

SKÖL

I met the old captain tonight.
He came down with his lovely bride.
Her golden hair
Sweet crystal blue
Lovely shining torch
Hanging down to the deck.

Oh Captain my Captain
You're not dead yet.
Because of your lovely wife
You have the possibility of existence.

Golden bride -
Half uptight
Soft hands --
Milking hands --
Pellets of goat shit
Filling our walkways
Filling our whole life.

Captain oh Captain
This is your ship,
Not mine.
You are steering the course of the ship,
Navigator, crystal blue, sunshine bright,
Aiding you
Helping you
Lighting the fuse of a cannon blast.

Let's make our way
Across the North Sea.
Let's make our way together
Through the rain forest
In a redwood ship
Of sweet passion and snug little dreams.

Oh Captain dear Captain
We cannot
Oh we cannot
Sometimes we must not
See the forest for the trees.

Set sail.
Lay to the Eastern wind.
Full sail.
Bright crystal blue sunshine mist
Blowing in our faces.

Oh sweet lady,
Move the ship of state
Guide us to our destination.

May 12, 1977
Mendocino Woodlands
OT:JD/db