

Mabel Grey

Brown Bird

We sail upon the ocean
On the decks of the Mabel Grey
And we search every port for a woman
For the woman who bears our ship's name

We landed our ship in Malta
And we looked for where good times are sold
And I've never met women so pretty
But I've never met women so cold

As we sail upon the ocean
On the decks of the Mabel Grey
And we search every port for a woman
For the woman who bears our ship's name

We landed our ship in England
Cause we'd heard you'd been seen on their shores
But the people all said to keep movin'
That you were not allowed there no more

So we sail upon the ocean
On the decks of the Mabel Grey
We search every port for a woman
For the woman who bears our ship's name

We have searched the world over to find you
And now that we have found you, you have changed
We are still the same crew of berserkers
That you knew, but maybe just a little more strange

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