

# Pirate Jenny

Bea Arthur

You people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawking  
Maybe once you tip me and it makes you feel swell  
In this crummy southern town in this crummy old hotel  
But you'll never guess to who you're talkin'.  
No, you couldn't ever guess to who you're talkin'  
Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you wonder who could that have been?  
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'  
And you say, "What's she got to grin?" I'll tell you  
There's a ship, The Black Freighter  
With a skull on its masthead will be coming in  
You gentlemen can say, "Hey gal, finish them floors!  
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you? Earn your keep here!?"  
You toss me your tips and look out to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads as I'm making the beds  
'Cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here, tonight  
Nobody is going to sleep here honey  
Nobody, nobody!  
Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you say, "Who's that kicking up a row?"  
And you see me kinda starin' out the window  
And you say, "What's she got to stare at now?"  
I'll tell you  
There's a ship, The Black Freighter turns around in the harbor  
Shootin' guns from her bow

Now, you gentlemen can wipe off that smile off your face  
'Cause every building in town is a flat one  
This whole frickin' place will be down to the ground  
Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound  
And you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"  
Yes, that's what you say, "Why do they spare that one?"  
All the night through, through the noise and to do  
You wonder who is that person that lives up there?  
And you see me stepping out in the morning  
Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair  
And the ship, The Black Freighter runs a flag up its masthead  
And a cheer rings the air

By noontime the dock is a swarmin' with men  
Comin' out from the ghostly freighter  
They're movin' in the shadows where no one can see  
And they're chainin' up people and they're bringin' 'em to me  
Askin' me, "Kill them now, or later?"  
Askin' me, "Kill them now, or later?"  
Noon by the clock and so still by the dock  
You can hear a foghorn miles away  
And in that quiet of death, I'll say, "Right now, right now!"  
Then they'll pile up the bodies  
And I'll say, "That'll learn ya!"  
And the ship, The Black Freighter disappears out to sea  
And on it is me

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