

Dreadnoughts: Victory Square
Choruses in Italics

Hottress

We pulled into the bar at a quarter after six
Sidled up to the table to order up the drinks
I wanna see you, Hottress don't you understand?

Well I've been all over the world, every city on the map
But I've never seen a lady like the angel at the taps
I wanna see you, Hottress don't you understand?

It's a long way to Kelowna
And I'll walk to the whole night through
Just to be the one, together in the sun
With you

*Knockout blow, more news at 11
36-26-30-fuckin'-7
30,000 drunks will cry their bitter tears
Beauty, brawn, beer
The Hottress is here*

Now I asked her for her name, she flashed a wicked grin
I asked her for a glass of water, she poured a triple gin
I wanna see you, Hottress don't you understand?

She walked past our table, I thought I might pass out
She's gotta put me on, that's what I'm all about
I wanna see you, Hottress don't you understand?

It's a long way to Kelowna
And I'll walk to the whole night through
Just to be the one, together in the sun
With you

*Knockout blow, more news at 11
36-26-30-fuckin'-7
30,000 drunks will cry their bitter tears
Beauty, brawn, beer
The Hottress is here*

Now I don't mean to offend you, or speak out of place
I don't want you on my conscience, I want you on my face

I wanna see you, Hottress don't you understand?

*Knockout blow, more news at 11
36-26-30-fuckin'-7
30,000 drunks will spend the night alone, I know
I know
'Cause we're goin' home*

Ivanhoe

We're sitting in the corner
Drinking nineteen dollar beer
Meatheads are walkin' over here
They're kickin' us out on the town

That's it, fuck the Cambie
And bouncers with tiny dicks
We're jumping on the 96
We're going to main street now!

*Pints of lager overflow
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!
It is the only place to go
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!*

Now the crew's getting shitters
And I'm lit like a Christmas tree
Order two and they bring you three
You can't put a price on your health

And the band is jumping
And the music fills the air
We're tripping right down the stairs
We're going to main street now

*Pints of lager overflow
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!
It is the only place to go
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!
I know, the city's down on her dreams
But we'll go out with a shanty and a scream*

Now the party's over
So we say our long goodbyes

Fall right out of paradise
They're kicking us out on the town

We don't look any further
When going out into the night
Robson's piss, Granville's shite
We're going to Main Street now

*Pints of lager overflow
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!
It is the only place to go
Way-hey, Ivanhoe!
I know this city's down on her dreams
But we'll go out with a shanty and a scream
Ivanhoe!*

The West Country

Santa Marina, what you've done to me
Santa Marina, all upon the Spanish sea
The truth to tell, she is the belle
Of high society

*She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country*

Santa Marina, with cannons 1 to 4
Santa Marina, you've sent us to the floor
She's soft and fine, 5 foot 9
Her eyes are royalty

*She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country*

So radiant and fair with locks of auburn hair
Like moonlight shining on the tide
And I swore I'd go to die 100,000 times
For one night by her side
One night turned into 17
Before we put to sea

*She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country*

Santa Marina, you're the end of Danny Doan

Santa Marina, his grave shall have no stone
Alone, the waters gather 'round
And set this soldier free

*She lies awake and dreams of me
Danny from the west country*

Boneyard

When all the lights are going out in the sky
And a teardrop falls from your sister's eye
When the moon has fallen back into the sea
The scourge of the west has come for thee

*Sea to squall, fuck you all
Your life is coming hard
Your ass is for the boneyard*

Now a gentleman's life, aye, that's for you
And all your ladies know just what to do
But I've seen dragons coursing down from the sky
And I've seen fear in your fallow eyes

*Sea to squall, fuck you all
Your life is coming hard
Your ass is for the boneyard*

So come on down to the waterside
I'll show you a world that is deep and wide
And when your star falls down into the sea
The scourge of the west has come for thee

*Sea to squall, fuck you all
Your life is coming hard
Your ass is for the boneyard*

Samovar

Samovar, you come to meet us via railway car
And have you really really come so far
You are the answer to
7 days of mortar, 20,000 men
Who won't be seen again

They're lying scattered in the

Russian pines
Where the mountains and the waters shine
Where a decent man can age like wine
You are the answer for

Mighty might motherland
Star of flashing white
You are rolling softly in the night
Until you reach the morning light

The samovar is ready boys
The samovar is here
The samovar is ready boys
We shall persevere

June 23, I took a bullet right above my knee
And oh the doctor gave me PCP
I spent a fortnight just
Lying on my back and staring at the sky
Now my head is high
So it's time for them to die

In the sun
A 27 millimeter gun
How it is their fucking turn to run
For they have chased us from

Minsk out to Moscow
Volga to the Prut
Koba understood
So now everything is good

The samovar is ready boys
The samovar is here
The samovar is ready boys
We shall persevere

Samovar, you come to meet us via railway car
And have you really really come so far
You are the answer to

Mighty might motherland
Star of flashing white
You are rolling softly in the night

Until you reach the morning light

*The samovar is ready boys
The samovar is here
The samovar is ready boys
We shall persevere*

Grace O'Malley

I remember one September
Taking arms up to the crown
Beaten up and broken down

And the maid that Connaught gave us
Who could save us from our shame
Grace O'Malley was her name

*Granuaile the Pirate Queen
Flashing eyes so wild and green
I was only seventeen, boys
I'd no right to be
In Grace O'Malley's company*

Her solution, retribution
Revolution in the air
Sailed we from the county Clare

Every galleon or battalion
Who bore the British crest
Sent them howling from the west

*Granuaile the Pirate Queen
Flashing eyes so wild and green
I was only seventeen, boys
I'd no right to be
In Grace O'Malley's company*

How we adored her even more sir
When the order came around
With an offer from the crown

Hike the stems boys, up the Thames boys
It's Gracie breath to breath
With the one Elizabeth

*Granuaile the Pirate Queen
Flashing eyes so wild and green
I was only seventeen, boys
I'd no right to be
In Grace O'Malley's company*

Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you will find,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
Is the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line.
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
She's never a day behind her time!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Galway Shale and Liverpool beer.
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

Ah, and when we're out in New York Town,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
We'll dance them Bowery girls around!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

Ah, when I was a young man, in my prime,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
I'd knock them Scouse girls two at a time.
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

Oh, one more pull and that will do!
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
For we're the boys to kick her through!
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!

*To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah-ho, way-ho, are you 'most done?
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track, let the bullgine run!*

Amsterdam

Johnny was an Englishman, from Derbyshire was he
He had a wife so beautiful, had children one to three
He loved them all so dearly, as only Johnny could
And always did exactly as he should

Then one day he took a trip across the channel white

To where the streets are narrow, and bathed in crimson light
He lives there to this day inside his dirty rotten shell
This British lion now becomes a lamb

Amsterdam!

William was a sailor, upon the raging main
Made port in London, Boston, New York, Germany and Spain
He loved the girls so dearly, until their hearts were won
Then sailed away into the setting sun

Breakfast on the table, Porter when you're dry
She'll love you in the morning, she'll love you 'till you die
She'll love you 'till the day she's spent all your pay
She's the devil's holy water by the dram

Amsterdam!

So come all ye sailors, who live upon the main
Remember dear old Jimmy when he left upon that train
He wanders round old Amsterdam a-lookin' for his fix
And Willy's life is never free of kicks

Breakfast on the table, Porter when you're dry
She'll love you in the morning, she'll love you 'till you die
She'll love you 'till the day she's spent all your pay
She's the devil's holy water by the dram

Amsterdam!

Victory Square

They call me wailing Johnny
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen
At Cordova and Carrall, was formed in the marrow
Of whiskey and amphetamines

Me name is wailing Johnny
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen
A mile from the shore, by these heroes of yours
I'll be there, hands in the air

Victory Square in all its glory
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen

The pubs and the junkers, skids and the punkers
Have always been good to me

But the Citizens deplore me
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen
So cruel and fickle
Without a nickel to spare
Hands in the air
Victory Square

My brothers and my sisters
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen
The world will defame them and money will claim them
And cast them straight out to sea

Say hello to wailing Johnny
Way-hey, Johnny Boreen
At Cambie and Hastings, I shall be wasting a prayer
Hands in the air
Victory Square