

# Nina Simone

## "Pirate Jenny"

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(1928) Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill

You people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawking  
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell  
In this crummy Southern town  
In this crummy old hotel  
But you'll never guess to who you're talkin'.  
No. You couldn't ever guess to who you're talkin'.

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you'll wonder who could that have been  
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'  
And you say, "What's she got to grin?"  
I'll tell you.

There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
With a skull on it's masthead  
Will be coming in

You gentlemen can say, "Hey gal, finish them floors!  
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you! Earn your keep  
here!  
You toss me your tips  
And look out to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads  
As I'm making the beds  
Cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here, tonight  
Nobody's gonna sleep here  
Nobody!  
Nobody!

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you say, "Who's that kicking up a row?"  
And ya see me kinda starin' out the winda  
And you say, "What's she got to stare at now?"  
I'll tell ya.

There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
Turns around in the harbor

Shootin' guns from her bow

Now

You gentlemen can wipe off that smile off your face

Cause every building in town is a flat one

This whole frickin' place will be down to the ground

Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound

And you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"

Yes.

That's what you say.

"Why do they spare that one?"

All the night through, through the noise and to-do

You wonder who is that person that lives up there?

And you see me stepping out in the morning

Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair

And the ship

The Black Freighter

Runs a flag up it's masthead

And a cheer rings the air

By noontime the dock

Is a-swarmin' with men

Comin' out from the ghostly freighter

They move in the shadows

Where no one can see

And they're chainin' up people

And they're bringin' em to me

Askin' me,

"Kill them NOW, or LATER?"

Askin' ME!

"Kill them now, or later?"

Noon by the clock

And so still at the dock

You can hear a foghorn miles away

And in that quiet of death

I'll say, "Right now.

Right now!"

Then they pile up the bodies

And I'll say,

"That'll learn ya!"

And the ship

The Black Freighter

Disappears out to sea

And

On

It

Is  
Me

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