

The Last Saskatchewan Pirate

Arrogant Worms

I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine
I had a little stretch of land along the C.P. Line
But times went by, and though I tried, the money wasn't there
And bankers came and took my land, and told me "fair is fair". I looked for every kind of job, the answer always
no
"Hire you now," they'd always laugh, "we just let twenty go!"
The government, they promised me a measly little sum
But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum Then I thought, who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone,
I'm gonna be a pirate on the river Saskatchewan. 'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores Well, you'd think the local farmers would know that
I'm at large
But just the other day I found an unprotected barge
I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser
I rammed their ship and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer. A bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans a mighty river
Farmers cross in so much fear their stomachs are a-quiver
'Cause they know that Tractor Jack is hidin' in the bay,
I'll jump the bridge and knock 'em cold and sail off with their hay. 'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming
down the Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores Well, Mountie Bob, he chased me, he was always at
my throat
He followed on the shoreline, 'cause he didn't own a boat,
But cutbacks were a-coming, so the Mountie lost his job
So now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob. A swinging sword, a skull-and-bones, and pleasant
company,
I never pay my income tax and screw the G.S.T. (Screw it!)
Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, the terror of the sea
If you wanna reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by me! 'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the
Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores Well pirate life's appealing but you don't just find it
here
I heard that in Alberta there's a band of buccaneers
They roam the Athabasca from Smith to Fort McKay
And you're bound to lose your Stetson if you have to pass their way Well, winter is a-coming and a chill is in the

breeze

My pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze

I'll be back in springtime, but now I have to go

I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico.'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the Plains

Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains

And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors

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