

Airship Pirate

Abney Park

Our fires high and the airbags tight
Food's low but the skies are bright
Props spinning all through the night
We're low on cash but seen another target

Goggles down and the cannons up
My blood starts pumping as I drain my cup
I give the wheel a spin and I turn this girl around
We're way above ground but we're closed in on our target

Flying Jib is filled with air
East India ships filled with despair
We even up, her broadsides bare
Our cannons flair but its just a show of muscle

Steady on, she doesnt need to burn
She tries to flee and she tries to turn
Grappling fire, we latch her hull
Shes starting to roll, but weve got her on a leash

With a crew of drunken pilots
Were the only airship pirates
Were full of hot air and were starting to rise
Were the terror of the skies, but a danger to ourselves now

Expendable crew starts to reel her in
Our swords are sharpened and we're ready to sin
Im three miles up, we're about to swing aboard
My tether's made of leather so Im not about to fall here

A swish of air and my boots hit deck
No cash, no fuel, no not a speck
Our grape shots made this bird a wreck
And a glance below deck shows a crew of nuns and orphans

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Lyrics submitted by brett.

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