

The Hateful Eight - Jim Jones at Botany Bay

Tom: G

Em

G

Listen for a moment lads

Am

Em

And hear me tell my tale

How o'er the sea from England shore

I was condemned to sail

The jury found me guilty, sir

And said the judge, said he

"For life, Jim Jones, I sentence you

Across the stormy sea"

But take my tip before you ship
To join the iron gang

Don't be too gay in Botany Bay

Or else you'll surely hang

"Or else you'll surely hang," says he

"And after that, Jim Jones

High up upon the gallows tree

The crows will pick your bones"

You'll have no chance for mischief there
Remember what I say

They'll flog the poaching out of you
Out there in Botany Bay
The waves were high upon the sea,
the wind approached in gales
I'd rather drowned in misery
Than gone to New South Wales

The waves were high upon the sea
When the pirates came along
But the soldiers on our convict ship
Were full five hundred strong
They opened fire and somehow drove
That pirate ship away
I'd rather joined that pirate ship
Than gone to Botany Bay

And one dark night, when everything
Is quiet in the town
I'll kill you bastards one and all
I'll gun the floggers down
I'll give them a little shot
Remember what I say
They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones
In chains to Botany Bay ////

Now day and night and the irons clang
And like poor galley slaves Toil and toil,
and when we die Must fill dishonored graves
By and by I'll break my chains
and to the bush I'll go
And you'll be dead behind me, John,
when I get to Mexico.

Acordes

