

Pirate Song

Alestorm

Though you see me now, the mere ghost of a man,
I once had the heart of a lion.
Commanding my ship, between many a shore,
The ol' Jolly Roger a-flyin'.
Mine was a name that put fear into men,
And regret into plenty o' lasses.
Lo, how I wish I could take back those days,
As I stare at these empty beer glasses. I think of the times past when I had it all,
I toyed with men's wives and their daughters.
And in my pursuit of this ill-gotten wealth,
I stabbed and I slashed and I slaughtered. And for what? (HEY!)
The men that I've fought,
Are matched by the number of women I've bought. And for what? (HEY!)
I've killed and I've shot,
And reddened the cold tears of children with blood. And if I could go back and make my amends,
I'd make all those mistakes again.
And kill every last one of those bastards, my friend! My ship was the last sight that many would see,
As we narrowed the gap with our quarry.
Sound of the cannons and splintering wood,
Did herald our pass into glory.
We seized all the bounty and scuppered the ship,
Our hearts hadn't time for no wounded.
I took my share and the crew got the rest,
And on into port we did bound it. Life has many pleasures and we had our fill,
Of food and of wenches and beer.
When we tired of the port or had drunken it dry,
The time to set sail had come near. And for what? (HEY!)
We heed no law,
The other man suffers so we can have more. And for what? (HEY!)
We lived every day,
The noose of the hangman a hairsbreadth away. And if I could go back and make my amends,
I'd make all those mistakes again.
And kill every last one of those bastards, my friend! Oh, I have seen wonders you never have dreamed,
And taken my fair share I must say.
Holds full of booty I happily seized,
From crews who would not see a new day.
Spanish gold came and went, and gemstones were sold,
And I knew more lay on the horizon.
Yet the beer was too good, and gals were too sweet,

And now in my old age, it's gone. These memories were bought with the lives of good men,
A price that I paid without scruple.
So many so suffered so I could get drunk,
And swagger from brothel to brothel. Now for what? (HEY!)
It's been many years,
The screams of the vanquished still ring in my ears. But for what? (HEY!)
I've blood on my hands,
I wait for my place in the halls of the damned. And if I could go back and make my amends,
I'd make all those mistakes again.
I'D KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THOSE BASTARDS, MY FRIENDS!

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