Madagascar

U.S. Bombs

Two hundred loathsome cutthroats
Armed to the teeth
Hurling there grenades
As they get closer to the beachWe had cutlasses and blunderbusses
Off to get an island with the only money tree
Take it from the rich, bless the pirates
Jump the ship and torture them, the richA twenty-one gun salute and three loud cheers
Pirate rowed ashore for their fair bloody share
Town crowd shouted out, "Viva le roi"
Twenty more cannons, thirty-four muskets
Headed out for treasure in the bourbon islands
Plunder take was gold, diamonds, silks and porcelainsMadagascar, we're comin for your barrels of rum
A wooden leg, I stand on by ye gallows we hung

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