

## **Lambchop**

# **"National Talk Like A Pirate Day"**

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This is my song, don't sing along  
It's opinions disarrayed of might are drooped  
And like good men, I am disabled  
From understanding what we are taught not to  
condemn

In the kingdoms of the well and of the sick  
And the hours that it took to think of this  
And the road that got the best of you one day  
Can you see at all?

Somehow I knew this wasn't it  
Somehow I knew that we will see this to fruition  
They said I was a ditsy housewife  
And I have the crude opinions of unpracticed men

In my pajamas I still hold my record player  
There's a hockey game on the table by the chair  
And when it rains your hair begins to curl  
Come the winds of dawn

Without your eye patch and your parrot  
I've been informed it's national talk like a pirate day  
Perhaps this singing is a refuge  
From other equally uncomfortable thoughts

And you disregard the clock that's on the wall  
It's a wonder you can disregard at all  
You just try to find a softer way to fall  
Back into my arms

Now he thought he was a citizen  
But only in the vaguest sort of way  
And we will take it to the people  
And the people will then take it all away

With our pencils we are righteous and we're rough  
And you wonder when your education starts  
And you wipe your nose upon your pretty sleeve  
And then you leave

I think we better call a cab

'Cause our thirst for this has made these keys no use  
And I remember our last kiss  
And I'll remember all the others from now on

Until it's time to sing this song over my grave  
Like the boy who just forgets the mourning sheep  
Or the girl who gets the hound dog to behave  
I will sing to you

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