

## **Billy Budd by Peacefield**

Billy Budd,  
If I was your captain,  
I wouldn't try to knock you down.  
That's a good way to get drowned.

I recall these bitter enemies,  
Fighting on the ground  
With a crowd of dark surrounded.

Billy Budd was as tall as a mainsail.  
He was tough as nails,  
strong as the ship he sails.

And I remember how his face got red,  
And the animal that he was.  
His hands were drenched in blood

Oh, Billy Budd,  
They want your blood,  
And they're coming to get it.  
Oh Billy Budd.

Tropic sun landed on his shoulders.  
He was doing fine between the women and the wine  
And all those whales he kept harpooning,  
Rolling in the gold.  
Oh, the stories that were told about Billy Budd.

They want your blood,  
And they're coming to get it  
Oh Billy Budd.

Billy Budd, you are not my hero.  
When you got beat, I thought it was great  
It had something to do with fate.  
Billy Budd, can I ask you one question,  
"Why did you have to steal the girl,  
When you got so many others in the world?"

They want your blood  
And they're coming to get it  
Oh Billy Budd  
Billy Budd  
They want your blood,  
And they're coming to get it  
Oh Billy Budd