

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

