Pirate Jenny

Nina Simone

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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