

## Swashbuckle "Jolly Roger"

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We be the nomads of the sea  
We fight and pilfer because we are free  
Sailing through tempests fueled by our greed  
To obtain thy treasure 'tis the key

Royal Soldiers should beware  
Seeing our flag flying through the air  
Swinging aboard to raid your boat  
Try to stop us and we'll slit your throat  
All townsfolk should heed these words  
Fear the Jolly Roger!

Grog and booty, they mean the most  
When we have them, we love to boast  
But ale and wenches do come close  
Land Ahoy! In the crow's nest I spot the coast

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