

Round the Cape

The Longest Johns

Well we're going round the cape. Gold and shores to find. Nine
hun-dred miles of wind and waves smash-ing up the sides We're going round the cape. There
is no o-ther way For trade and king and coun-try-men we'll brave the foam and spray. So
tell my love that I'll be back some-day. It's rock and roll - a, rock and roll - a,
rock and roll a-way. When I re-turn I swear I'm gon - na stay. So
rock and roll - a, rock and roll - a, rock and roll a-way

I left my home and land to sail a clipper ship
into the parts of my own map that barely have been writ.
I must be out of my mind to leave England in my wake.
But I'll get that silver in my ear. We're going round the cape.

Chorus

Am C Em

It's a long way home but many miles to go There's a

Am C G Am

gale that's trying to drag us all be - low. And I long to dream of

C Em Am C D

a - ny be-tter fate. But what a - waits the brave a - round the cape

*I heard the sailors say, "By God, you must be mad!
 There's waves as tall and houses and the gales'll knock you flat.
 And when the storm has fled and the fog is thick as mud,
 It's pray for your deliverance and pray you rightly should."*

Chorus 2x