

Numenorean corsairs  
Your sons have stepped ashore  
From the battle and storms  
With northern fleets  
Great treasure they fought  
From the shores of Gondor  
Drove their men into the sea  
It's time for the feast

To the harbour of Umbar  
Like a wind we sail  
Your pitful slaves now row  
Tonight we will celebrate

Open your barrels  
Bring me your finest wine  
Where are the women?  
Your heroes have arrived  
No sleep tonight my friends  
It's time for the pleasures  
Because it is soon another day  
And our ship leaves again

Fill my mug, I just want to forget  
All the troubles and fighting  
And the ghosts in my head  
Dancing and drinking  
In Buccaneers Inn  
And later tonight it's time for sin

No need to worry the future  
Let's live the moment  
It's our time we are not going to waste it  
The morning seems like torment