

Bombs And Beating Hearts

"The Pyrate Song"

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We're pirate's we three and out home is the sea,
But sometimes dry land's not a bad place to be.
We're docked in the bay on the 7th of may,
After a long stint of drinking and faring the waves.
We're pirate's we three and out home is the sea,
What good is life without liberty?
The beating of hearts and a thousand false starts,
We never quite knew what the f*** we should do.
The goal we have taken must not be forsaken
Take from all the bastards that take from me and you
We'll take more that we're due that take more than
their due.
While docked there that night we got into a fight.
With the cops on tha left and tha suites on the right.
They said to us three "this is how you should be...
Put down that guitar, now, you answer to me!".
So, we went back to our ship, cuz we won't take/play
their shit,
And we rose to the sky our skull banner of black.
So, us pirates we three we went back to the sea,
Sailed away from society and never looked back.
(Yar, there be no law 'pon the seas.)

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