

## **Captain Dan And The Scurvy Crew "Broadside"**

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Broad Side, Broadside,  
Navy boys better run and hide,  
These cannon balls firin' atcha when we collide  
All me mateys be ready to fire a broadside

In the Navy, it's the broadside that we favor,  
21 three ton guns shooting straight as a laser  
Don't let it phase ya when we bathe ya  
Three great flavors, canon balls,  
Buckshot, read hot razors

I rap my face round a lime and I'm ready to rock  
I'm cioming straight out of greenwich and we just don't  
Stop  
It's the bbritish navy from gibralter to haiti  
Puttin wholes in your souls, and charmin your ladies

And by ladies you mean ladies of 180  
Or if their dressed like your dressed  
You might be just banging mateys  
How many seamen have you swallowed  
While you're wearing that jacket?  
By the looks of your sailors  
You just sit back and jack it

Sweet sack, salt tack and a union jack  
Attack, black flags get snapped  
By the shells that we pack  
In my carrack  
With midshipmen and marines  
Better modify your coffin  
To take smithereens

What you means that your keen  
To swim in Davy jones locker  
When we're don with this fight  
You'll have to walk with a walker,  
If you live that is, cus I'll cut ye down fast  
I'll grape shot your party  
Then I'll burn down your mast- AVAST!

Sorry mate, didn't see you waving that pen knife

I was busy railing, the govna's wife  
I'll match you drink for drink  
You'll die, I'll get tipsy  
Back to your ship, you nautical gypsy

You navy boys always take the joys out of plunder  
When we making that noise, you always poise up in  
Wonder  
If you're je3alous cause we zealous it's a perilous  
Blunder  
When we fire off these cannons it be louder than

Thunder

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You'll know me by the notches on my tricorner cap  
Every snit is a ship that I've turned into scrap  
Rolling round the caribbean on a royal decree  
If you can't take the heat then get off of the sea

We set a trap to attack when you showed us your back  
You know we stack all the cannons and we drop all the  
Tack  
Point the guns at the hull, and aim all your gats  
500 pounds sterling whoever brings me his hat  
ARRRRR

There's nothing sadder than a pirate with a fake eye  
Patch  
Saying ARRR as the cabin boy battens down his hatch  
I'd love to know the STDs your planning to catch  
But I'm busy with my honeys at the bbbbowling match

That's all she wrote, now your crew will be smote  
We'll shoot down all your sailors then we'll blow up  
Your boat  
Your words were strong, like the wind on the storm  
But now you're left in rubble should have left when we  
Warned

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