

Tobacco Island

Flogging Molly

All to hell, we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the god we once believed in
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco Island'Twas 1659 forgotten now
for sure

They dragged us from our homeland with the musket and their gun
Cromwell and his roundheads battered all we knew
Shackled hopes of freedom, we're naught but stolen goodsDark is the horizon
Blackened from the sun
This rotten cage of Bridgetown

Is where I now belongAll to hell, we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
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Red leg, down a peg, blistered burns the soul
The floggings they're a plenty but reasons there are none
Our backs belong to landlords, where branded is there name
Paid for with ten shillings, cheap labor never breaksThe silver moon is shining
Cools the copper blood
Where the living meet the dead

And together dance as oneAll to hell, we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados
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Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco IslandAgony, will you cleanse
this misery?

For it's never again I'll breathe the air of home
From this sandy edge, the rolling sea breaks my revenge
With each whisper a thousand waves, I hear roarI'm coming home
Dark is the horizon
Blackened by the sun

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