

Ray Quinn

"The Pirate Song"

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Sixteen men on a dead man's chest...yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

(Captain) Avast there mates, ye're sailin' with Long John Black Beard, Peg-Leg, Patch-Eye Hook, scourge of the bounding main. Bloodthirstiest, black-heartiest pirate captain ever sailed the seven seas, ha, ha, ha! What say ye we hoist the Jolly Roger, heel over the yonder Spanish galleon. Lay a few broadsides agin' her timers, swing over on these here lanyards with our cutlasses in our teeth cut 'em to ribbons and split the booty. What say ye to that, me hearties? Heh! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Twit) I don't like it...

(Captain) You don't like it?

(Twit) I don't like it and I don't wanna do it. It's tacky,...tacky, tacky...and don't look at me that way

(Captain) Well, if you don't like it, what do you want?

Chorus I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance

I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance
Wear me silver-buckled slippers and me tight shiny pants
I want to sing and dance

(Captain) You want to sing and dance, heh! You don't like plundering, aye? Well, shiver me timbers 'ow 'bout treasuring, huh? Rubies, emeralds and pearls, gold doubloons and British sovereigns. Silver chalices encrusted with diamonds and jewels, necklaces and bracelets of every shape and size, fit for the crown heads of Europe, aye? And all buried in a pirate's chest and I just happen to know where. How about that me bloodthirsty buckos, heh? Ha, ha, ha!

(Twit) I don't like it.....

(Captain) You don't like it?

(Twit) I don't like it and I don't want it....

(Captain) He don't want it

(Twit) And I won't do it...I'm an artiste

(Captain) An artiste, well mister artiste, what do you want?

Chorus I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance
I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance
Wear me silver-buckled slippers and me tight shiny pants
I want to sing and dance

(Captain) Now, listen hear! This ain't no floating Gilbert and Sullivan show, you know for some little flittin' tinkerbell. This here be a black-hearted pirate ship and I would have you keel-hauled if you weren't me own flesh and blood you little twit! So you don't like plunderin' aye?.....

(Twit) I don't like it.....

(Captain) And you don't want no treasurin' ah?.....

(Twit) I don't want it.....

(Captain) And you probably don't want no groggin' and revelin' and wrenchin' and rummin' either I suppose?

(Twit) Well, deep down....you want to know the truth? It's not me, I don't want it.....

(Captain) Well, what do you want...as if I didn't already bleein know?

(Twit) I want to sing and dance and.....

(Captain) I know, I know...and wear your tight little shiny pants. Huh! Okay...we'll all sing and dance (pirates grumble)... I said we'll all sing and dance (pirates grumble)... Or you'll walk the plank,...one - two - free

(Chorus in pirates' voices)

Chorus I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance
I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance

Wear me silver-buckled slippers and me tight shiny
pants
I want to sing and dance

(Over chorus, you hear the Captain and Twit's voice say)
(Twit) I like it....I like it

(Captain) I kinda like it me own self

(Twit) Thought you would

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest...yo ho ho and a
bottle of rum

(Twit) I don't like rum...

(Captain) You don't like rum?

(Twit) Well no, actually...well, I might like a little Perrier

(Captain) A little Perrier?

(Twit) With a lime in it...

(Captain) A lime in it?..... He wants a lime in it.....

(Twit) Well, do you have any Escargot?

(Captain) Escar..what?

(Twit) What's the soup today?...

(Captain) Soup!?

(Twit) Might have a bit of a salad too!...

(Captain) Well, how about a bleeding fingerbowl?

(Twit) Maybe a croissant!...Is that right? Those French
make everything so hard! Why didn't they just call it a
bun?

(fade out)

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