

Wooden Leg

Alestorm

I've got a leg, it's made out of wood
I bought it in a tavern from a gnarly old dude
When I got shot to pieces by a cannon ball
It cut me down to size, I used to be quite tall
A couple of drinks, to dull the pain
I stood up on my leg and began to fight again
When all of a sudden, can you believe
A cannonball hit me in the other knee
Ah you spanish bastards!Wooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legNow both of my legs, are made of wood
The future's looking grim, it doesn't seem good
So I drink all day and I drink all night
I get really drunk and get into a fight
With a samurai guy with ninja skills
He beats me up til I'm nearly killed
I ask him for mercy, do me no harm
But the bastard chops off both my arms
Ah you japanese bastards!Wooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden armWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden legWooden leg, wooden leg, wooden leg
I've got a wooden leg, wooden leg

Songwriters

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