

Questing Upon the Poop Deck

Alestorm

Theres nothing more that a pirate loves best
Than coming across a magnificent chest
But digging a hole's just the start of the task
The real quest is getting inside of the cask
Unsheathing your weapon to open the locks
And finding the treasure inside of the box
In right stormy waters, through night and through day,
'till the poop deck is covered with salty white spray. Woah-oh
You don't want to end up shipwrecked.
Woah-oh
I'm questing upon the poop deck.
Woah-oh
You'd be better off watching star trek
Woah-oh
I'm questing upon the poop deck Sailing the red sea's a dangerous duty
But there's more than one way to plunder a booty
Plunging your sword through a gaping axe wound
You'd be better to wait until the new moon
If you are brave you can sail round the back
By rowing your ship through a forbidden crack
By dropping your anchor in murkier waters,
you can be sure you'll have no sons or daughters. Woah-oh
You don't want to end up shipwrecked
Woah-oh
You're questing upon the poop deck
Woah-oh
This song is a pain in the neck
Woah-oh
You're questing upon the poop deck Woah-oh
I don't want to end up shipwrecked
Woah-oh
I'm questing upon the poop deck
Woah-oh
This song's not about anal sex
Woah-oh
Woah-oh
Woah
I'm questing upon the poop deck

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