

Marianne Faithfull "Pirate Jenny"

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You lads see me wash the glasses, wipe the floors,
Make the beds, I'm the best of servants.
You can kindly throw me pennies and I'll thank you very
much.
When you see me ragged and tattered in this dirty shit
hotel,
You don't know in hell who's talking,
You still don't know in hell who's talking.
Yet one fine day there will be roars from the harbour
And you'll ask, "What is all that screeching for ?"
And you'll see me smiling as I dunk the glasses
And you'll say, "What's she got to smile at for ?"
And the ship, eight sails shining,
Fifty-five cannons wide, Sir,
Waits there at the quay.

You say, "Work on, wipe the glasses, my girl."
And just slip me a dirty six-pence.
And your pennies will be taken, and your beds will be
made,
(But I doubt if forty winks will come anybody's way)
And you still don't know in hell who's talking,
You still don't know in hell who's talking.
Still one fine day there'll be a loud bang from the
harbour,
And you'll ask, "Jesus Christ, what was that bang ?"
And you'll see me standing right behind the window,
And you'll say, "Why has she got the evil eye ?"
And the ship, eight sails shining,
Fifty-five cannons wide, Sir,
Will be aimed at this town.

So then lads, it's time for tears, no more laughs at the
bar,
For the walls will be at your ankles.
And look out, lads, the town will be flat as the ground,
This dirty shit hotel will be spared wrack and ruin
And you'll say, "Who is the fancy bitch lives there ?"
You'll say, "Who is the fancy bitch lives there ?"
There'll be rows of people running round the hotel
And you'll ask, "Why should they have spared this
hovel ?"

And you'll see me in the morning leaving lightly
And you'll say, "That one, her , she lived there ?"
The same ship, eight sails shining,
Fifty-five cannons wide, Sir,
Flies crossbones and skull.

In the midday sun a hundred men will step ashore
All tramping where shadows crawled.
They'll lay their hands on men, hiding shit-scared
behind doors
Lead them in chains here before this silent woman,
And they'll say, "Well, which ones shall we kill ?"
They'll say, "Which ones shall we kill ?"
Come the dot of twelve, it will be still in the harbour,
When they ask me, "Well, who is going to die ?"
And you'll hear me whispering, oh, so sweetly, "All of
them!"
And as the soft heads fall, I'll say, "Hop-IA !"
That same ship, eight sails shining,
Fifty-five cannons wide, Sir,
Disappears with me.

The Salomon Song.

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