

Sex Machineguns

"Friggin' In The Riggin'"

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It was on the good ship Venus
By Christ, ya shoulda seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast, a mammoth penis

The captain of this lugger
He was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another

Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

Captain's name was Morgan
By Christ, he was a gorgon
Ten times a day he'd stop and play
With his fuckin' organ

The first mate's name was Cooper
By Christ he was a trooper.
He jerked and jerked until he worked
Himself into a stupor

Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

The second mate was Andy
By Christ, he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock
For cumming in the brandy

The cabin boy was Flipper
He was a fuckin' nigger
He stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
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The Captain's wife was Mabel
To fuck she was not able
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits
Across the barroom table

The Captain had a daughter
Who fell in deep sea water
And by her squeals we knew the eels
Had found 'er sexual quarters

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