Friggin' In The Riggin'

Sex Pistols

[Incomprehensible]It was on the good ship Venus
By Christ, ya shoulda seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast, a mammoth penis
The Captain of this lugger
He was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
Captain's name was Morgan
By Christ, he was a gorgon
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play
With his fuckin' organ
The first mate's name was Cooper
By Christ, he was a trooper
He jerked and jerked until he worked
Himself into a stupor
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
The second mate was Andy
By Christ, he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock
For cumming in the brandy
The cabin boy was Flipper
He was a fuckin' nipper
He stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'

There was fuck all else to do
The Captain's wife was Mabel
To fuck, she wasn't able
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits
Across the barroom table
The Captain had a daughter
Who fell in deep sea water
And by her squeals we knew the eels
Had found her sexual quarters
Friggin' in the riggin'
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