

Wand'ring here, wand'ring there  
I am a man quite lost at sea  
My heart in pieces three  
Lost to waves and to moonlight  
Upon a star-clad sea  
My freedom chaining me

I had never learned to dance  
My feet for polished decks were meant  
They only knew the one-two-three of steel  
I'd lost my way on the back of an ocean cold and wide  
My heart chained beneath my keel

'Twas a lonely day in port in a tavern by the sea  
My wine my only friend  
When a herald busted in  
Wearing road-worn royal arms  
Her command he quickly read:

"I've a mind to go and dance  
My feet for ballroom floors were meant  
I long to hear that one-two-three-four brawl.  
If you've a way on the back of a horse so bonny bright  
You'll escort me to that ball."

By god, I was a man who was loyal to his crown  
I would meet my duty's call  
I quickly stole the fastest stallion I could find  
And made my way out to the hall

But I had never learned to dance  
My feet for polished decks were meant  
They'd only known the one-two-three of steel  
I made my way to the hall  
All aglow in golden light  
Where my queen brought me to heal

Now it did not take me long  
To learn the music and the steps  
For I could not disgrace my friend  
There was a brawl and a nag  
And before I knew it all  
My torn up heart was on the mend

For I had never learned to dance  
My feet for polished decks were meant  
I'd only known the one-two-three of steel  
With just a smile and a nudge  
My queen had danced away my doubts  
And I found again I could feel

Now the rhythm all around is the beat of battle drums  
My queen stands sorely pressed  
The foeman stands around,  
I see their blades gleam in the sun  
And she and I stand two abreast

For she taught me how to dance  
My feet for polished decks were meant  
By god, they know the one-two-three of steel  
And if you dare take up a blade against this lady while I live  
Than you'll do best to flee or yield

For she taught us how to dance  
Our feet for polished decks were meant  
By god they know the one-two-three of steel!  
And if you dare take up a blade against this lady while we live  
Then you'll do best to flee or yield!