

## **Worms Arrogant**

### **"The Last Saskatchewan Pirate"**

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Oh, I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine,

I had a little stretch of land along the city line

But time went by and though I tried, the money wasn't there

And bankers came and took my land and told me fair is fair

I looked for every kind of job, the answer always "no"

Hire you now, they'd always laugh, we just let twenty go!

The government, they offered me a measly little sum

But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum.

And so I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone

I'm gonna be a PIRATE! on the river Saskatchewan!

Chorus:

And it's a heave-ho! hi-ho!

Coming down the plains

Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains

And it's a ho-hey! hi-hey!

Farmers bar your doors when you see the Jolly Roger  
on Regina's mighty shores.

Arr!

Well you think the locals farmers would know that I'm at large

But, just the other day I found an unprotected barge

I suck up right behind them and they were none the wiser,

I rammed their ship, and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer!

A bridge outside of Moosejaw spans a mighty river

The farmers pass in so much fear, their stomachs are a-quiver

Because they know that TRACTOR JACK! is hiding in the bay,

I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off with their hay!

Chorus

Well Mountie Bob he chased me, hey was always at my throat

He'd follow on the shoreline 'cuz he didn't own a boat

But cutbacks were a-coming so the mountie lost his job

Now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob.

A swingin' sword, and sull n' bones, and pleasant company

I never pay the income tax and screw the GST- SCREW IT!

Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, I'm the terror of the sea

If ya wanna reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by me!

Chorus

Arrrrr matey! Get it? Metis? Ha-ha, that's Riel-ly funny! You know? Louis Riel?

Well, pirate life's appealing. but you don't just find it here

I've heard that in Alberta, there's a band of

bucchaneers

They roam the Athabasca, from Smith to Fort McKay

And you're gonna lose your stetson if you have to pass  
their way

Well winter is a-coming and a chill is in the breeze

Our pirate days are over when the river starts to freeze

I'll be back in springtime, but now I have to go,

I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico!

Chorus

Repeat Chorus

Repeat last line of chorus

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