

## **Marc Almond**

# **"Pirate Jenny"**

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Ahh, you people can watch  
While I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbing these floors  
While you're gawking

Maybe once you tip me  
And it makes you feel swell  
In this crummy southern town  
In this pit of hotel

But you'll never guess  
To who you're talking  
No, you'll never guess  
To who you're talking

Then one night there's  
A scream in the night  
And you wonder  
"Who could that have been?"

And you see me kind of grinning  
While I'm scrubbing  
And you say "What she got to grin?"

I'll tell ya there's a ship  
The black freighter  
With a skull on it's mast head  
Will be coming in

You gentlemen say  
"Hey gal, finish them floors  
What's wrong with you?  
Earn your keep here"

You toss me your tips  
And look to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads  
As I'm making the beds

'Cause there's nobody  
Gonna sleep here tonight  
No, nobody, no one, no one

Then one night there's  
A scream in the night  
And you say  
"Who's that kicking up a row?"

And you see me kinda  
Staring out the window  
And you say  
"What she got to stare at now?"

I'll tell ya there's a ship  
The black freighter  
Turns around in the harbor  
Shooting guns from her bow

Well, you gentlemen can wipe  
Those smiles off your face  
'Cause every building  
In town is a flat one

This whole frigging place  
Will be down to the ground  
Only this cheap hotel standing up  
Safe and sound

And you yell  
"Why do they spare that one?"  
"Why?"  
"Why the hell do they spare that one?"

All the night through  
With the noise and to do  
And you wonder  
"Who is that person that lives up there?"

And you see me  
Stepping out in the morning  
Looking fine with  
A ribbon in my hair  
Well, just look at me now

And a ship, the black freighter  
Runs a flag up it's mast head  
And a cheer rings the air, hey

My [unverified] on the dock  
Is a swarming with men  
Coming out from the ghostly freighter

They're moving in the shadows

Where no one can see  
And they're chaining up people  
And delivering 'em to me

Asking me  
"Kill them now or later?"  
Asking me  
"Kill them now or later?"

Noon by the clock  
And so still at the dock  
You can hear a fog horn miles away

And in that quiet of death I'll say  
"Right now, right now"  
And they pile up the bodies and I'll say  
"That'll learn you, that'll learn you"

And the ship, the black freighter  
Disappears out to sea  
And on it is me

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