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

There’s a mystery here…

They came across a tattered flag

A drum, a dagger, doubloons

Slime coated barrels of cannon balls

A collection of silver spoons

There’s a mystery here

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

There’s a mystery here…

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

There’s a mystery here…

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

There’s a mystery here…

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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Went down by Crooked Island

In the blue Caribbean Sea x2