

# 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'  
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  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
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