The Hook

Badministrator

At age 19 I was kidnapped by turkish pirates
Mediterranean thugs
After some torture they considered me their mascot
Cypriotic good luck
I had to taste the deck and many other things
I had to pay the piper with my wedding ring
And I would never see my family againBy 25 I was respected as an equal
My art was a knife
On countless raids I was the first one up the lanyard
Yeah I was seeking a fight
There is no time to pray
And there's no time to beg
And then it's off with an arm
Or it's off with a leg
And if I spare your life
It's because the tide is leavingOh yeahBy 31 I was the captain of a galleon
I was poseidon's new son
The coast of montenegro was my favorite target
It was ever so fun
We had no wooden legs
Or steel hooks
We had no black eye patches
Or a starving cook
We were just killers with the cold eyes of a sailor
Yeah we were killers with the cold eyes of a sailor

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