

Captain Dan And The Scurvy Crew "On The Account"

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(Cap D)

We're out for recruits
Who have an eye our for loot
We need 80 strong men
To to set sail in our troop
In the port if your short
On cash to go forth
We've got just the answer
If you'll hear it of course
If yer inclined to rhyme
And live a life of crime
Sign up on the line
Live in fame for all time
Sail for 200 days
And make a mountain of pay
Let's sign you up matey,
Let there be no delay

(Chorus)

On the account
Yes we're on the account
We're comin to your town?
Sign your name down,
Adventures abounds.
On the account
Yes we're on the account
And we're coming through
To recruit you
For the scurvy crew

(Admiralty)

Admiralty's back, on the beats for the fleet
Here to rustle up some muscle for the British Elite
You like meat? We've got all the salt beef you can eat
Pirate rates can't compete, so please be taking a seat
Can you use a map, mate? How far can you see?
I CAN BENCH-PRESS A BOAT. Well that sounds good to me!
Here's yer red coat, and your bucket of tea,
Oh, son - you just enlisted in the Royal Marines!
Next please... You Sir, with the porcelain eye:
Will you serve your boy Nelson or are you scared to

Die?

Is it cool to get high? We make them Dutchmen fly!

Sign up another sailor and take up the cry:
All you boys on the capstan, raising the chain
Weigh up the anchor, and roll out the sails again,
Fully staffed from the colonies to the Spanish main
Cos we be giving them berths to any man with a brain!

(Chorus)

(Cap D)

Now it says right here
That you're a taylor
But you don't have no fears
Of becoming a sailor
Just because you have a dream
That you can be on our team
Doesn't mean your mean
Enough to be a sea dawg supreme
What makes ye a pirate?
Got dreams of a riot?
Fought fiends all sizes?
Sneak in towns under guises?
Have ya got a parrot?
If it bites me I swear it
I'll put all his feathers
In my hat then I'll wear it
Yer application says that yer a surgeon
But We've only got the tools
For filletin them sturgeons,
Can ye saw a man's leg
While you're sippin on bourbon
Or bring b ack a man
Who's near death by submergin?
If you can fish out a snook?
While ye got that there hook?
I think we can add ye on board
As our cook!
How bout cooper makin' barrels
Keep the gunpowder sterile
Or a gunner makin' peril
While we singin this carol

(Chorus)

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