

The Scuttled Sloop

To the East of Crooked Island
In the blue Caribbean Sea
Divers located a pirate ship
That went down in Ninety Three

There's a mystery here
A secret strange
A tale that needs to be told
Of treachery, trickery, treason and terror
Of treasure maps and gold
And why that sloop and its pirate crew
In Sixteen Ninety Three
Went down by Crooked Island
In the blue Caribbean Sea

They discovered broken cutlasses
And a crate of precious stones
A thousand scattered silver coins
And the pirates' whitened bones

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They came across a tattered flag
A drum, a dagger, doubloons
Slime coated barrels of cannon balls
A collection of silver spoons

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They saw the ship's huge steering wheel
They spied a hole in the hull
Found musket shots, a grappling hook
And the Captain's fractured skull

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They spotted a worm-eaten peg leg
A compass, a lash and a whip
A map wrapped in an oilskin
Which they took back to their ship

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The divers brought back their bountiful booty
Yet none of them, none of them knew
Where that pirate sloop was heading
Or could name the piratical crew

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Did the pirates end up as shark bait?
Were they swallowed by a whale?
Are they all in Davy Jones' Locker?
(We don't know)
'Cause dead men tell no tales!

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