The Pirate's Breakfast

Nick Cope

On the pirates face was a pirates beard, and on the pirates beard there was a crumb,
The crumb was from the pirates breakfast that was cooked by his dear old mom,
Now the pirates mom, she loved her son, she made sure every day,
That he put on a clean pair of pirates pants, before he sailed away,
Now he sailed away on a trip one day, with his best friend pirate Pete,
Now Pete was the perfect pirate, from his hat to his pirate feet,
Why can't you be more like Pete, the pirates mom would cry,
He's got a lovely hat and a beard and that, and a patch on his pirate eye,
But I don't want to be more like Pete, said the pirate can't you see,
Because I like my hat and my beard and that, and a patch just wouldn't suit me.
So they crashed through the waves for most of the day, having lots of pirate fun,
They forgot what the pirates mom had said, that lunch was at half past one,
So when he returned late that night, you should have seen the face his mom gave him,
As she stood there holding a burnt fish pie and a rather large rolling pin,
So she sent him to bed, without being fed, and his pirates tummy did rumble,
As he dreamed of sailing the seven seas and bowls of apple crumble.
Why can't you be more like Pete, in the morning his mom said,
As she cooked him his pirates breakfast, of sausages and seagulls eggs,
But I don't want to be more like Pete, replied her hungry son,
Because I'm more than happy being little old me, and having you as my little old mom,
So she gave him a great big pirates hug and a kiss on his pirates cheek,
She said I love you son, you great big lump, from your head to your toes,
And your knees to your nose, and your hat to your pirate feet,
And on the pirates face was a pirates beard, and on the pirates beard there was a crumb,
The crumb was from the pirates breakfast, that was cooked by his dear old mom.

Lyrics Submitted by Katie McDermott

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