

Ray Stevens "The Cat Song"

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Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

"Avast there mates, ye're sailin'
With Long John Black Beard
Peg-Leg, Patch-Eye Hook
Scourge of the bounding main
Bloodthirstiest, black-heartiest"

"Pirate captain ever sailed the seven seas ha, ha, ha
What say ye, we hoist the Jolly Roger
Heel over the yonder Spanish galleon
Lay a few broadsides agin' her timers"

"Swing over on these here lanyards
With our cutlasses in our teeth
Cut 'em to ribbons and split the booty
What say ye to that, me hearties?
Heh, ha, ha, ha, ha"

"I don't like it"
"You don't like it?"
"I don't like it and I don't wanna do it
It's tacky, tacky, tacky and don't look at me that way"
"Well, if you don't like it, what do you want?"

I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance
I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance
Wear me silver buckled slippers and me tight shiny
pants
I want to sing and dance

"You want to sing and dance, heh
You don't like plundering, aye?
Well, shiver me timbers 'ow 'bout treasuring, huh?
Rubies, emeralds and pearls
Gold doubloons and British sovereigns

"Silver chalices encrusted with diamonds and jewels
Necklaces and bracelets of every shape and size
Fit for the crown heads of Europe, aye?"

"And all buried in a pirate's chest
And I just happen to know where
How about that me bloodthirsty
Buckos, heh? Ha, ha, ha"

"I don't like it"
"You don't like it?"
"I don't like it and I don't want it"
"He don't want it"
"And I won't do it, I'm an artiste"
"An artiste, well, Mister Artiste, what do you want?"

I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance
I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance
Wear me silver buckled slippers and me tight shiny
pants
I want to sing and dance

"Now, listen hear, this ain't no floating Gilbert and
Sullivan show
You know for some little flittin' tinkerbell
This here be a black hearted pirate ship
And I would have you keel hauled if you weren't me
Own flesh and blood you little twit!
So you don't like plunderin' aye?"

"I don't like it"
"And you don't want no treasurin' ah?"
"I don't want it"
"And you probably don't want no groggin' and revelin'
And wrenchin' and rummin' either I suppose?"

"Well, deep down you want to know the truth?
It's not me, I don't want it"
"Well, what do you want
As if I didn't already bleein' know?"
"I want to sing and dance and"

"I know, I know and wear your tight little shiny pants
Huh, okay, we'll all sing and dance
I said, we'll all sing and dance
Or you'll walk the plank, one two free"

I want to sing and dance, I want to sing and dance
I want to be a pirate in the Pirates of Penzance
Wear me silver buckled slippers and me tight shiny
pants
I want to sing and dance
("You hear the Captain and twit's voice say")

"I like it, I like it"

"I kinda like it me own self"
"Thought you would"

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

"I don't like rum"
"You don't like rum?"
"Well, no, actually, well, I might like a little Perrier"

"A little Perrier?"
"With a lime in it"
"A lime in it? He wants a lime in it"

"Well, do you have any Escargot?"
"Escar, what?"
"What's the soup today?"
"Soup?"
"Might have a bit of a salad too"
"Well, how about a bleeding finger bowl?"

"Maybe a croissant, is that right?
Those French make everything so hard
Why didn't they just call it a bun?"

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