

## Abney Park "Airship Pirate"

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Our fires high and the airbags tight  
Food's low but the skies are bright  
Props spinning all through the night  
We're low on cash but seen another target

Goggles down and the cannons up  
My blood starts pumping as I drain my cup  
I give the wheel a spin and I turn this girl around  
We're way above ground but we're closed in on our target

Flying Jib is filled with air  
East India ships filled with despair  
We even up, her broadsides bare  
Our cannons flair but it's just a show of muscle

Steady on, she doesn't need to burn  
She tries to flee and she tries to turn  
Grappling fire, we latch her hull  
She's starting to roll, but we've got her on a leash

With a crew of drunken pilots  
We're the only airship pirates  
We're full of hot air and we're starting to rise  
We're the terror of the skies, but a danger to ourselves now

Expendable crew starts to reel her in  
Our swords are sharpened and we're ready to sin  
In three miles up, we're about to swing aboard  
My tether's made of leather so I'm not about to fall here

A swish of air and my boots hit deck  
No cash, no fuel, no not a speck  
Our grape shots made this bird a wreck  
And a glance below deck shows a crew of nuns and orphans

With a crew of drunken pilots  
We're the only airship pirates  
We're full of hot air and we're  
starting to rise  
We're the terror of the skies, but a danger  
to ourselves  
(repeats)

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