

## High Wind in Jamaica

There's a high wind in Jamaica,  
Blowing, blowing.

Moonlight in the tropics.  
Jailbait on the veranda.  
Soldiers of Fortune  
Howling for what they're after.

Too young to remember.  
Too old to forget.  
Living on borrowed time  
That's slip, slipping away.

Stray bullets are flying  
Like hail stones from Heaven.  
Cutting to the quick  
As he cries out, "help me please".

One block from Easy Street  
Two hearts skip a beat  
As Mr. Five-and-dime  
Hits the pavement for the last time.

On an innocent voyage,  
What's a pirate to do  
When all of his captives  
Want to be pirates too?

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