

Arrogant Worms

"The Last Saskatchewan Pirate"

Visit "[The Last Saskatchewan Pirate](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine
I had a little stretch of land along the C.P. Line
But times were hard, 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 promised me a measly little sum
But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum

Then I thought, who gives a damn if all the jobs are
gone,
I'm gonna be a pirate on the river Saskatchewan.

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty
shores

You'd think the local farmers would know that I'm at
large
But just the other day I saw an unsuspecting barge
I snuck 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 Moose Jaw spans a mighty river
Farmers cross in so much fear their stomachs are a-
quiver
'Cause they know that Tractor Jack is waiting in the bay,
I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off
with their hay.

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains

And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty
shores

Well, Mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my
throat
He followed on the shoreline, 'cause he didn't own a
boat,
But cutbacks were a-coming and the Mountie lost his
job
So now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob.

A swinging sword, a skull-and-bones, and pleasant
company,
I never pay my income tax and screw the G.S.T. (Screw
it!)

Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, the terror of the sea
If you wanna reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by
me!

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty
shores

Well pirate life's appealing but you don't just find it
here
I heard that in Alberta there's a band of buccaneers
They roam the Athabasca from Smith to Fort McKay
And you're bound to lose your Stetson if you have to
pass their way

Well, winter is a-coming and a chill is in the breeze
My pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze
I'll be back in springtime, but now I've got to go
I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico.

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty
shores

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty

shores

When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty
shores

Visit [Arrogant Worms](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.