yelling 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.
and while 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!" frazzled, his telescope shattered, 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 achy from his boots to the feather in his cap
till his quartermaster showed up with a stolen treasure map
One look down and leaped off the dock,

see if you can guess where X marks 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 And 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-tales

scratched

Walk the plank into the sea. and splash

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>