

The Wonder Years

"Dude, What Is A Land Pirate?"

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Sweetheart, you don't understand. Pirates weren't made to dance. We just weren't made for it. We slit throats, we don't cut rugs, but if it means that much, I guess that I could take a chance. We'll both go, we'll both go. I won't ruin your night. You know how I get into knife-fights (What if my leg breaks while we dance?). Then, we'll both go down. So I paint my peg leg for the prom. I've been practicing my dance moves all year long. So you'd better keep a look out, in case I go for second (third) base with my hook out. I went out and got a tux and a limo for the both of us. I pulled up trying to impress. Despite how hard I tried, you cried and ruined our night, just cause my bird shit on your dress. We won't fucking go down. (We spike punch with barrels of rum. We loot and steal to seal the deal.) Say what you will about me and how I do things, but don't you open your mouth about Polly. I guess we made a scene cause in come the police, waving guns and asking me to leave. We won't even try to say goodnight, cause we know that you won't apologize. We won't even try to say goodnight, cause we know that you still think you're right and we mean the things we say. We say just what we mean.

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